RAZZING HOLLYWOOD BUNK

By Dana Burnet

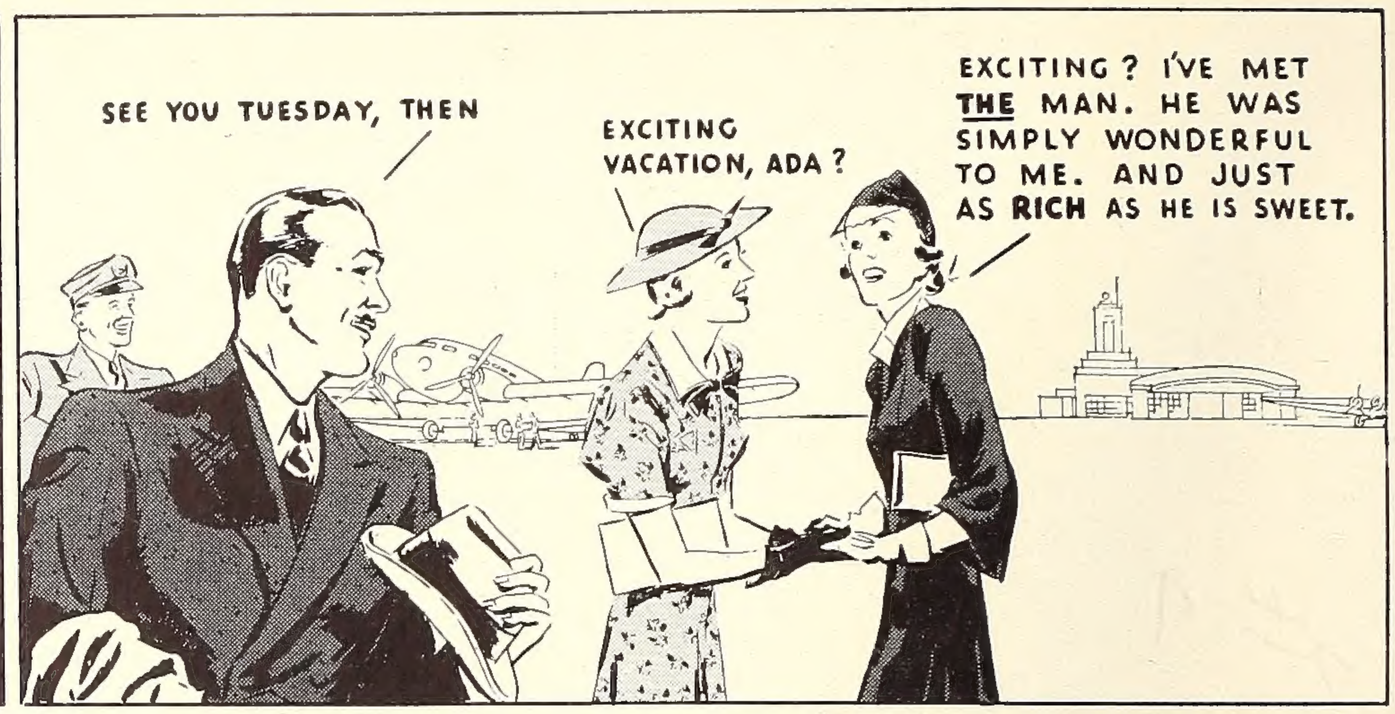
Silver Screen

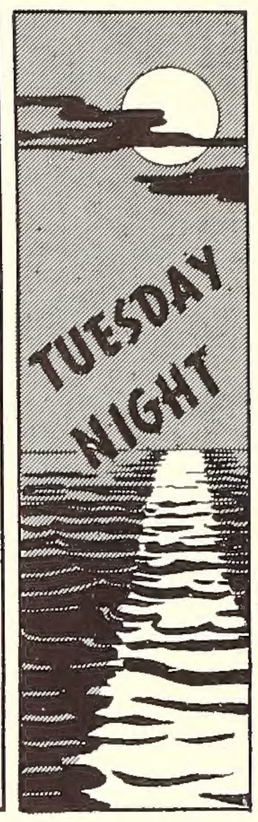
July

JUL 16 1937
PERIODICAL DIVISION

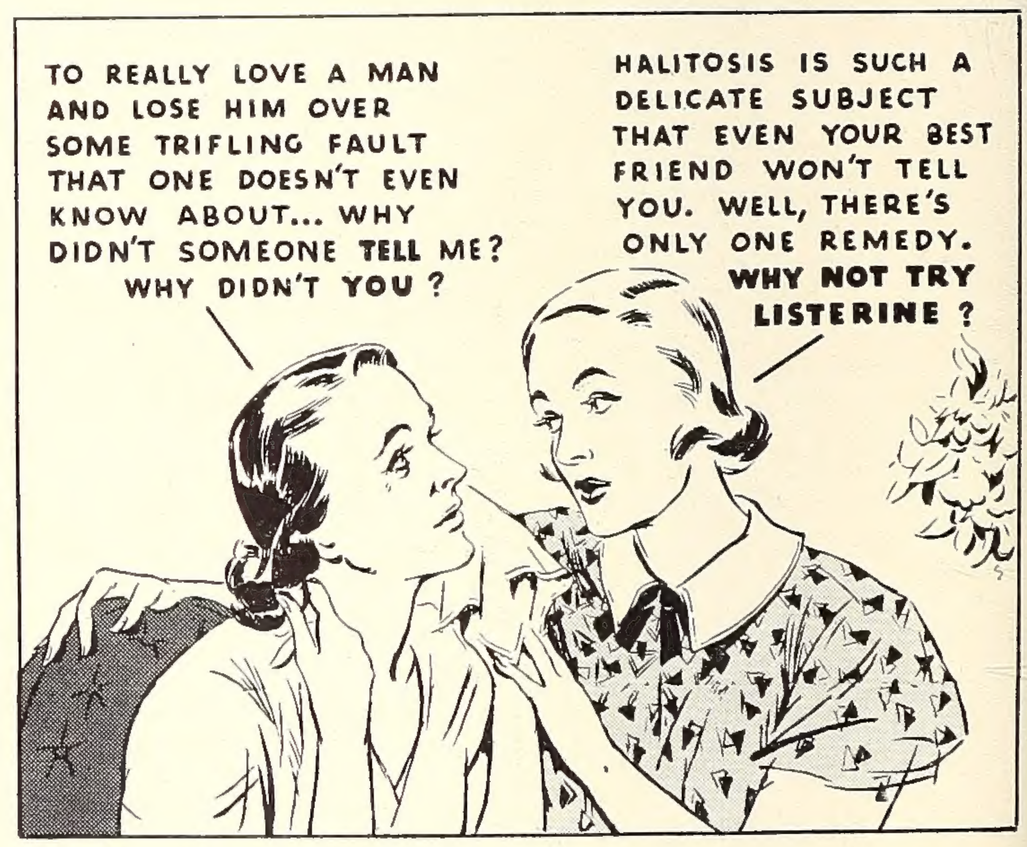
Alice Faye

SECRETARIES OF THE STARS





3 WEEKS LATER



2 YEARS LATER

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• • •

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Remember
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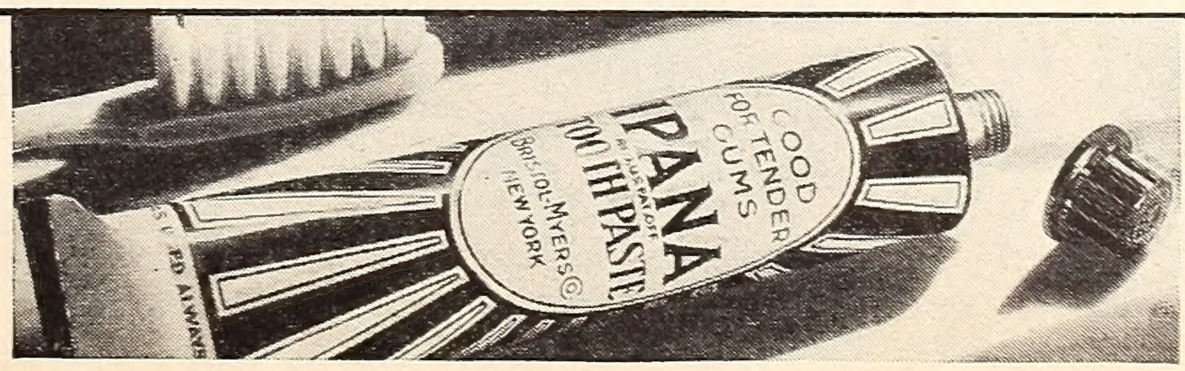

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with ROBERT YOUNG • MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
FRANK MORGAN • Henry Stephenson
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE • Directed by GEORGE FITZMAURICE • Produced by JOHN W. CONSIDINE, Jr.

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REFLECTING *the* MAGIC *of* HOLLYWOOD

JULY, 1937

VOLUME SEVEN
NUMBER NINE

Silver Screen

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Art Director

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

The Opening Chorus

Robert Montgomery

DEAR BOSS:

All Hollywood is buzzing just now about the strike. Myrna Loy ducked to New York temporarily right along with the "enemy," the enemy in this case being Producer Arthur Hornblow, to whom she is married, so who can blame her? But just when the other glamour stars got to the point of worrying what they should wear when it came their turn to do picket duty (who, by the way, would glue on their false eye-lashes, what with the makeup men out on strike?) the producers gave in to their demands.

This early settlement of the actors' end of the strike deprived the fans of quite a sight, because by this time Joan Crawford had gotten no less a personage than Greta Garbo to join the Guild and the Great Garbo would have been eligible for picket duty also. Imagine that! Marlene Dietrich joined the Guild at the last moment also, but, alas! too late even for the thought of picket duty. And Richard Dix got so jubilant over the actors' final victory that he was requested to spend the night in the hoosegow. They do say that Robert Montgomery came off with top honors for his share of settling the strike and Lionel Stander copped the booby prize for his manner of procedure.

The tourists are piling in to the film colony by the thousands, with but a single thought, to see a movie star, preferably Clark Gable.

And I hear the rubber-neck bus people are furious with Carole Lombard for leaving her house on Hollywood Boulevard and practically burying herself in a tiny farmhouse that can't even be seen from the road in the wilds of Bel-Air. And you can be sure they don't mention Jean Harlow or Bill Powell in their prayers any more, for both Jean and Bill sold their palatial mansions that fairly shrieked Movie Star and were very accessible, and are living now in houses so inconspicuous that even the tourists guides snub them.

Fred MacMurray lives in an apartment and so does Joel McCrea, when he is in town. Garbo has a white fence around her house that's so high you couldn't possibly peek over it—and ditto Shirley Temple.

Ginger Rogers and Miriam Hopkins are on such high hills that buses rarely make the grade even in second. It is depressing, isn't it? You'd think that movie people would have more showmanship, wouldn't you? Yes, I really believe that Good Taste is going to ruin this business yet. LIZA

QUICKLY CORRECT THESE

4

FIGURE FAULTS

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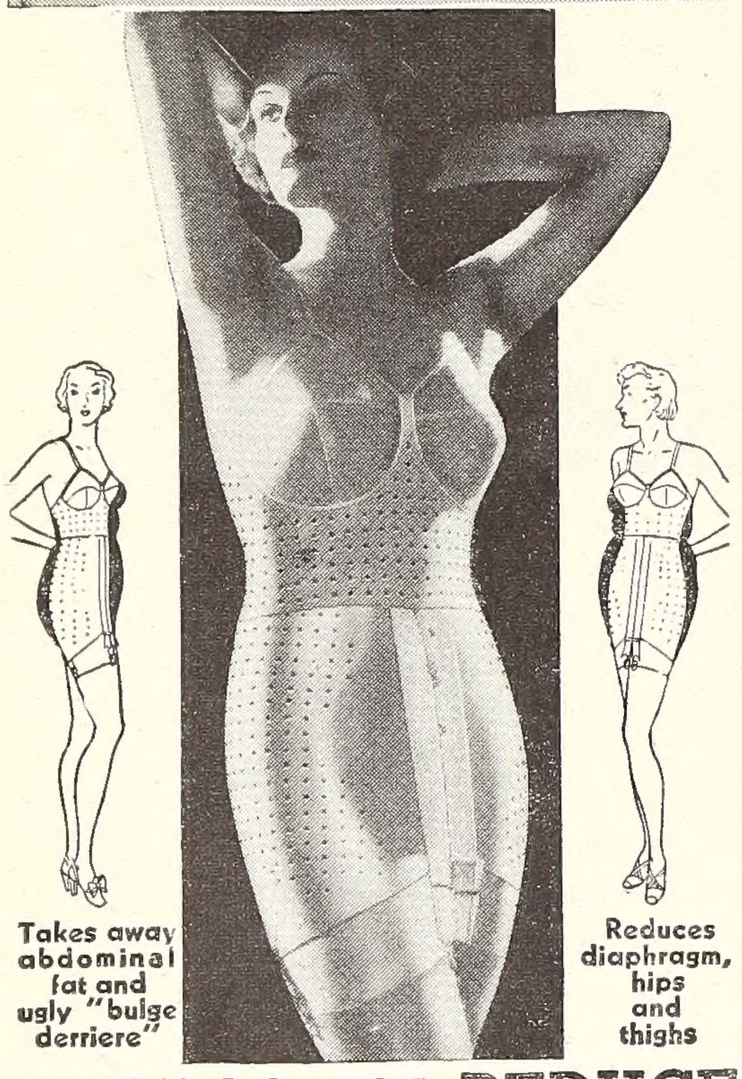

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Tips On Pictures

Charles Winninger and Anita Louise have a moment all to themselves in "The Go-Getter."

ANGEL'S HOLIDAY—Amusing. Jane Withers, our favorite problem child, being a true daughter of a father who writes mystery stories, gets mixed up with a fine mess of gangsters when she has the temerity to do a bit of sleuthing on her own account. The love scenes are nicely handled by pretty Sally Blane and Robert Kent.

AS GOOD AS MARRIED—Fine. A smart comedy about a wealthy man whose principle troubles seem to be women and income tax, so to minimize both he makes a marriage of convenience, choosing his secretary. There are many gay situations and some first rate acting by a cast headed by John Boles, Doris Nolan, Tala Birell and Alan Mowbray.

CALL IT A DAY—Good. A tender comedy of English family life, taking one full day and everything that happens to each member of the charming Hilton family for its narrative. Of course, it is Spring, and so Love is in the ascendant all day long. Competent cast includes Olivia de Havilland, Ian Hunter, Roland Young, Anita Louise, etc.

GO-GETTER, THE—Good. Remember Peter B. Kyne's famous Cappy Ricks' stories? Well, meet the lovable old captain again in this film in the person of the equally lovable Charles Winninger. George Brent is the go-getter who attracts the sympathies of Cappy Ricks, and Anita Louise furnishes the romantic lure.

GOOD OLD SOAK, THE—Amusing. A domestic yarn adapted from Don Marquis' famous play of prohibition days. Wallace Beery is in his element as the old soak who must have his "nip," even though it almost ruins his home life. Fine cast includes Janet Beecher, Eric Linden, Una Merkel, Betty Furness.

HOLLYWOOD COWBOY — Excellent. A Western that has the grace to be original in plot and hearty comedy. George O'Brien is fine as the Hollywood star, making western features in the cattle country of Wyoming, who is mistaken for a real cowboy by Cecilia Parker and hired for a roundup. This has plenty of what it takes!

INTERNES CAN'T TAKE MONEY—Good. Although this film contains ingredients that are more than slightly familiar (and what plot doesn't) it is so nicely produced and acted that it is more than acceptable film fare. Joel McCrea plays the part of the interne, and the hospital scenes are most interesting, while Barbara Stanwyck plays the role of a young woman hopelessly mixed up with gangsters.

LOVE FROM A STRANGER—Fine. An exciting study of a pathological murderer. We hate to divulge the plot here because it is so exciting, and unfolds so adeptly up to its novel and breathtaking conclusion, that we might spoil your pleasure, especially if you enjoy subtlety in your mystery stories. (Ann Harding-Basil Rathbone).

MAKE WAY FOR TOMORROW — Fine. Adapted from Josephine Lawrence's novel, "The Years Are So Long," this is a poignant story of an elderly couple, without financial security, who have to depend upon their married children for sustenance. See it and weep. It is one of the most moving stories of its kind yet filmed. (Victor Moore-Beulah Bondi).

MEN IN EXILE—Good. The action of this melodrama takes place on a Latin-American island where criminals from all over the world seek refuge. June Travis plays the inn-keeper's daughter and thus provides romance for Dick Purcell, a falsely accused convict. The machinations of a revolutionary group occasion much exciting action.

MICHAEL O'HALLORAN — Fair. A very sentimental Gene Stratton Porter tale is now done in modern dress, with Wynne Gibson as the mother who courts scandalous headlines, Sidney Blackmer as the patient husband and Jackie Moran as little Michael. A nice production, plus efficient cast saves this from being very sticky indeed.

OH! DOCTOR—Amusing. All about a man who believes he is inflicted with every known disease and has but six months to live. Slick gamblers contract for his $500,000 inheritance for $50,000 cash, with the assurance that he will die within the six months. But he falls in love and fools them, much to his own surprise—and theirs. (Ed. Everett Horton-Drue Leighton).

PICK A STAR—Fine. A lively burlesque of Hollywood is attempted here with laugh-provoking results. It takes the combined comedy personalities of Mischa Auer, Patsy Kelly, Laurel and Hardy and Jack Haley to launch Rosina Lawrence, a beauty contest winner, into pictures, but you'll have a grand time following her progress.

PRINCE AND THE PAUPER—Excellent. One of the most charming of Mark Twain's fables (concerning the son of Henry the 8th and a little beggar lad) affords material for an equally charming film featuring the clever Mauch twins, Billy and Bobby. Particularly timely is the coronation of little King Edward the 6th, coming as it does just now. (Montagu Love-Errol Flynn).

SLIM—Excellent. A comedy-melodrama centering around two construction job linemen—Pat O'Brien and Henry Fonda—who are both in love with a nurse who tries to induce them to give up their dangerous employment. There is plenty of tragedy before these three work out their destinies.

SONG OF THE CITY—Just so-so. When an Italian fisherman hauls an impoverished San Francisco socialite out of the Bay and brings him into his domestic circle, naturally nothing but trouble can ensue, especially when said fisherman has a comely daughter with operatic aspirations.

TURN OFF THE MOON—Fair. In spite of some good comedy situations and some pleasing songs and dancing, there's nothing startlingly interesting about this film. Most of the action takes place in a department store of which Charlie Ruggles is manager. The cast includes Eleanore Whitney, Johnny Downs and Marjory Gateson.

WAY OUT WEST—Amusing. Oliver Hardy and Stan Laurel are up to their full bag of tricks again in this, their latest opus. The plot is routine formula with a western locale. If you're a fan of this team's, you'll get your full quota of laughs. If not, better stay away.

WE HAVE OUR MOMENTS—Fair. If you simply want to be amused, and like to laugh even if you're firmly convinced that the film you're watching has neither rhyme nor reason, why just choose this bit of whimsy about a school teacher who takes one last fling before settling down to marital unhappiness in a small town. (Sally Eilers-James Dunn).

WOMAN I LOVE, THE—Good. Still another story of the Great War and concerning, as so many of these war-time films do, a love triangle. The unhappy are Miriam Hopkins, her husband, Paul Muni, and the man she really loves, Louis Hayward. The *denouement* is extremely exciting.

WINNERS OF THE SONG TITLE CONTEST

FIRST PRIZE—$100.00

Mrs. Wilma Baade, P. O. Box 592, So. Bend, Ind.

SECOND PRIZE—$50.00

Sherry Berliner, 522 W. 157th St., New York, N. Y.

THIRD PRIZES (5)—$10.00

Mrs. Orlo Anderson, 1401 S. Burlington, Los Angeles, Calif.
William B. Edmonston, 35 Palmyra St., Winthrop, Mass.
Clairame Walsh, 4624 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Lois Lyons, 926 North Carroll, Carroll, Iowa
Donald C. King, 29 Grove St., W. Medford, Mass.

FOURTH PRIZES (50)—$5.00

Mrs. J. A. Caldwell, 607 W. 9th St., Dallas, Tex.
Mrs. Frank J. Wolf, 792 S. Emerson St., Denver, Colo.
Jack Kjellin, 3663 Chatsworth Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Lucretia Robinson, 400 W. 30th St., Sioux Falls, S. D.
Grace A. Yamroz, 1003 N. George St., Rome, N. Y.
Imo Irving, 616 E. Main St., Columbus, Ohio.
Mrs. L. G. Hutton, Box 586, Kingsport, Tenn.
Patrick James Aylward, 23 Elm Ave., Toronto, Ont., Canada
Martha Manski, 547 S. Main St., Webster, Mass.
Erwin R. Bendinelli, 1380 Pacific St., San Francisco, Calif.
Mrs. James Inglis, 136 B. St., San Mateo, Calif.
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Aldona Anderson, R. R. 5, Box 566A, Terre Haute, Ind.
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Shirley Roberts, 2321-26th St., Sacramento, Calif.
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Doris Harman, 1417 N. Bronson, Hollywood, Calif.
Dorothy Hipwell, 664 East Spruce St., Titusville, Pa.
R. M. Bowling, 1459 Central Ave., Memphis, Tenn.
Grace Vivian Sheller, 1925 So. 17th, Omaha, Neb.
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George Travers, 949 Garfield St., Denver, Colo.
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W. N. Van Kempen, 291 Windermere Ave., Toronto, Ont., Canada
Edna E. Hallett, 408 Normal Ave., Normal, Ill.
Kathleen Dunsford Boyd, 21 Avenue Rd., Toronto, Ont., Canada
Kathryn Frederick, 69 Flint Ave., Little Falls, N. Y.
Mrs. Leah M. Steck, 1928 North Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.
Arlen Luvano, 1027½ S. Grand View St., Los Angeles, Calif.
Frank Irwin, Box 20, Perrysville, Pa.
Pearl Friedman, 434 Main St., Metuchen, N. J.
Rosalind Friedman, 673 Red Bud Ave, Cincinnati, Ohio
Edmund Huard, 334 Seventh, Cloquet, Minn.
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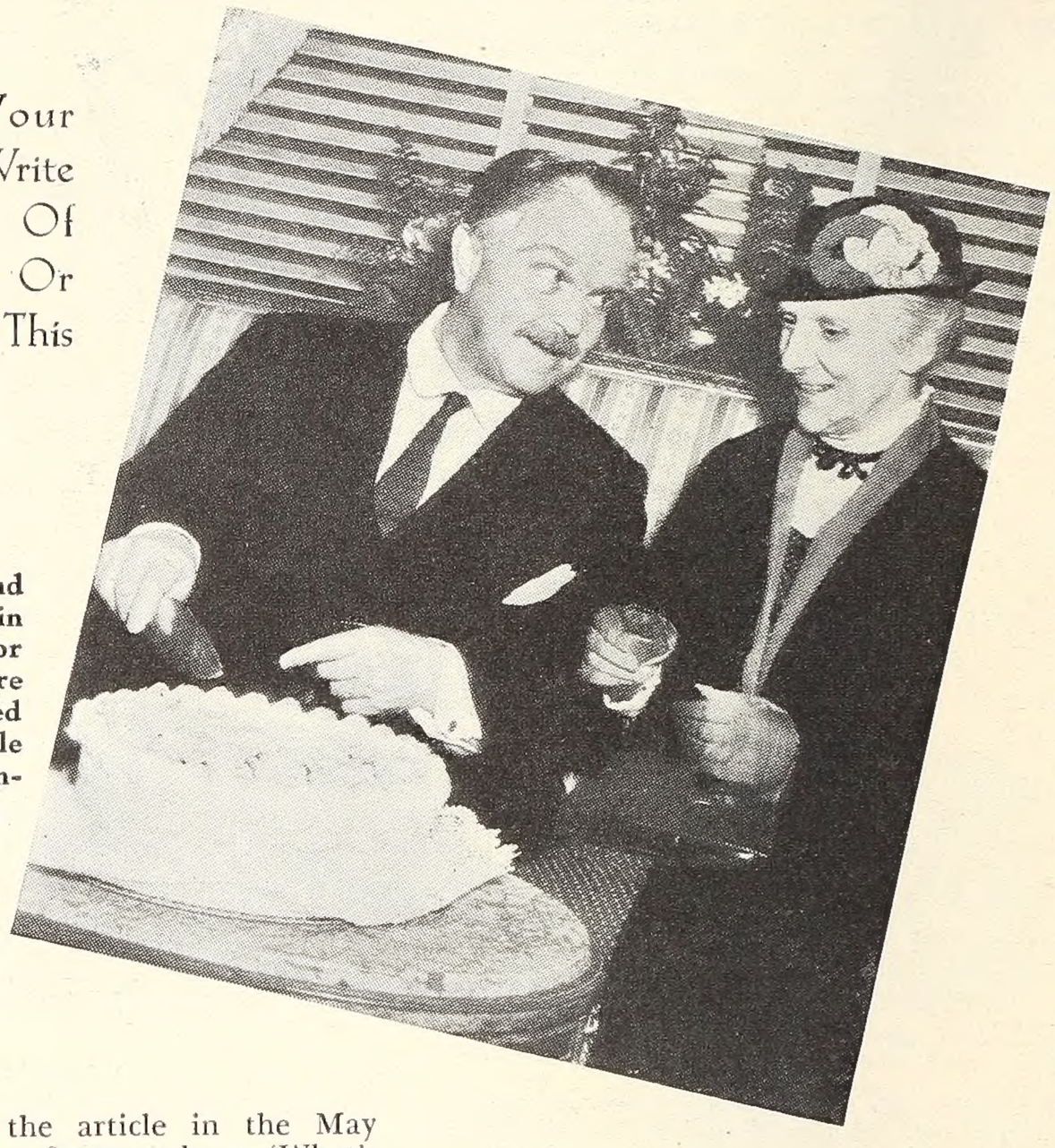
Express Your Opinions. Write A Letter Of Criticism Or Protest To This Page.



Victor Moore and Beulah Bondi, in "Make Way For Tomorrow," are two old married people of gentle humor and infinite pathos.

"I DON'T like the article in the May issue of SILVER SCREEN about 'What's Happening to the American Girls,'" writes Martha Posey of Woodsboro, Tex. "It insinuates that the foreign stars have more popular favor with us, the American movie-goers. It isn't true. We do not prefer the foreign stars. They are what the producers give us and we have to take them whether or not we prefer them.

"In the first place, their English is awful, in fact we don't understand all they are trying to say and they most certainly do not exceed our girls in beauty and talent. I'm referring particularly to Simone Simon with her neck stretching.

"However, the English girls are all right, we like them. But understand, we Americans do not *prefer* foreign stars. As I said, they are what the producers give us. What can we do? I'm asking you?"

'Scuse it plees!

"I'm taking time out to offer sincere thanks to S. R. Mook for his marvelous understanding and much needed defense of Southern speech," writes Rubye M. Chapman of S. Perry St., Montgomery, Ala. "In the April issue of SILVER SCREEN, Mr. Mook in his 'Pictures on the Fire' remarked that 'A lot of pig-headed Yankees could not understand that Southerners do not say 'you all' to one person.'

"A thousand thanks for expressing in print a fact concerning the much abused Southern speech?"

That does away with Mason and Dixon's masterpiece.

"Sometimes I think this 'Glamour Business' in the movies goes just a little bit too far. I think it is masking the actresses, typing them until they'll be so 'sot' in their ways that they won't be able to act more than one part. Look what they did to Helen Hayes in 'What Every Woman Knows.' She was supposed to be playing the part of a homely woman and she wasn't in the least bit homely. She was lovely," writes Miriam Milton of Lee St., Tampa Fla. "The biggest thing in the whole show was ignored just because some people in Hollywood are so glamour crazy that it's downright pitiful."

The glamour covers many an honest heart.

"I have just been reading some of the letters giving opinions for movies and would like to ask one question. Why do all the players *in all pictures* who take the part of southerners use the 'southern accent,' as people call it; but to the South it's just plain negro talk. And if anyone has traveled any at all they should have brains enough to know that the educated people of the South speak beautifully. 'Maytime' was wonderful to me until Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald started talking about coming from Virginia, using the 'southern accent,'" writes Mrs. Mayo (no address).

"All of the belles of the South in all pictures speak as negroes do. I was just wondering if they could make one picture and let them speak as they really should."

We'll suggest it to the "Gone With the Wind" Company.

"Well might the May issue of SILVER SCREEN ask, 'What is happening to the American Girls?' And well may the answer be with the Americans themselves. The American public bows to the publicised greatness of the foreign actress.

"Ours is an inferiority complex. Our appetites and traditions are deeply rooted in Old World backgrounds. Our ancestors were emigrants from Europe and Asia. Marry into European nobility—worthy or not—and you can claim social prominence. Clamor to hear an unintelligible foreign lecturer, or a third-rate European musician, or to inspect an alien work of art, and you are appreciative of 'the higher things'; yet many far superior American artists are being neglected and starving. Study voice in Europe and you may return into the welcoming arms and receive the countless plaudits of the American audiences. Possess a Stradivarius violin, or a Louis XV bed, or a Chippendale suite, and society accepts your company.

"You ask, 'What is happening to the American Girls?' Nothing! That's the rub.

The Dietrichs, Carrolls, Rainers, and the like are 'press agented' as the real blades of Old World grandeur. Take this explanation or leave it," writes Michael Hanselman of Omaha St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Hams Across the Sea!

Gordon MacDonald of Los Angeles writes: "A caption in the May issue of SILVER SCREEN reads, 'What's Happening to the American Girls?' and proceeds to explain how they are being overshadowed by European actresses. Though the statement was probably not meant to be taken seriously, I believe the feature was unfair to our American stars.

"As the best actresses, Garbo and Bergner were listed. No mention was made of Hepburn, Davis, Shearer, Hopkins, Sidney, Stanwyck, Loy and Sullavan.

"Garbo and Carroll were cited as being the most beautiful. What about Virginia Bruce and Anita Louise, not to mention Loretta Young, Ann Sothern and Frances Dee. And as for talent, don't forget Eleanor Powell, Ginger Rogers, Ruby Keeler, Jeanette MacDonald, Gladys Swarthout, Grace Moore, Frances Langford, Gertrude Niesen. . . . Oh, I could go on and on!

"And if Claudette Colbert is the best loved actress, why is it that Joan Crawford year after year is voted the most popular. Maybe we Americans stuff the ballot box.

"A few more home-town girls who seem to be getting along all right are Jean Harlow, Janet Gaynor, Jean Arthur, Carole Lombard, Frances Farmer, Irene Dunne, Kay Francis, and we mustn't forget the Misses Withers, Temple and Durbin.

"Not that we don't love the European stars. In fact, we don't even think of most of them as being anything but Americans. But I think I have proven that our girls are more than holding their own.

"And let that be a lesson to you."

Holding their own and a wee bit of Scotland. Hey, Laddie?

"In the May issue there was an article entitled 'They Met In Ketchum.' It was a swell story, but why does Liza definitely state that Claudette 'is just as tasty a dish on a pair of skiis as she once was on Cleopatra's barge, and will not need a double?' " asks Elsa Setterquist of Williams St., Malden, Mass. "If I am not mistaken, Liza, Miss Colbert does have a double, and her name is Anne Faith Donaldson and she hails from Concord, Mass. She refused a salary of $200 a week to retain her amateur standing."

The shot heard 'round the world!

FINAL TITLES FOR THE NEW PICTURES

"With Kind Regards" (Ralph Bellamy) has been changed to . . . . . "It Can't Last Forever"

"Professional Juror" (Otto Kruger) has been changed to . . . . . "The Man Behind the Law"

"Tomorrow's Headlines" (Lee Tracy) has been changed to . . . . . "Behind the Headlines"

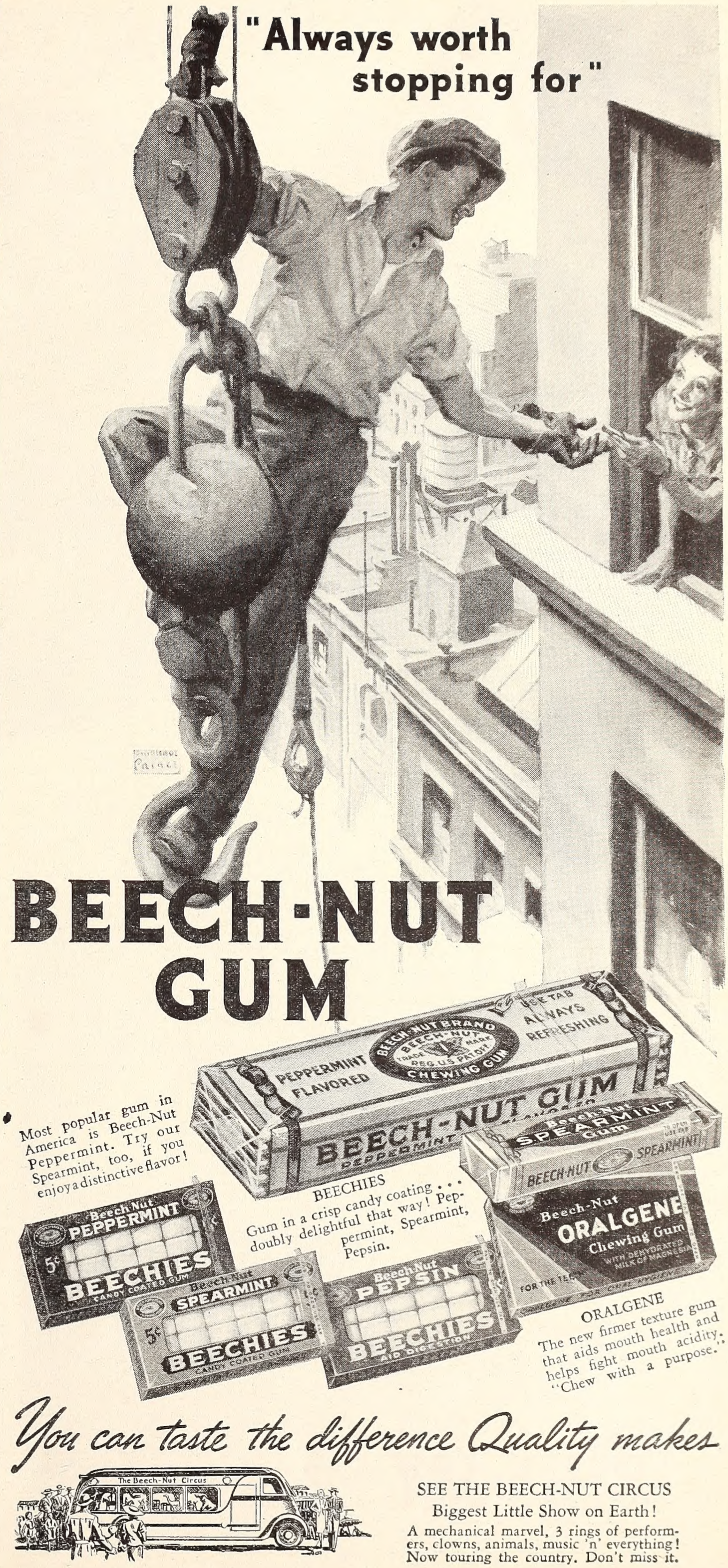
"All is Confusion" (Joe E. Brown) has been changed to . . . . . "Riding on Air"

"Mexican Quarter" (John Beal) has been changed to . . . . . "Border Cafe"

"One Hour of Romance" (Kay Francis) has been changed to . . . . . "Confession"

"Armored Taxi" (Rochelle Hudson) has been changed to . . . . . "Born Reckless"

"Channel Crossing" (William Gargan) has been changed to . . . . . "Reported Missing"



This Rouge from Paris MAKES YOU LOVELIER

YOU'LL never see yourself at your best until you use Po-Go—the imported, hand-made French rouge. Once you try it, you'll know why it's preferred in Paris!

Po-Go is quite unlike hard, dry rouges. It is feathery-light in texture, and blends at a touch—for it's made *by hand,* without binder or heat. It stays on for hours because of its superb, lasting ingredients. It makes you lovelier because of its Paris-styled shades. *Yet it costs only 55¢,* import duty and all, at any good toiletry counter. *Meet Po-Go today!*

Po-Go Rouge

55¢

Shades include famous Brique (naturelle)—as well as Ronce (raspberry), Saumon (for blondes) etc.

CORNS COME BACK BIGGER-UGLIER

UNLESS REMOVED ROOT & ALL*

DRAW OUT ROOT AND ALL—*this safe, gentle way*

● When you pare a corn you only trim the surface—the root remains imbedded in your toe and the corn soon comes back bigger and uglier—more painful than before.

But when you use the new double-action Blue-Jay method the corn is gone for good. The tiny Blue-Jay medicated plaster, by removing pressure, at once relieves pain and in 3 short days the corn lifts out—Root and All (exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application).

Try this safe, easy Blue-Jay method today. 25¢ for 6—at all druggists.

*A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

LET'S HAVE A PICNIC

Warren William sets up a charcoal grill in his own "back yard" and broils a juicy tenderloin steak for lunch.

By Ruth Corbin

THE lazy summer months are with us again. That means we will want to get out in the open as much as possible. Fresh air is the best of all appetizers. The simplest picnic or barbecue becomes a feast when cooked, served and eaten beneath blue skies and spreading trees. There are many types of picnics to choose from and menus and food depend largely on the kit you carry. The accomplished picnicker carries his own small but compact grill, with legs which rest firmly in the ground.

Most popular of all is the—

*ROADSIDE PICNIC

You can amble along without any definite objective until hungrer makes you unload the lunch and the children in some cool, convenient spot for a treat, such as:

*Southern Fried Chicken
Whole Raw Tomato — Olives
*Bread and Butter Sandwiches
*Carrot-Peanut Sandwiches
Watermelon — Sugar Cookies
Hot Coffee — Iced Ovaltine

Cut chicken for frying. Dredge with flour and seasonings. Place in hot iron skillet with enough Crisco to prevent sticking. Cover and cook slowly until golden brown and well done. Drain on waxed paper until cool. (This really should be cooked at home, and packed when cool.)

Carrot-Peanut Sandwich

Put several raw, scraped carrots through meat grinder. Measure. Add equal portion ground salted peanuts. Mix with mayonnaise or a little salad dressing. Spread on buttered white bread.

Bread and butter sandwiches may be varied by adding to the creamed butter mustard, horseradish, chopped parsley, lemon juice, chives, curry powder or paste, or anchovy paste.

HIKERS' PICNIC

Since everything must be carried on your back over long miles this lunch must neither be bulky, nor too heavy, and it must not be thirst-provoking.

*Tasti-Sandwiches
*Spinach Sandwiches
Olives — Pickles
Fruit — Chocolate Bar
Iced Tea

Tasti-Sandwich

1 cup cooked ground beef or ham
½ cup C & B sweet mixed pickle
2½ tablespoons C & B Meat Sauce

The above is a spread good for any kind of picnic. Sandwiches may be prepared at home or the spread packed in a jar and used for making on-the-spot sandwiches. For the latter, spread on lettuce leaf between slices of rye bread. A slice of tomato may be added if liked. *Never* put lettuce, cucumber or sliced tomato in sandwiches unless they are to be eaten at once. Carry ingredients separately, wrapped in a damp cloth or waxed paper, so that they will be fresh and crisp when eaten.

Spinach Sandwich

Allow 1½ cups shredded raw spinach to 1 hard-cooked egg, chopped fine. Season with chopped celery and onion, salt and pepper. Mix to spreading consistency with Kraft's Mayonnaise. Spread on buttered white or whole wheat bread.

BARBECUE PICNIC

A great favorite with the older members of the family or where a large group is gathered together. A place is chosen where pits or stone stoves are ready for the picnickers and most of the cooking done there.

*Barbecued Meat
Corn-on-cob, cooked in husks on top of

grids, buried in ashes or steamed in pot.
Baked Potatoes Cold Slaw
*Strawberry and Rhubarb Pie
(To be baked at home)
Hot Coffee Lemonade

Barbecued Meat

The best cuts of meat are the shoulder of beef, rib roast of beef, boned shoulder of lamb, or boned leg of pork. Dust meat well before putting it to brown so it will brown rapidly and seal juices. Place a pan on iron grating directly under meat to catch drippings. Baste from time to time. For additional flavor alternate by swabbing with a mop dipped in a sauce made by simmering 1 tablespoon cayenne, ½ cup water, ½ cup vinegar, salt to taste. Beat into ¼ pound of butter to which has been added 1 teaspoon pepper. All ingredients must then be simmered 30 minutes before using. Keep turning meat so it will brown evenly on all sides.

Kabobs

For people who do not like highly seasoned food Kabobs are nice for any kind of meal cooked in or out of doors. Cut lean sirloin or round steak in inch and a half cubes and slices of bacon in squares. Arrange alternately on long pointed sticks or fork and broil over camp fire. Or, slices of bacon may be wrapped around the meat.

Rhubarb and Strawberry Pie

1 cup sugar
Pinch of salt
2 tablespoons butter
¼ cup flour
1 pint of strawberries
2 cups rhubarb cut half inch pieces

Mix the sugar, flour and salt and sprinkle a little of it in a pastry-lined pie plate. Add fruit which has been combined with rest of sugar mixture and dot with butter. Put strips of pastry, lattice fashion, over top of pie. Bake in a hot oven (400 F.) about 35 minutes.

FAMILY PICNIC

This is the kind of an affair where each member of a group of relatives provides one item. Here is a typical menu.

Baked Whole Ham
Potato Salad *Devilled Eggs
*Ham and Cheese Slices Potato Chips
*Mixed Sandwiches
Tuna-Mustard Pickle Sandwiches
Chocolate Cake (Bought) Fruit
Lemonade Hot Coffee

Devilled Eggs

Remove yolks from hard-cooked eggs. Mix with chopped celery and dill pickles, mayonnaise and a little chili sauce. Return to whites.

Ham and Cheese Slices

1 pound sliced boiled ham
3 teaspoons dry mustard
1 cup grated cheese
2 tablespoons catsup (Heinz)
¼ teaspoon pepper Salt
Cayenne

Spread each slice of ham with a mixture made by combining all other ingredients listed. Stack slices together evenly, place in Pyrex dish and bake in moderate oven (350 F.) 20 minutes. Cool and slice lengthwise.

Mixed Sandwiches

Cream cheese combined with any of the following are nice: grated raw carrots; grated pineapple; grated celery and chopped peanuts; minced pimento, chopped chive and onion juice; orange marmalade; minced prunes, raisins, nuts or honey; Guava or any preferred jelly. Brown, raisin or whole wheat bread preferable for these combinations. All are good for children.

CHANGE FROM HOTS TO KOOLS!

DON'T PUFF, puff, puff through *this* summer with hots and heavies. Slip into a pack of KOOLS and watch the thermometer drop. Like a plunge in a mountain stream, the mild menthol makes your throat feel cool and refreshed. Each pack brings you a valuable coupon good in the U. S. A. for really swell premiums. (Extra coupons in every carton.) Take the sting out of summer and switch to KOOLS today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Box 599, Louisville, Ky.

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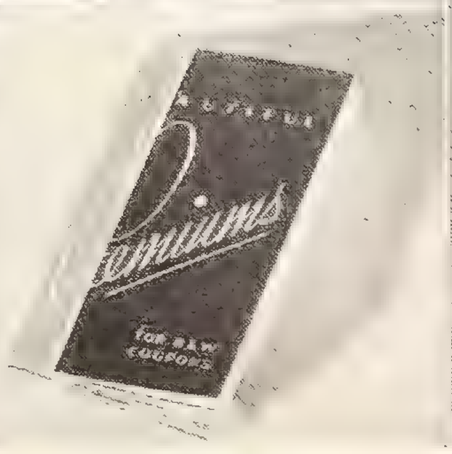

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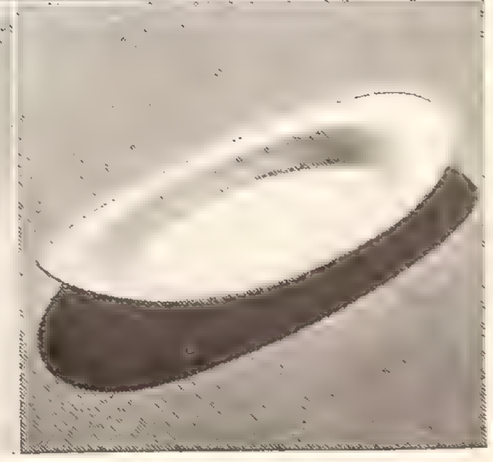

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MUSCULAR ACHES & PAINS

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There is nothing quite like a glass of Alka-Seltzer for quick relief from common everyday ailments. An Alka-Seltzer Tablet in a glass of water makes a sparkling, pleasant-tasting solution. You drink it and it gives prompt relief from the pain and discomfort and also corrects the excess acid condition which is often present.

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30c and 60c Packages
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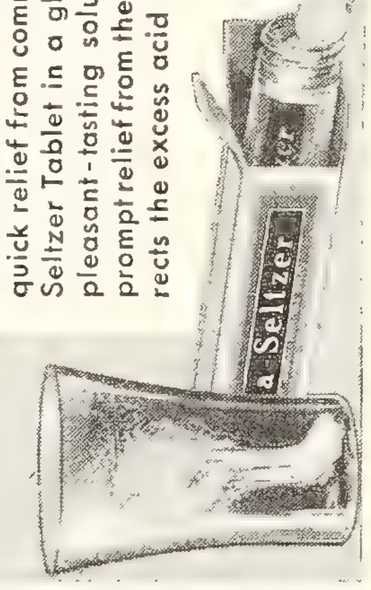

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A PROFESSIONAL WAVE in 5 Minutes Time—

Forget forever the expense and bother of going to a beauty shop to get your finger waves. "JACKEY" does the work *at home* in a few moments. No heat—no electricity—no dangerous drugs. Waves your hair naturally to suit your own individual beauty. Saves many times its small cost.

"JACKEY" Wave Setter is absolutely new; patented, easy to operate—amazingly quick in action, of sturdy construction to last a lifetime. Sets new finger waves equal to those of a skilled professional operator. RESET YOUR PERMANENT with "JACKEY"—you can double its life at no extra expense.

Pin a $1.00 bill to your name and address and get your "JACKEY" with complete, simple directions by return mail. Test it ten days—see for yourself how easy it works—how perfectly it sets your hair. Your money back if not satisfied.

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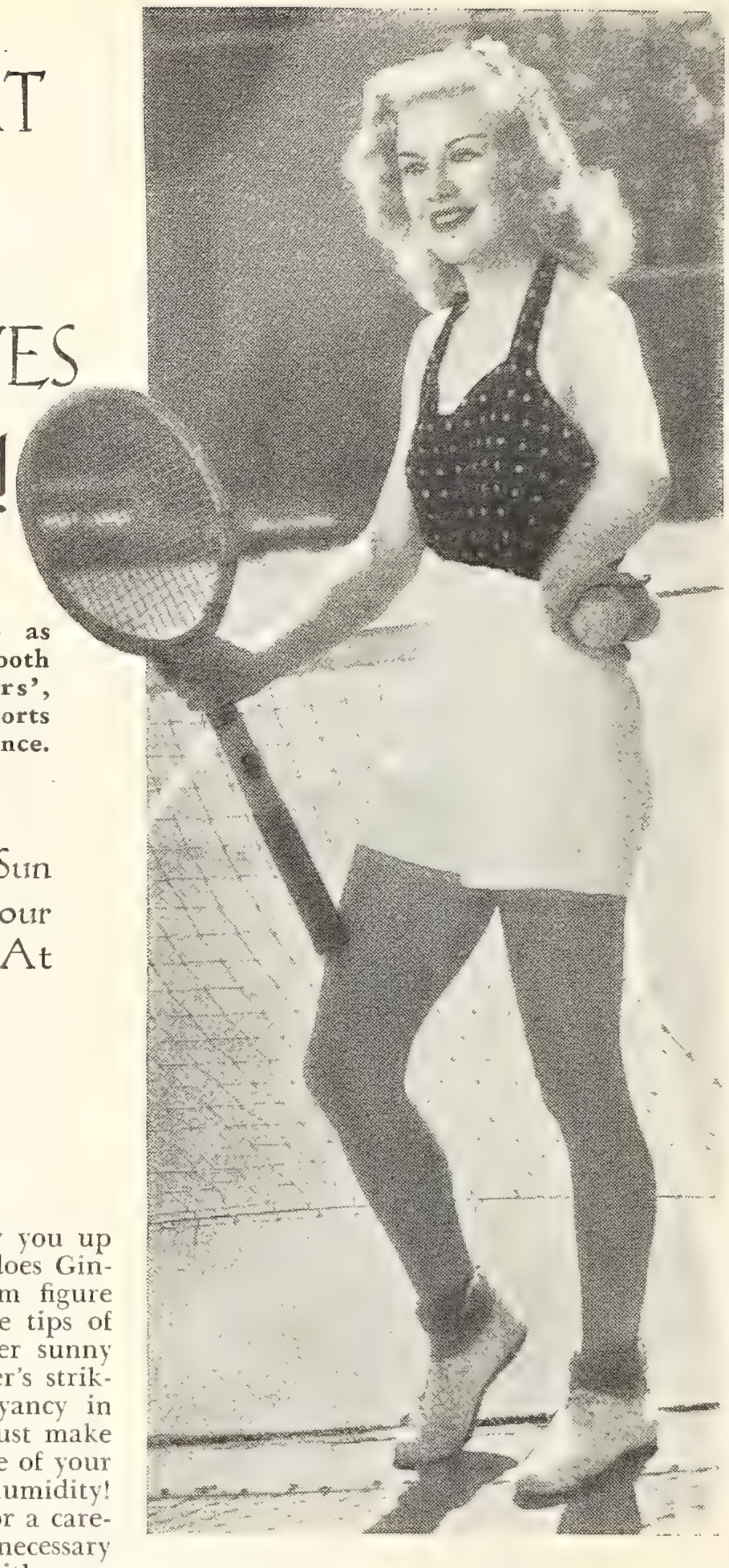
AGENTS: Sell this new patented money-maker. Every woman wants one. Nothing like it on the market. Send $1.00 for sample and sales material.

Keep That Skin One Loves To Touch!



If your legs are as slim and satin smooth as Ginger Rogers', you can wear shorts with equal confidence.

Greet The Hot Summer Sun Serenely—With All Your Beauty Aids Close At Hand.

By Mary Lee

SUMMER play-time should show you up at your best, the same way it does Ginger Rogers with her slim, trim figure and well-groomed beauty from the tips of her dancing toes to the top of her sunny hair. When you're admiring Ginger's striking loveliness and infectious buoyancy in RKO-Radio's "Shall We Dance," just make a resolution to take the best of care of your own good looks, come heat, come humidity!

And when you pack your bags for a carefree holiday, see to it that the necessary beauty aids travel right along with you. You'll have twice as much fun on your vacation or week-end jaunts if you can play wholeheartedly, secure in the knowledge that you're lovely to look at as well as a "good sport."

First on your list for Summer beauty should be your defense against sunburn. Whether you want to preserve a lily-white skin or get a coat of tan, you simply must avoid the ugly red-as-a-lobster stage and the peeling that follows.

There are excellent anti-sunburn creams and lotions that will protect your skin, so you can have your day in the sun without fear of losing your fairness.

Max Factor makes a perfectly grand Powder Foundation Cream in the Natural shade to protect your face from burning or freckling. It's the correct color background for Max Factor's famous Sum'r Tan make-up, too. And his Make-up Blender in the Natural Shade will protect your arms, back, neck, etc., from the sun's ravages at the same time as it harmonizes their color with your face. Both the Foundation Cream and Make-up Blender are waterproof so they'll keep your beauty intact against the roughest waves.

If you want to "go tan," take it gradually. You'll find Norwich Sun Tan Oil a great big help in getting a rich, even tan without the unflattering (and often painful) preliminary of sunburn. It contains a scientific sun screen that filters out part of the rays that burn.

One of the most important rules for vacation beauty is personal daintiness. Keep your body as fresh and clean as your crisp Summer evening frocks. Whether you're being a gay hoyden in the sun or an alluring lady in the moonlight, you must keep your under-arms above reproach. Personally, we're enthusiastic about Zip Cream Deodorant as it not only deodorizes but also stops perspiration for one to three days. It's a bland, delicately scented cream that's pleasant to use, yet it's a thoroughly efficient perspiration check.

And now that your legs are coming out in the open, you must be doubly careful about keeping them free from unattractive hair. Zip makes an excellent depilatory cream that takes off unwanted hair easily and pleasantly, leaving the skin smooth and soft.

We're going to tell you a secret we've discovered for giving feet and legs a real beauty treatment. Massage them with creamed rubbing alcohol as the finishing touch to a pedicure or hair-removal treatment. Creamed alcohol has all the toning and antiseptic qualities of liquid alcohol without its drying after-effects. It's a grand pick-me-up, too, for feet and legs that are tired and painful at the end of a strenuous hot weather day.

In our opinion, one of the grandest aids to Summer beauty is eau de Cologne, because it adds so much to comfort and daintiness. And we're a devotee to "4711" Rhine Lavender eau de Cologne. It's a brand new fragrance of a famous old house. Here's a

few things it will do to beautify you:

After your shower or bath, it helps close the pores and refine the skin texture, besides leaving a delightful fragrance that lingers. It's a mild deodorant. It banishes fatigue and prevents muscle soreness after exercise. It has a cooling effect, as it induces more rapid evaporation of perspiration. And, if you rub it over exposed parts before you go outdoors, mosquitoes and other insects won't find you nearly as tempting. It relieves irritation from existing insect bites, too. Lavender fragrance, incidentally, is having a new wave of popularity that's completely divorced it from the "old lace" idea. Perhaps we can thank the Coronation for bringing this exquisite fragrance into the limelight.

Speaking of fragrance, we're going to tell you a travel secret Kay Francis has discovered. She perfumes her luggage. Tiny pads of perfumed cotton in the linings of bags, hat boxes and trunks give her luggage the same aura of femininity that surrounds her more intimate possessions.

Most of the cosmetic manufacturers make attractive little travel kits that pack easily and keep your beauty aids in one place, so you won't be wasting your precious vacation time by hunting for this or that. We just saw one that's a honey! Essentials for skin care and make-up are securely fitted in, yet there's ample space for your toothbrush, comb and the like. This little brown or red leatherette kit takes up a minimum of room in your traveling case, but it's smart enough to flatter any dressing table. Its name is "Prelude to Beauty," and it's made by Germaine Monteil.

How would you like to take your reducing treatment right along with you, so you won't bring back a legacy of extra inches when vacation time is over? You can do it with Trimm, a figure re-styling cream that comes in a tube. You work it into the too-fat parts of you with a simple method of finger manipulation that's illustrated on the instruction sheet.

One reason we're especially glad we discovered Trimm is that it reduces busts and large ankles, which should not be strenuously massaged. It'll get a double chin back on a single track, too. It brings down those extra inches on "tummies," thighs, calves, and upper arms as well as reducing "spare tires" above the waistline and back-of-the-neck humps.

Perhaps you'd like to bring some of that fresh vacation-land atmosphere back to town when you have to settle down to routine living again. Well, you can. We're all agog over a Pine Air Purifier that freshens up a room like magic if it smells musty or has been smoked in. It makes the air seem as balmy as if you were walking through a real pine grove somewhere in the northern woods. It's one of the Vienna Woods Pine products. They make delightful Pine Bath Crystals, too, and "Pine Spirit," an after-the-bath body spray that's as good for your skin as it is refreshing to use.

Georgie Porgy Pays!

GEORGE BURNS loves to tell the story about the time he and Gracie were in New York last Spring and Gracie decided she wanted to hear her adopted son Ronnie's voice over long distance. Ronnie is quite a little fellow and only knows a few words, and that day he just wasn't in the mood. Gracie in New York trying to persuade Ronnie in Hollywood to say "Hello" must have been really something. Ronnie finally gave in and said "Hello"—but not until George had a hundred and ten dollar phone bill to pay.

Spare your clothes—and your nerves. Use Nonspi, the *safe* anti-perspirant and deodorant that is non-irritating to sensitive skin. No under-arm moisture to ruin fine fabrics. One application protects you from two to five days. Drug and department stores everywhere carry Nonspi. 35¢ and 60¢. Slightly more in Canada. Try it—today.

Safe **NONSPI**

Pronounced "Non-spy"...Means "The Safe Deodorant"

REDUCE

SAFELY . . . QUICKLY by EXTERNAL METHOD

Lose 12 pounds in 4 weeks . . . or it costs nothing!

No drugs, limited diets or exercises. Excess fat ruins your looks and endangers health. Take a doctor's advice and get rid of superficial fat this safe way that does not disturb the body functions. Originally prescribed by a doctor for his wife . . . then friends begged for it . . . now it is available to YOU!

PROFIT BY THESE AMAZING EXPERIENCES!

"I have lost 47 pounds and think your cream wonderful." L. P., No. Carolina.
"Have had wonderful results . . . lost 30 pounds." Mrs. O. R. S., Penna.
"Searched for years for some safe, quick means of reduction. Have lost 26 pounds and feel and look like a new person." S. C. F., New York.

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If you do not lose at least 12 pounds with the first jar of Cream, following directions, your money will be refunded at once! Write today for full half-pound jar of **Dr. Hatch's Formula Massage Cream** $1.00
Send Cash, or Money Order or sent C.O.D., plus postage.

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RELIEF

FOR YOUR FEET!

Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX, soft, cushioning, medicated foot plaster, instantly relieves pain, stops shoe pressure on Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Tender Spots on feet and toes; flesh color. Cuts to any size or shape. Costs but a trifle. At Drug, Shoe, Department and 10¢ stores.

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A love supremely courageous and unashamed . . . that shook the nation in its highest places . . . that was fated to happen!

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in the picture the world is talking about!

THIS IS MY AFFAIR

with

VICTOR McLAGLEN

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Gay songs . . . love songs . . . songs of emotion
by Mack Gordon and Harry Revel

20th Century-Fox

20th Century-Fox, maker of hits, presents another of its entertainment achievements . . . in the mood of great romance . . . with the thrill of mighty drama!

SILVER SCREEN

Topics For Gossips

Old Glory gets a break. Madge Evans shows her true colors.

THE Paramount lot hadn't had a good feud since the old days when Mae West and Marlene Dietrich were snubbing each other, until recently Martha Raye and Shirley Ross worked up a good hate during the production of "Waikiki Wedding." The picture ended but the feud lingered on. When you ask Martha why she doesn't like Shirley she simply says, "I don't like her mouth." Miss Ross could doubtless say quite a few things about Miss Raye's mouth too.

BETTY FURNESS has decided to wear hats like everybody else now—that hat publicity sort of got her pretty sore—but she must have something unusual so she has decided on unusual charm bracelets. Passing a hock shop window one day she saw a tray of fraternity pins so she bought the whole lot of them and made them into a bracelet. So, young man, maybe Betty Furness is wearing your fraternity pin!

THE favorite song of the month in Hollywood, according to the orchestra leaders, is "Moonlight and Shadows." And the favorite book, according to the bookshops, is Noel Coward's "Present Indicative." Nearly every movie star in town has read that, and Somerset Maugham's "Theatre." Hollywood always casts books as they read them, and there's a lot of casting going on for the actress in "Theatre."

ALTHOUGH she has lived in Hollywood for six years now Barbara Stanwyck, the little city gal from Brooklyn, has never learned to drive a car. At the beach the other day when they were having a day off from "Stella Dallas" Barbara's hairdresser and secretary decided that now was the time for Barbara to learn. She mastered the art of manipulating the clutch and the brake pretty well on the beach road and started to drive her instructors back to the studio. But the first excavation she saw—and try to find a street in Hollywood that isn't being dug up right now— Barbara drove right smack into it. She has decided to keep her chauffeur.

WHEN the studio had to change the title of "The Old Soak" because the Hays Office didn't approve of it, Una Merkel suggested that they call it "After the Gin Man."

SENTIMENT pops out in the strangest places. Who'd ever suspect Lupe Velez of having a grain of sentiment, but it seems she simply oozes with it. Workmen repairing the water main leading to the Weissmuller's 70 foot swimming pool, accidentally chipped off a corner of the concrete retaining wall and there, to their astonishment, was a strong box, which, when opened, revealed a silk swimming suit. Lupe tearfully acknowledged that it was the suit worn by Johnny when he set so many of the world swimming records he now holds, and that she had put it there out of sentiment when laying the corner stone of the new pool several years ago.

ORIGINAL sports belts intrigue Alice Faye, who has the newest yet seen in Hollywood. It is of bright red silk, embroidered in white musical notes taken from the opening bars of her new song hit, "There's a Lull in My Life."

LUISE RAINER continues to be the Problem Child of Hollywood. She just will drive her car at 45 in a 25 zone, which annoys the police; and she insists on driving around with the top down, in a bathing suit, which annoys the Glamour Department of her studio; and now she has started eating chocolate drops on the set of "The Emperor's Candlesticks," which annoys the designers as the gowns are formfitting and she can't vary an inch. And furthermore she insists upon calling up hubby Clifford Odets eight times a day from the set, which annoys the company at work —and surely must annoy Clifford Odets.

LITTLE JANE WITHERS is now a member of the choir of the first Presbyterian Church of Hollywood. Every Sunday morning she puts on the traditional white-collared black choir robe and sings hymns in a sweet childish voice. And, by the by, now that we think of it, why wasn't Jane given a birthday party by her studio? Her birthday was only a few days before that of Shirley Temple's but the studio was too busy inviting hundreds of people to a Shirley Temple party to think of Jane, who, we understand wasn't even invited to Shirley's party. Now is that fair?

BETTE DAVIS was so pleased with Director Eddie Goulding on the "That Certain Woman" set the other day that she presented him with a hug and a kiss and ruined her make-up. It seems there was a scene in the script where a man dies in Bette's apartment and of course that's just a field day for the reporters who rush in, drinking and swearing, tear up the place, and push Bette around something awful.

Goulding watched the rehearsal of the scene as it was written and said, "Oh, no. I never saw newspaper people like that." So he sat himself down and re-wrote the scene so that the reporters acted like gentlemen. "I should know about reporters if anyone does," said Bette with a grin (Bette had quite a session with them during her late rebellion) "and I have yet to be pushed around or insulted by one. I'm awfully glad that Mr. Goulding is going to show them on the screen as they really are—for a change."

THEY'LL tell you in Hollywood that there never was a publicity man like Lionel Stander plays in "A Star Is Born." Well, somebody had to be the heavy in the picture and I guess Director William Wellman, who wrote the script, just doesn't like publicity departments.

TYRONE POWER gave girl friend Sonja Henie a beaded purse for her birthday present. They do say that Loretta Young and Alice Faye and lots of girls would like to cut in on Sonja's time.

GARBO'S pet kitten now knows what it feels like to be a visiting tourist or a member of the press, for she too was barred one day from the Garbo set. It seems that for one of the scenes in "Madame Walewska" they needed a dozen tame swallows, and tame swallows aren't so easy to get in this part of the country, and the owners weren't going to take a chance on a cat, not even the Garbo cat. 'Tis said that kitty pouted for hours when ejected. We pouted for years.

Coronation of Movie Majestie

Garbo is queen of them all. Bing Crosby also is superior. That makes him King Crosby.

I'M SURE I don't know why it is so soul-satisfying to have the Best of something, but life's like that, and there is nothing we can do about it at this late date. People are sitting down in factories, standing up in theatres (on bank nights only), and the Little White Father in Washington is about to start another Civil War with his stamp collection—everything is in some kind of a chaos—but Hollywood, dear Hollywood, goes blithely on living up to its reputation of being the most competitive town in the world.

Now, it isn't that we are a cold-blooded fish-like people (though some of the agents do look like dead mackerel), on the contrary, we are as interested in international events as you are. It's just that human nature is human nature the world over, and don't blame me for that. Everybody wants a Best, whether she lives on the banks of the Nile or in a Garbo house in Beverly Hills. It's as natural as day following night.

The most exciting day of my life, and don't worry I'm not going to break into my memoirs, was when the class prophet of one of the cotton belt schools I attended voted me "the best all around sport" (and what did she mean by that?). Anyway, it was just as important to me as being "the best actor of the year" was to Paul Muni last March when he received the Academy Award.

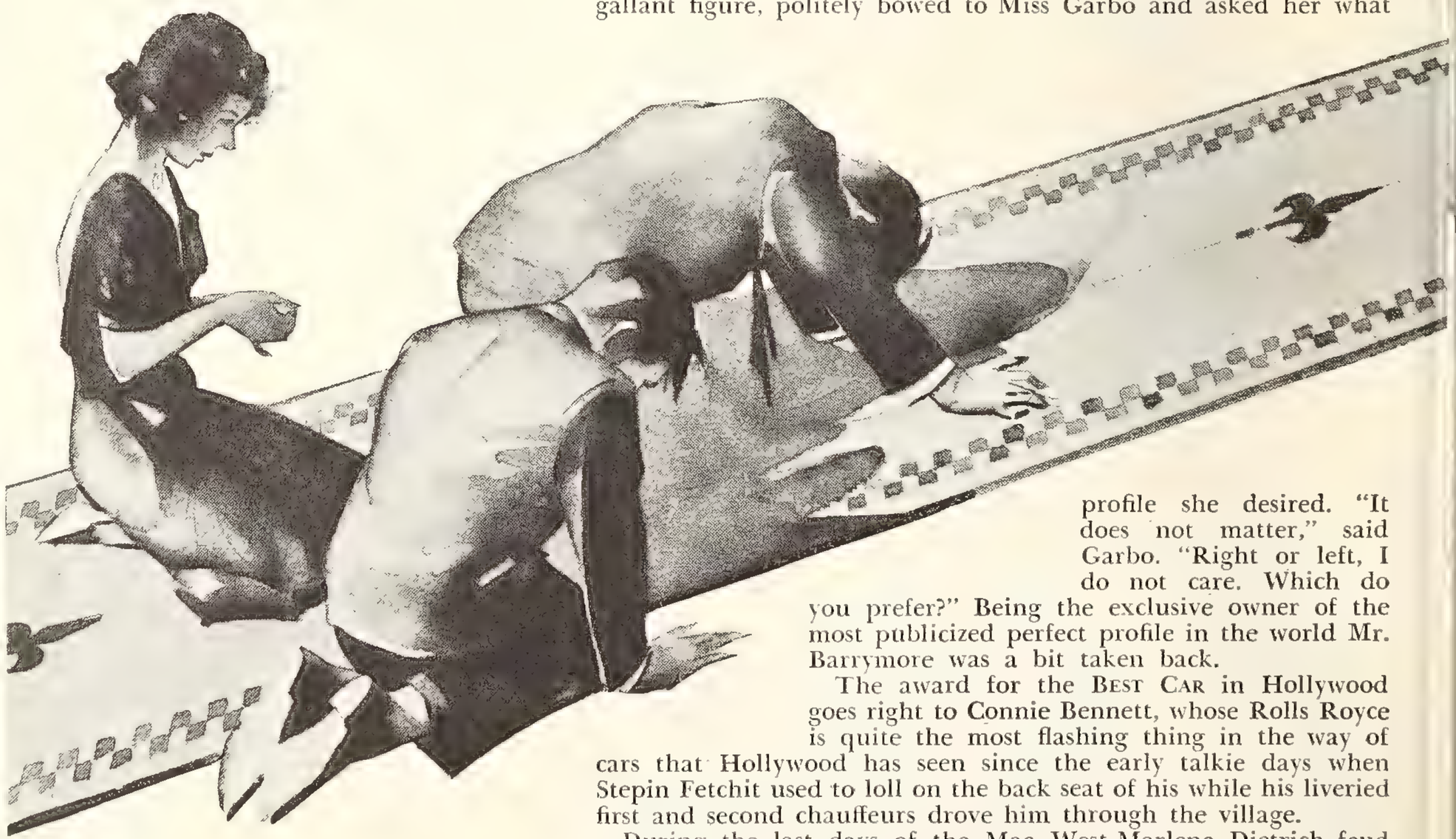
Now you've competed for your Bests I'm sure, and had an exciting time doing it. The only difference is that Hollywood competes in a more dazzling manner. Everything is relative. And I don't mean your Aunt Susie.

So how's about the Tops in Hollywood where the best is pretty expensive? What with the country gone mad giving out awards for this and that every spring, I think it is now time for us to enter into the spirit of the thing and toss out a few awards ourselves. The fact that our awards are not as serious as those of Mr. Nobel need not distress us the least little bit. It takes all kinds of people to make a world.

The award for the Best Screen Face we will give to the girl from Sweden, Miss Greta Garbo. If you know anything about the goings-on on a studio set you know what a sad life the cameraman leads. Miss So-and-So, with a hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of glamor a picture, has a peculiar bump on her nose and can only be photographed on her right side, but worse luck, Mr. Whosit who plays opposite her has a drooping eyelid and can only be photographed on his right side too, and how the heck the two of them are going to get together on those luscious close-ups is going to require higher mathematics.

But when Garbo comes on the set the cameraman simply says, "Clap hands, here comes Greta," and sinks into a peaceful coma. For Garbo can be photographed from any angle—and the results are just as beautiful. You can put a light over her head or under her nose, and she is still beautiful. Gallantry being what it isn't, it is usually the custom in pictures for the leading man to ask the leading woman which side of her pan she wishes to give to her breathless public in her love scenes—those sizzling kisses, dearie, aren't as spontaneous as you might think. (Nor do all the actors go in for this quaint Old World custom—Monsieur Maurice Chevalier never did. He thought it quite sufficient to tell her what side *he* was giving.)

The story goes that in "Grand Hotel" John Barrymore, ever the gallant figure, politely bowed to Miss Garbo and asked her what profile she desired. "It does not matter," said Garbo. "Right or left, I do not care. Which do you prefer?" Being the exclusive owner of the most publicized perfect profile in the world Mr. Barrymore was a bit taken back.



The award for the Best Car in Hollywood goes right to Connie Bennett, whose Rolls Royce is quite the most flashing thing in the way of cars that Hollywood has seen since the early talkie days when Stepin Fetchit used to loll on the back seat of his while his liveried first and second chauffeurs drove him through the village.

During the last days of the Mae West-Marlene Dietrich feud on the Paramount lot, both Mae and Marlene would vie with each other in getting the longest and swankiest town cars—but Miss Bennett put an end to all that by returning from Europe with a Rolls that's quite the last word in several things. If your life is utterly thwarted because you can't see the Bennett Rolls I can offer you a mite of consolation. Connie is not a bit averse

In The Picture Kingdom There Are Many Reigning Kings And Queens, And It's Time We Crowned Them.

By

Liza

James Cagney, Clark Gable, Constance Bennett and Olivia de Havilland (standing). A Royal Quartette receiving the obeisance of the adoring fans.

Many princesses have been endowed lavishly by nature, but compared with Marlene Dietrich they haven't a leg to stand on.

It's good that there are enough titles to go around, for Bill Powell is a prince of good fellows. (Left) Luise Rainer, with but a few pictures to her credit, has risen to such heights that she deserves every honor.

to renting her car out to picture companies who require an ultra car for one of their "flash" scenes. In fact I hear that Connie, who is a smart business woman, has practically paid for the car in that manner. Do you recall the Rolls in "Go West, Young Man," in which Miss West relaxed between personal appearances? That was the Bennett bus, at so much a day. You've seen it many a time.

The Best Star Sapphire in Hollywood is owned by Jean Harlow—and to have a best among star sapphires, in a place like Hollywood, which is lousy with them, is really something. Joan Crawford and Carole Lombard have been conceded the best collection and the largest stones these last few years, but came last Christmastide and things happened. "I am bored," said Mr. William Powell, "with hearing about who has the largest star sapphire in Hollywood. My dear," he said to girl friend Jean Harlow, "you have it." With that he gave Jean a one hundred and fifty-two carat star sapphire which is so big and heavy that poor little Jeannie can hardly lift her [*Continued on page* 65]

If That Be Glamor And Glory, Then We'll Take Vanilla.

ONE autumn, some years ago, I went hunting with a party of friends in the northern Maine woods. My friends shot deer and caught fish in the lake. I caught cold and shot nothing but a spruce partridge, whose meat was so redolent of pine-spills as to be uneatable. But that is irrelevant. The point I wish to make is that during the course of this expedition I discovered whole sections of former woodland which had been stripped naked of its forest growth. Inquiring about this, I was told that the trees had been cut down to make wood-pulp for newspapers, magazines and other publications printed for the enlightenment of our civilized modern world.

The other day in Los Angeles I picked up a newspaper, turned to the motion picture news and was enlightened by a paragraph which informed me that a certain star was considering a revolutionary change in her life. She was entertaining seriously the possibility of changing the part in her hair from the left to the right side of her head, or vice versa. (Somehow I seem to have forgotten the exact detail of that momentous experiment.) But, remembering those denuded hills of Maine, it did occur to me to wonder whether it was worth while to cut down good trees to make such paragraphs as the one I have mentioned.

Another paragraph in this same movie column contained the thrilling information that Jane Roe, sensational star of Love At Loew's State and Grauman's Chinese Theatres, had been caught sharing her filet mignon at the Brown Derby with John Doe, sensational star of Love At Pantages Hollywood and R-K-O Hillstreet Theatres. The implication was that these two had been brought to the verge of romance by a mutual fondness for tenderloin steak with mushroom sauce. Also, reading on, I learned that Mary Whosis, screen celebrity, had been seen dancing *two nights in succession* at the Trocadero with Manly Whatsis, screen celebrity, thereby arousing coy suspicions as to their possible marriage and raising my interest as a reader almost to zero. I just don't seem to care whether Mary and Manly ever occupy the same marriage couch, even with full benefit of clergy and the official blessing of the Hays office.

Nor do I care for those posters which at this writing still plaster the sign-boards of Hollywood and which subtly inform me in letters a foot high that: "Garbo Loves Robert Taylor in Camille." I went to see "Camille" because Miss Garbo is a great actress, not because she "loves Robert Taylor," which she does not. As for young Mr. Taylor, it seems to me that in his brief but meteoric career he has suffered an undue amount of punishment as a stalking horse for the romance-hunters of the public prints. He has been variously reported as in love with Miss Loretta Young (when he was making a picture with her), with Miss Jean Harlow (when he was working with her) and with Miss Barbara Stanwyck (when he was appearing in a film with her). Perhaps these reported love affairs were mere happy coincidences. For all I know, romances, like marriages, are made in heaven. If so, I can only point out that the Celestial Department in charge of such romances has a nice sense of timing.

I have never met Mr. Taylor, but from what I hear of him he is a thoroughly normal young man of intelligence and probity, whose chief interest is a healthy desire to work at his job and increase his ability as an actor. Why, then, should he—and other bright stars of the movie firmament—be forced to carry such burdens of bunk on their highly valuable young backs? Who is to blame, anyway, for the Niagara of drivel that daily pours out of Hollywood into the myriad channels of the nation's press?

Before attempting to answer that question, let's inquire a little further into the nature of said drivel. In general, of course, it includes any item of alleged news-interest which may be connected intimately or even remotely with the life of a film-player or picture personality. A sample tid-bit is the information, printed in divers great newspapers and no doubt flashed by wire to the four corners of a breathless world, that Gary Cooper will dispense one hundred kisses (count 'em!) in the making of the "Goldwyn Follies." Another delicate item informs us that a certain British actor, now in Hollywood, cannot sleep unless the water faucets in his home are running. Another item, designed to catch the dog-lovers' vote, tells us that one female star so loved her Pekingese that she had a raincoat made for it to wear during the rainy season. This statement is important because it admits publicly that Los Angeles *has* a rainy season; otherwise it seems a waste of good wood-pulp.

The subject of diet is also one of the stand-bys of the movie-gossip columnist. The loss of a couple of pounds by any well-known star is a cause for nation-wide comment, while an inch off the hips of a lady luminary is made a matter of record for posterity. Every detail of a female star's wardrobe is similarly recorded, from her lingerie to the current color of her hair (which is altered so frequently that it may be included in her wardrobe) and should she appear at a night-club with a new diamond-and-ruby bracelet on her wrist, or a new star-sapphire on her finger, the excitement is nothing less than terrific. Terrific also in their soporific banality are the duly recorded facts that a famous director cannot think without music to titillate his tympana; that the favorite dish of a rising young star is rump steak and fried potatoes; that So-and-So has bought a ranch in the San Fernando valley so that he may indulge his passion for growing English walnuts; that Belinda Blank, dramatic star of Love In A Coma, gave a combination cocktail, croquet and anagram party for the Maharajah of Myopia; that Alpha and Omega Nonesuch, Hollywood's happiest married couple, celebrated the first six months of their union by attending a prize-fight at the Olympic auditorium

RAZZING HOLLYWOOD BUNK

By

Dana Burnet

Was Robert Taylor in love with Miss Young, Miss Garbo, Miss Harlow, Miss Stanwyck or Miss Gaynor?

and that George C. (for Colossal) Spelvin, renowned star of stage and screen, passed out a handful of cigars when his pet pooch had pups. In this case the gender of the animal was not mentioned, but I assume that it was feminine.

Which brings us back, by easy stages, to the subject of sex as a source of supply for the news-factories of Hollywood. In the daily competition for newspaper space, in the pages of those magazines which are devoted to conscious picture worship and unconscious picture pathology, sex leads the field by a wide, wide margin. It would be unfair, I admit, to maintain that Hollywood has a monopoly on the subject. Sex seems to be, as a matter of fact, the leading obsession of our advanced and cultured age. But since our text for today concerns the sweet uses of publicity in Hollywood, let's not expand our sermon to include the stupidities of the outer world. There isn't enough wood-pulp on the market even to list them.

Of course when I speak of sex in connection with motion picture publicity, I am not referring to its more serious biological implications. The Facts of Life are still tabu in Hollywood. The Hays office has looked into them and has found them highly censorable. So also have the censorship boards of the eight—I think it's eight—states that still maintain censorship boards, as well as countless welfare clubs and social and religious organizations in our great land.

So when I say that sex as a topic leads the movie-gossip field, I mean sex in its most emasculated, most puerile and most irritatingly tiresome form. I grant you that there is an element of legitimate news-value in the actual romance, or marriage, or both, of any prominent person, whether he be a royal duke, an outstanding baseball player or a famous movie star. But to link together in mildly leering paragraphs the names of young actors and actresses, or even those not so young, for the obvious purpose of publicizing those names, is in my opinion both bad taste and bad advertising. It is bad taste because it is an intrusion upon the privacy of the persons involved, and it is bad advertising because it produces in the mind of the intelligent reader either an automatic skepticism or a profound indifference.

I have said that sex seems to be the leading obsession of our age, but actually I believe that people generally have begun to realize that it is not a recent discovery. Our contemporary preoccupation with sex has been due to two causes:—first, the Puritanical censorship that existed till a couple of decades ago, which undertook to repress all mention of sex, and succeeded thereby in arousing an abnormal curiosity about it; and second, the popularization of the so-called New Psychology, whose various ramifications spring primarily from the psychoanalytical theory advanced by Dr. Freud of Vienna, who solemnly announced to a fascinated world that the "sex complex" was the basis of most human neuroses. This gave sex a great boost from a publicity standpoint and started a world-wide orgy of introspection during which millions of otherwise sensible people began to have their dreams "interpreted" and their thoughts "analyzed" to see whether by some horrible chance they were in love with their own grandmothers.

Well, Puritanism is dead and has received appropriate burial. As for Dr. Freud (whose sincerity I do not question) and his theory, even the layman who knows nothing about the anatomy of the human nervous system is beginning to suspect that the "sex complex" is more of a clever invention than a scientific fact. This is, of course, the simple truth. No one, including Dr. Freud, has ever seen a complex under a microscope. On the other hand, doctors who have spent their lives studying the brain and the nervous system under a microscope will tell you that Nature herself has devoted a startlingly small amount of space and material to the sex function. There is a small area at the lower end of the spinal cord which controls the sexual reflexes. At the base of the brain are found a few other sexual centers. The sex organs have some specialized nerve-endings which are responsible for sexual sensations. And that is all. By far the greater part of the nervous system, including virtually all of the neoencephalon, or new brain, is devoted to functions other than sex, such as speech, sight, feeling, smell, hearing, movement and the co-operative functions which are centered in the enormously developed frontal lobes of the human brain.

This brief excursion into neuro-anatomy may strike the reader as irrelevant to our subject, which concerns the romantic pap offered as publicity for the stars of Hollywood. Actually it is not irrelevant. The point I wish to make is that normal men and women, who make up the movie audiences and who read the movie news in daily papers and periodical magazines, are no more interested in sex as such than old Mother Nature intended them to be. Or let's say that while they may be interested, quite naturally and humanly, in some authentic romance between two favorite film players, they are just as naturally aware of, and bored by, the constant repetition in print of phony romances which are naively offered to them as news. In short, the average brain is well equipped to distinguish between truth and fiction in this respect. The place for fiction, in the picture business, is on the screen. It should have no more place in picture publicity than it has in other forms of advertising.

Hollywood has a product to sell to the public. That product is entertainment; and the first law in the creed of Hollywood producers is that such entertainment must contain a large dose of love-interest. All right. But even so, that love-interest in these days must be presented with some degree of honesty and in some accordance with the facts of sex as the audience knows them. Let a star kiss a starlet too long or too [*Continued on page* 68]

THAT PASSION FOR THINGS

By Grace Simpson

There probably is not a collection of antique furniture the equal of that owned by John Boles. (Right) Gary Cooper's hobby is firearms.

John Barrymore collects books and pamphlets on the life of Napoleon. He is tremendously interested in the character of the famed Frenchman, but says he has no particular desire to portray the man on the screen.

John also collects suits of armor! One of the finest of suits of armor was once built for him by an old armorer in New York while he was playing on the stage in "Resurrection," and this started the strange but costly collection.

In the whirl of studio life Claudette Colbert still has time to prove her love for Chippendale and Hepplewhite.

Collectors Are Eternally In Pursuit Of The Elusive "Museum Pieces"

HOLLYWOOD is the "Collecting-est" town in the world.

Practically nine out of ten of your favorite celebrities collect something or other. The only difference is that some go into the thing on a mountain-high scale and spend enough money on their hobby so that, in comparison, the national debt looks like a stack of pennies—while other stars invest wisely and well in collections that really mean something to them.

For years Hollywood's unchallenged champion gadget collector, William Powell at last has a dangerous rival. He is none other than James Stewart, who has an array of unusual mechanical devices which is claimed by his friends to be second to none on the Pacific Coast. Although he has centered his activities in one room, rather than having them throughout the house as does Powell, Stewart's collection is nevertheless varied in scope, including anything from loud speakers to trick sliding doors and disappearing tables. In addition he has an unusual collection of model aeroplanes and electric trains. And to top it all, he collects animals, now boasting a zoo of 17 cats and 3 dogs and two red-eyed doves!

Clark Gable collects all the caricatures of himself that he can find, frames them and hangs them in his knotty-pine dressing room at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. He also collects something from each film he plays in.

He began this collection with a ship's bell from "Mutiny On The Bounty." Now he has a brick that "bounced off his bean" (as he says) during the earthquake sequence in "San Francisco," the wooden shoes Joan Crawford wore in "Love on the Run," and from his latest picture, "Parnell," he selected the beautiful false beard, which he never wore, but which was made especially for him—probably because it symbolizes his hilarious victory over Director John M. Stahl, who favored the whiskers in a big way.

Louise Fazenda collects wild flowers—and thereby hangs a tale. Her collecting habit, as a matter of fact, resulted in one of the funniest yarns imaginable.

It seems that Louise journeyed up North on a wild flower hunt and found some rare wild iris bulbs, for which she paid plenty, and then had shipped to her home in Hollywood. The servants, receiving the package, little thought they were rare bulbs. In fact, they thought them just common, ordinary onions! Home came Louise, looking for her precious bulbs.

"But we haven't the package now," exclaimed one of the servants.

"Haven't it?" cried Louise. "Why, what did you do to my choice flowers?"

"Flowers?" they screamed. "Good Heavens, we thought they were onions and so we cooked and ate them all!"

"Ate my precious iris bulbs?" moaned their mistress. "Oh, my

Imagine hunting for snuff boxes! That's Wendy Barrie's avocation. (Lower left) Sylvia Sidney specializes in Oriental stamps and (below) Jack Oakie goes sentimental over valentines!

stars above! Oh, my!"

The servants were none the worse for their experience, but that was the sad, sad fate of the rare wild iris bulbs of Louise's!

Shirley Temple collects autographs of practically everyone with whom she comes in contact. She has them of the great, the near-great and the not-great-at-all.

With Joan Crawford collecting sapphires and Anita Louise collecting white lingerie, along comes Fernand Gravet with one of the oddest hobbies of them all—collecting little tin soldiers! Gravet also makes these toys, having himself a fine time designing helmets and uniforms and such, which he gives to his friends. Since his days of service in the French army during the World War, he has collected over 15,000 French soldiers in tin and recently added 1,250 "Americans" to his collection, or, as he terms it, his "noble little (?) toy army band!"

Eric Linden collects bits of jade and china ornaments but, believe it or not, his collection never seems to get any larger—because he has the habit of giving away his choicest pieces to any of his friends who happen to admire them out loud!

Harold Lloyd collects (of all things!) wasps, beetles and spiders! He enjoys the study of microscopy, biology and bacteria and has a complete laboratory in the basement of his Beverly Hills home. How to train a wasp's appetite in six lessons is Harold's current brow-wrinkle! The wasps are buzzing in the bacteriological laboratory in which the spectacled comic never fails to find extreme between-picture diversion.

It seems that Lloyd has determined from first-hand observation that the particular species of wasp, which he is assiduously cultivating with toothsome morsels of whatever it is that wasps like to eat, are strong and voracious enough to lick any black widow spider willing to engage them in battle. So, the black widow menace to the nation's well-being may be ended—if Lloyd can persuade his fighting wasps to seek out and destroy the poisonous breed of spiders. It appears that the wasps so far prefer other less strenuous pastimes, and possibly more succulent tid-bits! However, Harold is going to go right on collecting them and experimenting.

Jeanette MacDonald, one of the film colony's most avid collectors, has a collection of little orchestras composed of tiny figures playing musical instruments.

Gary Cooper, as you possibly know, has one of the most complete collections of modern firearms in the world. Bet you ten dollars, though, you can't guess what Mickey Rooney, the kid star, collects? It's pipes! No, he doesn't smoke 'em—just collects them for fun, he says.

John Boles and Claudette Colbert are both "antique" fans. John owns probably the finest and most authentic collection of American antique furniture in Hollywood. Claudette, too, has a collection in her home that is the envy of all her friends. She has collected them all over the world. Her favorite pastime is rummaging about in antique shops.

Bing Crosby's collection is somewhat stranger. He keeps a scrapbook full of pictures of his admirers. Some of them are well-known, but the majority are ordinary movie fans who have written asking Bing for a picture and sent one of their own in exchange.

The collection of Evalyn Knapp is a stranger one yet. She is collecting pictures made by her husband, Dr. George A. Synder. But the album is a bit surprising to her friends—because it's made up entirely of photographs of all kinds of human bones!

Wendy Barrie, born and raised in the Orient, has one of the world's finest collections of rare jade snuff-boxes!

Claire Dodd happens to be one of those rare coin collectors. Not so long ago she was given a bright new shiny dollar by Director Chuck Riesner, with the remark that "practically all dollars are rare these days!"

Ida Lupino collects carpet slippers as a hobby and keeps several hundred pairs stored in her dressing room at all times. On the other hand, hats are Norma Shearer's weakness. She collects them in all shapes and sizes!

Lots and lots of stars collect books.

Robert Montgomery, long a collector, is credited with having one of the finest libraries in the West. Books are often borrowed from him by academicians in nearby universities and libraries. Bill Powell collects books, too, as does W. C. Fields. However, "W. C." gathers up only three kinds [*Continued on page* 64]

Jack Benny, Public Comedian No. 1, Makes 100,000,000 People Laugh Every Sunday Night. He Also Is Brightening Up The Screen.

HEAD MAN OF THE AIR WAVES

By Laurence Morgan

There are few artists, as gifted as Jack Benny, who remain totally unconscious of their great talents. Jack just considers himself lucky.

IT IS a mere question of time now until Mr. J. Edgar Hoover will be free to disband his force of G-Men and retire to the peaceful life of a country gentleman. You ask, "how come?" Well, M'sieurs et Mesdames, it's thisaway: In another month or so, maybe sooner, it is very doubtful whether there'll be enough enemies, either public or private, left for him to fool around with. And, if by any chance there are a few left lying around loose, they will either be in such a maimed condition or in such a state of abject terror as to render them quite harmless. For the criminal has not yet been born who is tough enough not to blanche and quail at mere mention of that dread threat . . . BUCK BENNY RIDES AGAIN!

Robin Hood was a Girl Scout compared to this young man who has come thundering out of the West—if Waukegan, Illinois, can be properly termed the West—with a smoking six-gun in one hand and an equally smoking script in the other.

Billy the Kid, Jesse James, and Black Bart doubtlessly turn over in their graves with a shudder every Sunday night at eight-thirty Pacific Standard Time as Jack (Bucky, to his pals) Benny takes to the ether and stalks Cactus Pete to his lair.

But all gags aside, Jack Benny, the gentleman from Waukegan, has definitely proven himself to be one of the foremost, if not *the* foremost comedian gracing both the radio and pictures today. Recently, here in Los Angeles, where actors and comics come, admittedly, a dime a dozen, a large down-town department store displayed in their window a life size cut-out of Jack Benny dressed in his regalia of Ol' Eagle Eye Buck, The Terror of the Plains. Now, there's nothing out of the ordinary about a life size cut-out—we've all seen dozens of them in front of theaters.

This particular one showed Jack in a ten-gallon Stetson, a very dapper sports jacket around which was buckled a business looking cartridge belt, a six-shooter dangling nonchalantly from one hand, a cigar clenched between his teeth and the famous Buck Benny leer in his cool gray eyes. Nothing at all for the uninitiated to become excited about. But from early morning until late at night that display window had a laughing, milling crowd in front of it. One of the store managers told me that this cardboard figure had created more attention and comment than any other window display they had ever before attempted. And the funny part of it was—they weren't advertising anything. That seems to prove *something*, doesn't it?

Anything of a biographical nature but the sketchiest of outlines would be superfluous here, Jack having kidded his earlier background so consistently on the radio. So, with Mr. Benny's kind indulgence, we'll just skip over the fact that he was born in Waukegan, Ill., having already mentioned it twice. Or how his days as a clerk in his father's department store were brought to an abrupt close when he resolved that life held no further allure unless he became, as quickly as possible, a concert violinist. And we'll omit that part of his career when the smell of grease-paint became overwhelmingly strong, when the call of the theater was vibrant within him . . . when he became doorman of Waukegan's only showhouse. In like manner we'll pass quietly over that cross-section of his life that brought him nearer and nearer the ever beckoning rostrum . . . when he became the ticket taker, a property boy, and finally a violinist in the pit orchestra.

"Those were the days," Jack sighs, reminiscently. "That was the hey-day of the truly great violinists. Ah, I can see them now . . . Mischa Elman, Fritz Kreisler, Jascha Heifetz and, yes . . . Jascha Benny."

Naturally, there may be some divergence of opinion as to whether Jack did the right thing by posterity when he deserted the concert stage to become a comedian, but, as he says, the field was becoming cluttered up with second rate geniuses and he thought he'd better branch out into a medium which allowed for more expression of the soul

"My sense of the aesthetic was so often offended," he explains,

The group that busts off the buttons of the radio audience. (Left to right) Phil Harris, Kenny Baker, Don Wilson, Tom Harrington (production man), Mary Livingstone (Mrs. Benny), and the Waukegan kid who hasn't an enemy in the world.

"by what came out of that darned violin. Maybe it was the brand of resin I used, I don't know. Anyway, I decided to become a comic instead.

So he did. His rise to the top of the heap of the vaudeville comedians was only a little short of meteoric. Followed long years of trouping from the rock bound coast of Maine to the sunny shores of California, playing every town enroute that boasted anything with a stage, than which there is no tougher business in the world. Ask anybody who's done it. Cold dressing rooms, unlooked-for lay-offs. (Sure, even headliners have lay-offs) the loneliness that show people know, having thousands of acquaintances and few real friends. It takes all that to reach the top via the vaudeville circuit—all that and a little more. And it is that "little more" that Jack Benny possesses in large copious quantities.

It was while playing in Los Angeles a few years ago that he was spotted by some very important people from the Metro-Goldyn-Mayer Studio. "What did I tell you?" boasted one v.p. to the other v.p. "You're right," was the reply. "Where's that contract?" And that's how Jack happened to be signed to do a part in one of the first musicals to be produced in Hollywood, "The Hollywood Revue of 1929." Following that he appeared in "Chasing Shadows," and "The Medicine Man."

But the stage, with its live audience, still beckoned and he returned to New York to accept one of the leading roles in Earl Carroll's "Vanities." After that show closed Jack was a little undecided whether to return to Hollywood and pictures or to accept a very enticing offer to play another vaudeville circuit. "You know how it is," Jack explains, diffidently, "I'd done so much trouping I often wondered if my parents weren't holding out on me and were really Gypsies, after all." He pauses to light a cigar and then dreams quietly . . . a far away look in his eyes. "Sometimes," he sighs, "I'm just a vagabond . . . a wild, untamed thing."

However, he didn't have to make a choice after all because, as it happened, a famous columnist invited him to appear on his radio program one night as a guest artist and Jack gladly obliged. Two weeks later the happily amazed Mr. Benny was handed a long term radio contract of his own, complete with microphones and sponsors. Today this overworked young man has two bosses . . . Paramount Studios and his original radio sponsors who, by the way, have just signed him to a new three year contract. To a great many people attempting both picture and radio work this has often caused a lot of trouble and hard feeling on both sides. But not so in Jack's case. Fortunately, for all concerned, Paramount and NBC have worked out an arrangement whereby neither his picture nor radio engagements conflict, although, in so doing, he garners an occasional ticket for speeding from one studio to another. And so everybody is happy, especially Jack. And Mr. and Mrs. Public.

Any attempt to analyze whatever quality it is that makes Jack Benny's style of comedy stand out from all others, like the proverbial sail on a submarine, would be well-nigh impossible. But stand out it does, and to such an extent that, in comparison, he makes the great majority of alleged comics appear about as funny as a Vassar Daisy Chain. There is an old saying among show people that straight comedy is the most difficult thing in the business.

Mary, Joan (their baby) and Jack in the garden of their Hollywood home.

"Straight" comedy means, in the parlance, not to employ any of the standard "props" of the comedian, such as bizarre facial make-up, misfit clothes, heavy dialects etc. But without these "props" about nine out of ten of the funnymen drawing down tremendous salaries would find it necessary to go back to clerking in the corner cut-rate or to driving a bakery wagon. Which, by the way, doesn't seem like a bad idea, now that I mention it.

Jack, though, has never had any use for make-up of any kind except, of course, the standard grease paint necessary for moving picture photography. And as for clothes, instead of getting a laugh from some outlandish misfit suit, Jack is recognized on and off the stage as one of the best dressed men in Hollywood or New York. And when it comes to a dialect . . . well, old Buck Benny just naturally doesn't use one. [*Continued on page* 62]

Three Lucky Girls In Pictures Are Ascending Toward The Glittering Life Of Stars. They Clicked!

How It's Done

By Whitney Williams

TWENTY some odd years ago, three little baby girls were born in various parts of the world.

At the time, they were no different from any other baby girls, these particular three. They wailed when they were hungry or had a tummy ache, frowned furiously when they were displeased and smiled and crowed when the world looked like a pretty nice place, after all.

One first saw the light of day in Tokyo, Japan, born of English parentage; a second started life in Seattle, Wash.; and the third gladdened the hearts of a young couple in Springfield, Mass.

To keep their identities to ourselves no longer, these three little girls were Olivia de Havilland, Frances Farmer and Eleanor Powell, respectively. But how could their fond parents look into the future about twenty years and see those names emblazoned across thousands of theatre marquees throughout the civilized world.

They had no way of knowing that their respective daughters would some day be vieing with each other for honors in the most glamorous and competitive business on the face of the earth . . . that they would be contributing their share to the artistry of the motion picture screen, and that they would be hailed simultaneously as three of its most promising younger stars. All this was not revealed to these three sets of parents, as they gazed in awe and reverence at the tiny little bundles sleeping so peacefully in their satin-coated bassinets.

No trio of actresses on the screen today could more logically be compared, their lives and careers laid side by side for study, than the Misses de Havilland, Farmer and Powell. They "arrived" at about the same time, each was a star overnight and their futures shine with equal lustre and magnitude. Let's go back to the days when they were children . . .

Olivia came to the United States at the age of two and one-half years, settling with her mother and sister in San Francisco. Nothing of moment occurred during these formative years of her life. When the fogs of San Francisco began to affect her lungs, the family moved down to Saratoga, some miles south of the city, out of the mist-area.

Early in her life, though, she acquired a taste for Shakespeare. Her mother earned a comfortable income as a Shakespearean reader, and Olivia developed a love for the Bard's works. Before she was ten, she could recite long passages from a great number of his plays, and often acted out the action before a mirror in the secret confines of her bedroom.

In Seattle, Frances led much the same type of existence. She was a quiet child, and a studious one. She frequently expressed herself, however, by putting on "kid shows." Always, she would be the leading lady and directing genius of the productions.

On her part, Eleanor was shy, backward, tormentingly self-conscious. She possessed an overpowering inferiority complex which made her different from all the other neighborhood children. She never went outdoors to play and, instead, sought always the company and comfort of her mother.

Wisely the mother sought some key which would unlock the child's mind to the world. Dancing seemed the obvious solution, and to the best teacher in Springfield, noted for his genius in training children, Mrs. Powell entrusted her daughter. It was not easy, sending Eleanor to this school, for Mrs. Powell had been widowed and forced to count every penny to provide for herself and her small daughter.

The wisdom of this move became apparent soon after Eleanor's entrance upon the course her instructor laid down for her. She began to adapt herself, look forward to the hours of dancing, and the class. Proffered companionship she no longer refused. At the same time, her whole existence now was revolving around her dancing, and she looked forward to the day she could dance professionally.

We have here, then, three girls, all with a love for expression. Olivia, Shakespeare; Frances, dramatics in general; Eleanor, dancing. Even in their childhood were sown the seeds later to grow into an overwhelming passion.

Each of the girls attended public school and for a brief time Olivia went to the Notre Dame Convent at Belmont, Calif., before entering high school. Frances went to the University of Washing-

ton after completing her high school course, but Eleanor's education was completed when she graduated from high school in Springfield with high honors. All three of them participated in amateur theatricals all during their school years.

When Olivia undertook the role of Puck at an outdoor showing of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" the summer after she had completed high school in Saratoga, she held no thoughts of a dramatic career. Granted she always had been fascinated with the theatre . . . but she intended, rather, to enter Mills College in the Autumn, a girls' institution to which she had won a scholarship.

So expertly did she handle the role of Puck, though, that two assistants of Max Reinhardt, who was preparing to present the spectacle on a grand scale in the Hollywood Bowl later in the summer, praised her highly. They had been invited by the Saratoga producer to attend. Delighted with their acclaim, Olivia asked if she might watch Reinhardt direct rehearsals if she could manage to get to Hollywood, and they laughingly consented.

To Hollywood, then, trekked the dainty Olivia and met Reinhardt and the members of the cast. Gloria Stuart was rehearsing the role of Hermia, and understudied by Jeanne Rouveral. Olivia met both these girls and immediately truck up a warm friendship with each, often helping Jeanne rehearse her lines so that she might go on in the event Gloria could not play the part when the time came. Working with Jeanne, naturally impressed the lines upon her own memory.

Through an unprecedented series of circumstances, the night "A Midsummer Night's Dream" opened saw Olivia portraying the role of Hermia. Both Gloria and Jeanne had been forced to step out of the cast due to picture parts which they could not afford to turn down, and the producer quite naturally had offered the role to the Saratoga miss, in whom he had the utmost confidence. Olivia was off!

It was but a step, then, to the studios. When Reinhardt produced the picture of the Shakespearean classic for Warner Bros., he insisted upon Olivia for the same role she portrayed on the stage. Her performance on the screen still is remembered with keen recollection.

Without even this slight professional stage experience, Frances earned her Paramount contract . . . but she had to travel 12,000 miles to make the 1200-mile journey from her home in Seattle to the film capital. It was this way . . .

While working her way through Washington University (Fran-

[*Cont. on page* 72]

(Left) Olivia de Havilland. (Above) Frances Farmer. (Below, right) Eleanor Powell.

Jack Haley was ready when he went to Hollywood. (Right) Ella Logan, the Scotch Lassie, who gives to the last wee drop.

Ed Sullivan Tells FOOTLIGHT SECRETS

The Marx Brothers believe that a vaudeville audience knows more than all Hollywood. (Right) Critics may take a crack at Wallace Beery, but audiences invariably welcome him.

IN ADDITION to being a Broadway columnist, a nightly routine which inevitably must teach you something about show business if you are interested in learning about it, my theatrical education has been expanded by perhaps thirty weeks in the four-a-day school of vaudeville. I've had a chance to study performers and audiences at close range in New York, Detroit, Chicago, Atlantic City, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, D. C., and it is my conviction that the movie-makers of Hollywood might, with vast benefit to themselves and their stockholders, study vaudeville reaction if they want to listen in on the public pulse. The Marx Brothers, testing out the gags for their new picture in a tour of vaudeville houses, and using the four-a-day theatres as a laboratory, showed magnificent common sense and superlative showmanship. Vaudeville holds all the answers, and asks all the questions.

If Hollywood knew much about vaudeville, for instance, it would not have taken FOUR YEARS for them to realize that Jack Haley was a great comedian. Vaudeville and Broadway musical comedy stages had accepted Haley as a great comedian in 1932. Then he went to the Coast, and not until 1937 did he bob up, doing the things he always did superlatively well, in "Wake Up and Live." The industry, or that portion of it not familiar with the background of this expert comedian, hailed him as a "discovery" when "Wake Up and Live" was released, because it is more flattering to acclaim him a "find," rather than admit they wasted his talents for four solid years on parts that apprentices could have filled.

This is not said in any back-seat driver spirit. In the February issue of SILVER SCREEN, I wrote this: "I can indict the Coast for its stupid casting of Alice Brady. Instead of adding to her dramatic stature, instead of taking advantage of this fine talent, Hollywood reduced her to parts which made Broadwayites wince with pain. Jack Haley, who was the No. 1 comic of Broadway musical shows, has been buried in a lot of atrocious picture parts. More intelligent analysis of him and a better treatment would have yielded pay dirt in Haley, because he is a great comedian with proper material." I then pinned this prophecy to the paragraph: " 'Pigskin Parade' indicates that they are finally waking up to Haley's capabilities." They awakened, but their four-year sleep rivaled the record slumber of Rip Van Winkle.

Darryl Zanuck, Dave Selznick, Pandro Berman and the rest of the Coast production colony, reading these things, will grumble and say: "Sure, sure—Sullivan criticizes, but where's his constructive criticism? What does he propose?"

My only proposal is that the movie-makers accept the judgment of vaudeville audiences on talent. Zanuck is already coming around to this viewpoint. The Ritz Brothers must have proved to the little Swiss genius of celluloid that vaudeville audiences know their stuff. For two years, I tried to get anyone and everyone interested in the Ritz *freres*. The only times they worked were when I made my sallies into the alleys of vaudeville. They worked in my act for possibly six weeks, and show after show they tied up the proceedings in a knot. Audiences yelled at their comedy, howled at their facial grimaces—I knew that would be the same reaction of any audience that would be exposed to their insanities, because audiences don't vary a great deal if the comedy material is in good taste.

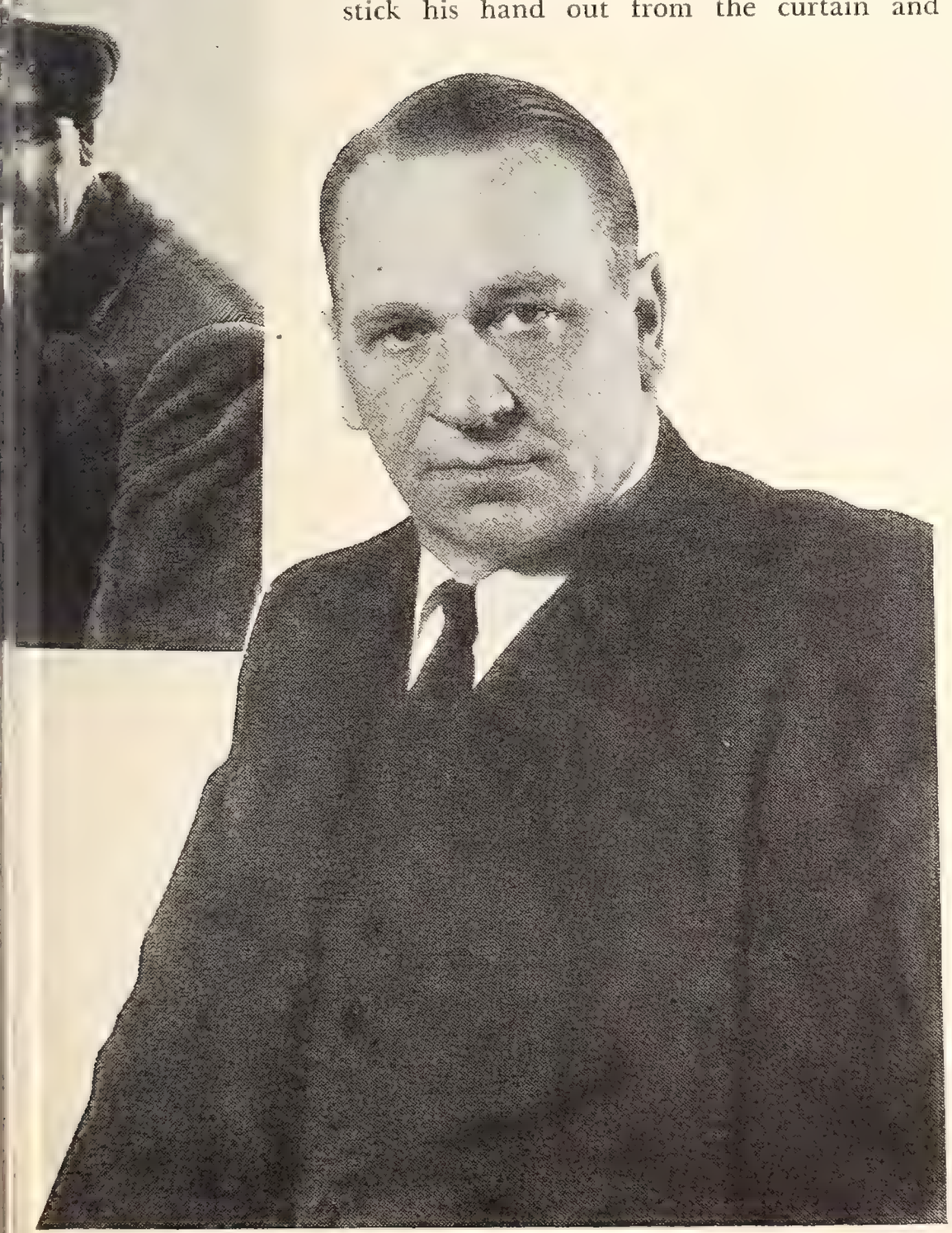
Some Screen Players Are "Hams," Some Are "Muggers!" That's Why You Get That Pain In The Neck!

I raved about little Ella Logan, the Scotch lass you already have seen and heard in "Top of the Town." Rufus LeMaire took her on my say-so and my say-so was predicated on what she did in vaudeville. She stopped every show and the vaudeville patrons are the greatest judges of all, so far as I'm concerned. Eleanor Powell was a vaudeville show-stopper in my Dawn Patrol revue. She simply *had* to click in pictures. There were no ifs or buts about it—because if performers can stop a show on the four-a-day circuit, they'll stop the show in a moving picture, if they are permitted the same time and equivalent material on celluloid.

Yessir, the old-timers may wail that there is no incubator left for talent, but the seven or eight weeks of vaudeville and presentation houses left in the country are carrying on in the ancient manner, and vaudeville audiences are better fitted now to judge talent than ever before. The talkies and the radio have smartened them up, and your vaudeville audience today has better taste and quicker perception than ever before in the history of the theatre.

In the old days of vaudeville, for instance, there were more "hams" per square foot of stage than you could calculate. The editor of this magazine interposes here to ask the definition of a "ham." Well, let's see. A "ham" is a performer who resorts to contemptible tricks to win the applause that he is not entitled to. That is one phase of it. Think back to the old days of vaudeville and estimate how many performers used to call out their mother or wife or father from the wings and introduce them. One out of every five acts were guilty of that unpardonable "hamminess," a plea for the audience's sympathy and pity. Al Jolson's frequent and unnecessary references to his Ruby, Eddie Cantor's tiresome references to his family—these are throwbacks to the old school of acting, and to the old school of "ham." Jolson and Cantor should avoid such stale tricks, because they don't need them. It would be as senseless for Nino Martini to sing a brilliant aria, and then wave the American flag to insure his applause.

But this is only one of the cheap stratagems that mark the old-time hams of vaudeville. "Milking" an audience was classed among the fine arts. Performers apply this term to it, because when an act squeezed the last drop of applause out of an audience, it was considered that he had milked the patrons dry. In the old days of vaudeville, the "milkers" were on every bill. They'd finish their act, the curtains would close in and then open up again. As the curtains opened, the performer would be caught in the act of JUST leaving the stage, and the applause would start up again. That was one type of "milking." Another was the direct appeal: "Do you want me to sing another song?" Still another "milk" was the practice of a performer, as the applause died down, to stick his hand out from the curtain and wave it up and down. Others improved on this and stuck their heads around the curtain, so that the audience became conscious that the act was still available if enough applause was recruited hurriedly.



It's a constant wonder to me that old-time vaudeville shows ever finished the same night they started. Two-a-day vaudeville was a necessity, because in the old days, these prime "hams" never could be chased off the stage. Not long ago I saw a vaudeville bill at Loew's State, and one of these veterans was on the program. She did forty-five minutes, all by herself, which will give you a faint idea of what "milking" can lead to. That particular bill was distinguished by typical old-fashioned "hamming." Each performer thanked the orchestra leader and asked for a round of applause for him. But it remained for one act to out-thank all the others. He asked for applause for his partner, a midget girl; then he asked the audience to applaud Ruby Zwerling, the bandleader, and then, so help me, he thanked the manager of the theatre and also the booking manager of the theatre. I've never seen anything like that exhibition, since the old days at the Palace Theatre.

It is true, of course, that the old Palace was the No. 1 house of American vaudeville, but it is also true that every great ham of the profession appeared there at one time or another. Backstage, these "hams" fought and bickered over dressing room locations, screamed and yelled about the size type in which their names were printed on the advertising placards, protested that the orchestra must play sixteen bars of music as their introduction, and some of them even insisted that red velvet carpets must extend the full length of the stage to carpet their footsteps. The fighting and quarreling that went on backstage was continued right on to the stage, with one act trying to cut in on the applause of the other by hurriedly entering, or one comedian trying to discredit the other by "catching flies" while the other comic was delivering his sock lines. "Catching flies" alluded to the practice of a "ham" in suddenly reaching up in the air after some imaginary object to distract attention from the other performer, on the same stage. Women performers achieved the same result by standing off in one corner of the stage and "accidentally" turning a diamond ring back and forth so that it caught the spotlight rays.

From these various practices and usages of vaudeville, you will have gained by now a fairly complete understanding of what is meant by "ham." It is always a contemptuous reference. Today, as a new generation of performers takes over the place of the old, the moderns describe these hammy characteristics of the Old Guard survivors as being "corney," implying "old-timey." A performer who would dare to come out on a vaudeville stage today and say: "Your applause has gone to my heart—not to my head," would be classified immediately as "corney." Kenny Baker, of the Jack Benny radio program, ruined the fine impression he made in New York by responding to Loew's State applause in this way: "Gee, I'm thrilled to death." That is "corney" in the worst tradition, as is any similar form of insincerity or coyness or cuteness.

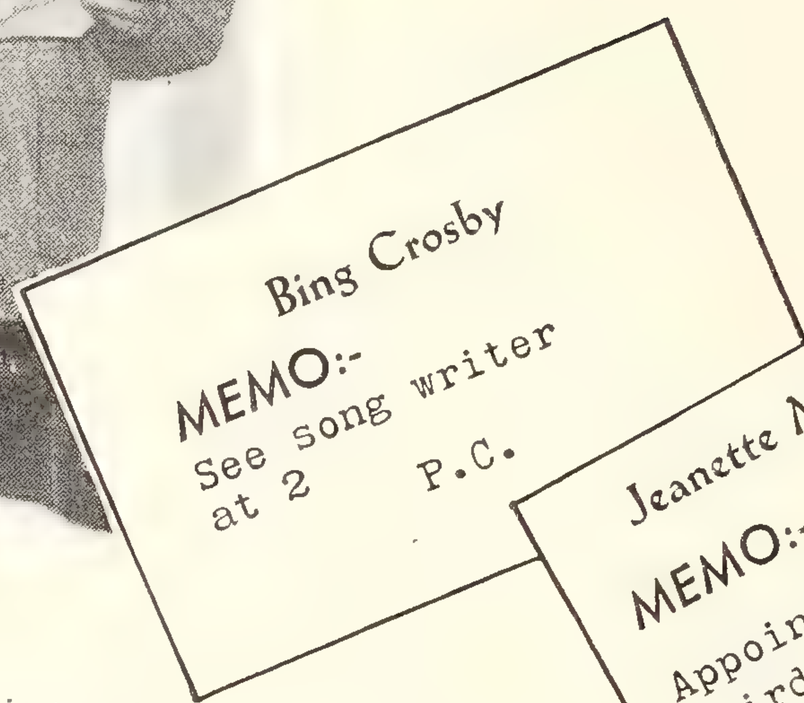
So it seems to me that present-day vaudeville is tremendously improved over the old school of vaudeville that permitted these evidences of frightful taste. Much ridicule has been directed at Masters of Ceremonies, but the M.C. has done much to speed up the pace of vaudeville and he can take a bow on that. An expert Master of Ceremonies will present a show of six or seven acts in seventy minutes; in the old days, a similar show, with nobody as pace-setter and every act clinging grimly to the stage, would have exhausted the audience and two full hours. Major Bowes, I'd say, is one of the poorest Masters of Ceremonies. His slow, deliberate method of introducing acts, and his homely asides to the audience, are maddening to me. But if an M.C. knows his business, and is not charmed by the sound of his own voice (so charmed that he indulges in long rhapsodies), he brings a staccato quality to vaudeville that is invigorating to the performers and to the audience.

In the logical course of events, all of these "hammy" tricks and distortions were brought to the screen. Players "steal" pictures from each other just as they used to "steal" scenes at the old Palace. Every comedian in Hollywood will tell you that Jack Oakie is the greatest scene-stealer in the business, and Oakie uses fly-catching tricks that he learned when he was an audience foil for Lulu McConnell. It was commonly believed that Baby Le Roy would steal the picture from W. C. Fields when they first were brought together. Fields, a veteran of conflicts with Broadway "hams," turned his knowledge to good account, running away with the picture and eventually getting the biggest laugh by booting Baby Le Roy in his panties. Fields cut all the Hollywood "hams" to pieces, refusing to rehearse set lines and stealing scene after scene by dropping in lines that he had prepared, but to which the other comics had no ad-lib answers. [*Continued on page* 63]

SECRETARIES

No One Knows The Big Name Players
As Intimately As Do These Girls,
Nor Have Any Stars Friends More True.

By
Leon Surmelian



HOW would you like to be private secretary to Jeanette MacDonald, Bob Taylor, Francis Lederer, Joan Bennett, Bing Crosby or Robert Montgomery—to mention just a few? To be trusted with their secrets, read and write their confidential letters, do their shopping, hire and fire their servants, accept or decline invitations for a party at the Trocadero or the Cocoanut Grove or at some manorial estate in Beverly Hills?

How would you like to have a nice office of your own in the home of a glamorous movie star or at the studio where he or she works, with the world literally at your feet, pulling a lot of strings behind the scenes of the professional and social whirl, the kaleidoscopic puppet-show and Arabian Nights Entertainment of this incredible town, yours and mine and Cecil B. De Mille's Ho-lly-wood?

Sylvia Grogg, secretary to Jeanette MacDonald, is practically her alter ego. "This job fell into my lap out of a clear sky. I had a girl friend who worked in the Paramount foreign publicity department. Miss MacDonald knew her, and offered her a position as her secretary. But she couldn't take it, and sent me out. I got the job. That was three years ago.

"I am a combination of business and social secretary. I come to my office at 9 in the morning, and usually leave at 5 in the afternoon. I have complete charge of Miss MacDonald's personal and household accounts, look after her insurance, check all bills. We have an auditor who checks our books. Everything goes first through this desk. All her business appointments are first referred to me. We buy everything on a charge basis, and it is my duty to see that they don't overcharge her because she happens to be a movie star. I meet callers whom Miss MacDonald is not able to see personally, answer the telephone, supervise the household help. We have a cook, a French personal maid who takes care of Miss MacDonald's wardrobe, a gardener, a chauffeur and butler. We engage extra help during special entertainments. All of them work under me.

"She likes to have her days planned out for her." She showed me Jeanette's daily date book. "Here is an average day when she is not working: Voice coach, 11 a.m. Wardrobe fitting, 1 p.m. Stromberg, 2:30 p.m. Hairdresser, 4 p.m. Interview for a fan magazine, 6 p.m. Dinner at the Biltmore, 9 p.m."

Miss Grogg has auburn hair, blue eyes, a cheerful disposition, and the manner of a capable business woman. She is a high school graduate and attended a finishing school in Los Angeles. She loves her present work, but her real ambition is to be a writer, which incidentally, is the real ambition of everybody in Hollywood, from the stars down.

Virginia Thompson has received more publicity than any other secretary in Hollywood. She works for Bob Taylor, has her office in his mother's house, and lives very much like a member of his family. Her work is a little different from Sylvia Grogg's. Bob has a business manager for financial matters, and Virginia's chief duty is to handle his fan mail, which is a tremendous task in itself. She has two assistants to help her.

"Every day I go to the studio to get Bob's mail," she said. "I open and read every letter, although I don't mean to say that I read every word. That would be physically impossible. About 70 per cent of his fan mail consists of requests for photographs, and we don't have to answer them, we just mail them photographs. But many require a personal reply either from me or Bob, and that takes a lot of time. I have a special filing system I use. The mailing is handled through the studio, but we have to insert the letters and photographs in the envelopes and address them ourselves.

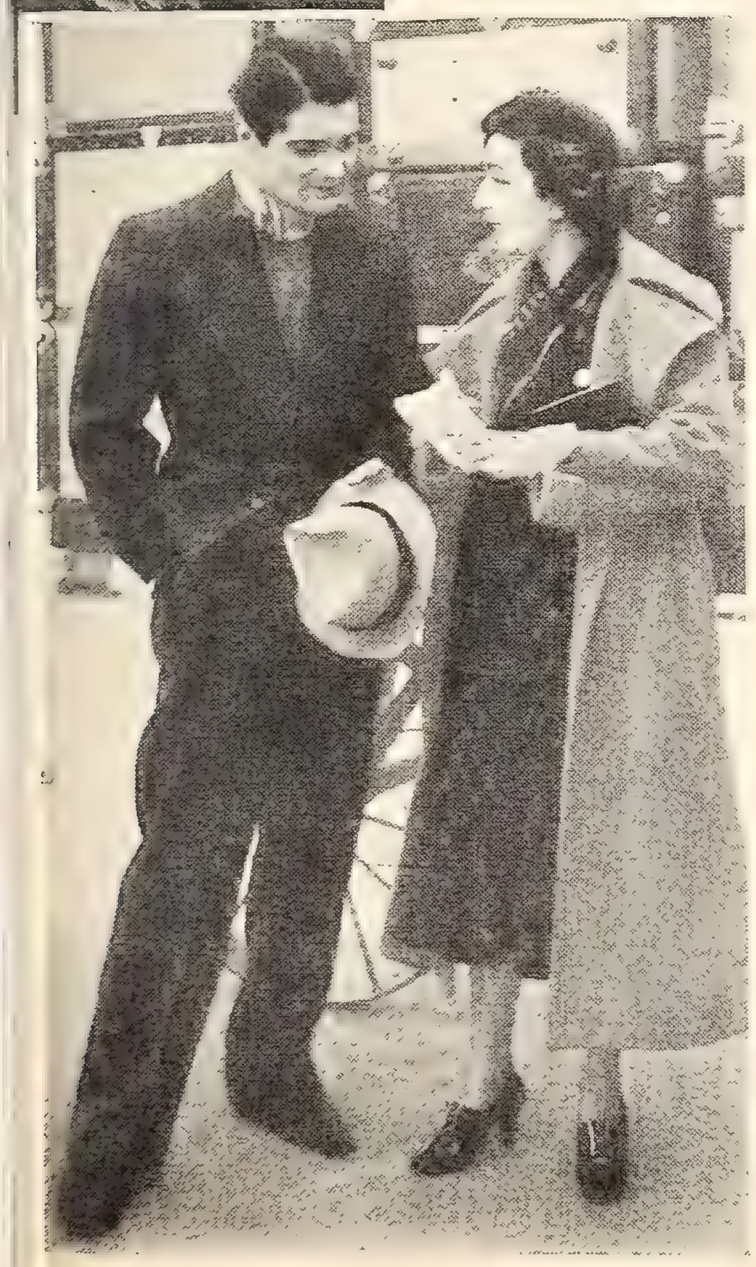
"Sometimes the publicity department of the studio calls me up to take some special guests of Bob's to lunch when he himself can't leave the set. I buy gifts for his friends and relatives whenever he asks me to.

She showed me a letter Bob had dictated, addressed to a girl who had wanted to know what training and personal traits are needed for being a successful secretary to a male star. According to the current romantic idol of these United States, personality is the most important qualification. Then come education, "at least high school education, with some business training," patience, tact and understanding, enthusiasm, accuracy and a good memory. "Patience is the most important, if you ask me," Virginia explained with a sad smile. "In this kind of work you must have the patience of Job, otherwise you'll give it up in a week. It gets terribly monotonous to read eight or nine thousand letters a week about 'Camille' for five or six weeks running."

Virginia is a high school graduate and attended the University of Southern California for three years, majoring in social sciences. She was a legal secretary, working in an attorney's office, before Bob asked her to work for him. I'll refrain from praising her beauty and personality, as I have done that in other articles.

Francis Lederer is the greatest employer of secretaries in Hollywood. He has a suite of seven offices in the Outpost Building, opposite the Egyptian Theatre, in the busiest section of Hollywood Boulevard. He employs no less than five secretaries, not only because the cause of world peace is so dear to his heart and he is contantly in demand to speak before college sororities, women's

THE STARS



Robert Taylor
MEMO:-
Buy wedding present
V.T.

Joan Bennett
MEMO:-
Menu for dinner party
D.W.

Robert Montgomery
MEMO:-
Don't forget tennis date tomorrow at 9
A.M.
B.H.

Francis Lederer
MEMO:-
Please sign letters
M.A.

clubs and in benefit programs, but also because he must read and sign every letter that goes out of his headquarters, remember his friends and the press with gifts of cabbages, apricots, walnuts and other crops from his ranch, and is the most considerate, courteous and obliging star I know of—and unquestionably the most idealistic and guileless.

He is on every sucker list, and it is necessary for his secretaries to use great discretion in accepting invitations for lectures or personal appearances, for many try to use his charm and powers of persuasion to promote personal profits and interests. They try to protect him from cranks who assail him with peace plans and schemes for the betterment of the world.

Meta Alton is properly speaking his private secretary. She accompanied him on his recent personal appearance tour when he preached his doctrines for the brotherhood of man while entertaining audiences in New York, Chicago, Boston, St. Louis, Detroit, Montreal, and other cities of the United States and Canada. Said Miss Alton: 'Mr. Lederer's offices are open to everyone, everybody can come in, and all must be treated courteously. He is the only star who has his name in the Los Angeles Telephone Directory, so people call him up, want to talk to him. 'Hello, Francis,' women say in caressing tones, and are terribly disappointed when I answer the telephone and tell them Mr. Lederer is busy at the studio. Fans send him home-made candy, preserves, books, pictures of themselves, original poems dedicated to him, and each gets a courteous note of thanks. He insists on reading and signing every letter himself, and no secretary is allowed to simulate his signature. His signature is now printed on his photographs, although he doesn't like it at all. He used to sign every photograph separately, until it became impossible to sign even one tenth of them. I have at least 300 letters that are waiting for his signature. I don't know when he will be able to sign them. One of them, by the way, is addressed to you, thanking you for an article you wrote about him. You will get it some time, with a postscript, in which he will apologize for the delay. He thinks you have already received that letter, and will hit the ceiling when I tell him you haven't."

Dorothy Watkins is Joan Bennett's secretary, has been with her for eight years, and has an office in her palazzo in Beverly Hills. Two maids, a personal maid for Miss Bennett, a cook, a chauffeur and two nurses in white uniforms work under her immediate supervision. Her responsibilities are

[*Continued on page* 73]

PROJECT

ALICE FAYE

BACK in 1934 and '35, those self-important little people who call themselves motion picture critics, and who scurry about on preview nights exuding the Power of the Press and an occasional odor of gin (I ought to know, I'm one of them), were accustomed to sum up the contributions of Alice Faye to the cinema quite effectively. Said the critics in toto: "Also in the cast was Alice Faye." Now there is nothing more discouraging to an actress than to find herself "also in the cast." (It's equivalent to "also ran" in racetrack patois.) And it was not unusual, where the critics happened to be women, for Alice to find her name omitted entirely.

Now Alice is a shy, sensitive girl, painfully so. Beside her Elsie Dinsmore is a flaming extravert. And when she read her notices, or rather her lack of them, she decided that she must be Too Awful, that no one in Hollywood liked her, and that as soon as her contract was over she'd go back to New York where at least they knew how to spell her name. Pictures didn't like her, so she didn't like pictures, so there. During her first year in Hollywood she made six trips to New York. These visits to her home town sort of gave her back her self-respect.

Then came "Sing, Baby, Sing," "Stowaway," "On the Avenue" and "Wake Up and Live." The critics who had been so apathetic and negligent towards Alice suddenly did a complete right about face—they dragged out their best well-worn adjectives and scattered them so profusely through their reviews that the day after "On the Avenue" was previewed six wives looked up the name of a good lawyer. It was also the day after the preview "On the Avenue" that Twentieth Century-Fox realized what a valuable property they had in one Miss Faye, for when they checked over the preview cards (a quaint Hollywood custom of letting the public criticise pictures) practically each and every one of them urged, albeit *demanded,* that Alice Faye get Dick Powell.

Feeling ran so high on the subject that Darryl Zanuck, the Big Boss himself, contemplated a new ending for the picture with orange blossoms for Alice. Now I can take pictures in my stride I hope, being a nonchalant critic from way back, but I must admit that I too felt pretty badly about Madeleine Carroll taking Alice's man. If it happens again I shall ban Carroll pictures and write a letter to my senator.

At the preview of "Wake Up and Live" at the Grauman's Chinese Alice received such an enthusiastic ovation that Una Merkel in the Outpost nearby ran out into the street thinking it was an earthquake; and when Alice gave forth with "There's a Lull in My Life" in that low moaning voice of hers practically every male in the audience would have given his eyeteeth to have been able to do something about it. After that preview Twentieth Century-Fox, they're no fools, presented Alice with a brand new contract with an up in salary, Cole Porter, George Gershwin, and Irving Berlin told the newspapers that they had rather have Alice plug their songs than anyone else on the screen, those six wives of the movie critics phoned a good lawyer, and someone suggested that Alice play *Scarlett O'Hara* in "Gone With the Wind." Everybody who had been stand-offish and indifferent back in '34 and '35 was now busy being nice to Alice, that is, everybody except Loretta Young and Simone Simon who didn't seem to realize (or perhaps they did) that it was "Mad-for-Alice" year. Loretta swiped the rubber mat in front of Alice's dressing room, and Simone snared her make-up man. Alice couldn't decide whether to be a lady and ignore the whole thing, or not to be a lady and tell them both off in elementary English. She compromised by snatching back the rubber mat, locking up the make-up man, and playing some Russian music on the victrola.

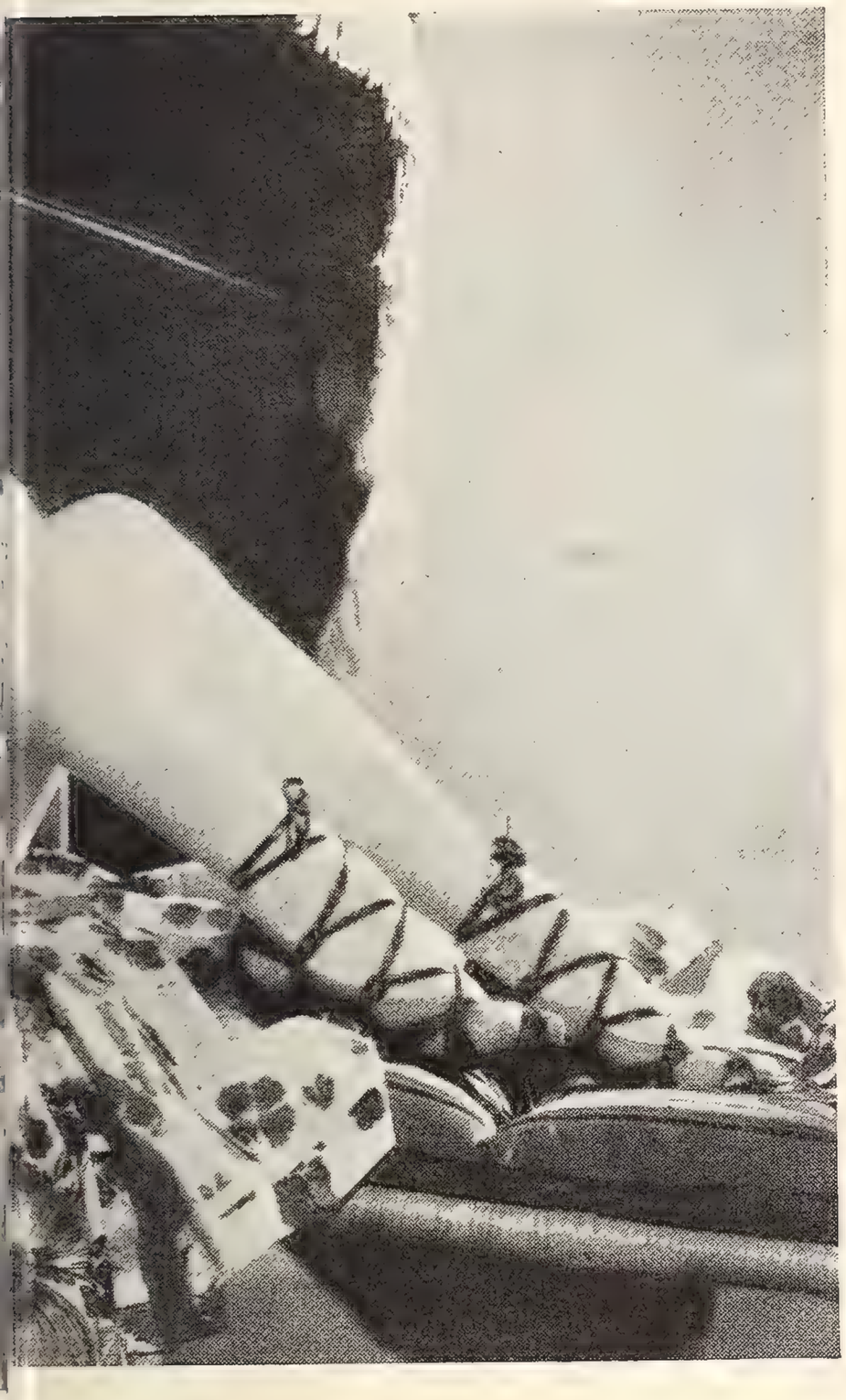
The young lady about whom all this clamor is being made through-out the country, as well as in Mr. Zanuck's fastidious dressing room building for discriminating movie stars, is in her early twenties, has large blue-grey Irish eyes, and light brown hair with golden glints that were not purchased at the drugstore. She was a platinum blonde back in '34 and '35 as an accommodation to the studio who were toying with the idea of making her another Jean Harlow. But no one was happier than Alice when it was decided that she could be Alice Faye, and not Jean Harlow, and let her hair grow out its natural color.

Though quite amiable and submissive, at times Alice can also be very, very stubborn. When several of the publicity boys at the studio suggested to Alice that she could grab off a lot of space in the newspapers and fan magazines by wearing overalls and coming to work in a station wagon the way Katharine Hepburn did, Alice said no thanks. It should be said to her lasting credit that never once has she fallen for a cheap publicity gag. And I can't say that of many actresses. Off the screen, as well as on, she usually wears tailored suits with blue shirts open at the throat, and a blue ribbon in her hair. She has a wild desire to dress up like a movie star on the screen with trailing chiffon hostess gowns, exotic evening gowns decolleté down to here, and ermine wraps that simply sneer at the Revolution, and she will spend hours in the wardrobe department telling them what she wants to wear in her next picture. Comes the next picture, and she wears a suit.

She cannot stand high places, something in her throat just closes up, and so if you want her to sing for you don't ever put her on the piano, a la Helen Morgan. Her friends in New York nicknamed her Cuddly, and her family, a mother and two brothers, call her Sister. She cries when she gets mad, and if sufficiently aroused can give out with a magnificent temper. It's the Irish in her. A director once said to her in front of the entire company, "How can I make a decent picture when they give me a night club singer! I want an actress!" The script which she was reading at the time caught the director right on the starboard side of his nose. They do not speak as they pass by.

Alice was born not so many years ago on May 5th, midst the hurly and the burly of New York's West Side, and was christened Alice Leppart. Skating, both roller and ice, was her passion as a kid and she used to win all the ice skating contests for girls held in Central Park. (Thank heavens, she didn't grow up to be Sonja Henie.) When she wasn't skating she was playing school with her dolls and whacking them over the head with a ruler because her brothers had told her that teachers did that. It was her ambition to be the principal of a school when she grew up, because she thought that

ONS By Elizabeth Wilson



principals were beautiful, gracious women who knew everything. After she went to school a few years and met a principal she changed her mind. She didn't like public school, and her parents weren't in the upper brackets, so when she was fourteen she ran away from school one day (the truant officer never did catch up with her) and summoning all the courage she had she applied for a dancing job at the Capitol Theatre.

The Chester Hale stage unit was playing there then and girls with long legs were in demand for the arduous dance routines. She assured Mr. Hale that she knew as much as Pavlowa did about dancing and he gave her a job at once. She confessed later to the girls that she had only four dance lessons, and knew from nothing about toe dancing, but she needed the money awfully, so good sports that they were they held Alice up on her toes all through the routines and Mr. Hale never caught on.

From the Chester Hale unit she graduated to the night clubs of Broadway, where she met George Raft, a popular hoofer then, who later became a friend in need during her first lonely year in Hollywood. And one evening at a party things began to happen for her—exciting things that eventually led to Hollywood. Voice recording machines had just come in then and were all the rage in New York. The host of the party had a recording machine and there was nothing to do about it but that all the guests should make a record for him. Alice, who had never suspected that she had any kind of a voice at all, though she did warble a bit occasionally, was finally persuaded under pressure to make a record, so she sang "Mimi" to the whirling wax disc. They played it later, and everybody laughed, except Rudy Vallee's manager who happened to be present and who was certain he had discovered a Voice. Rudy was on the look-out for a girl to sing with his orchestra, the Connecticut Yankees, so when he heard the record Alice had made he signed her at once.

Alice sang with Rudy's orchestra at the Club Hollywood on Broadway and in various theatres and clubs throughout the East. Rudy also wanted her to go on the air with him when he broadcasted for Fleishman's Yeast but the Fleishman sponsors said nothing doing on Alice Faye. Rudy, determined, paid her salary out of his own pocket and the sponsors could like it or not. They liked it—and sweet revenge was later handed Alice on a silver tray, when, after an automobile accident kept her in bed for six months, she was invited back to the program by the Fleishman sponsors and this time for plenty of dough.

When Rudy came to Hollywood in 1934 to appear in "The George White Scandals of 1934" at Twentieth Century-Fox he had to do his weekly broadcast from Hollywood, so he brought his entire troupe with him, and among them Alice, who thought she was coming for a six weeks' visit. But Lilian Harvey, the star of the picture, took one look at the script and the size of the Vallee part and did a famous walk-out. In the confusion that followed Alice suddenly found herself playing the lead. When the studio saw the "rushes" she was given a contract. She wired her family to join her and they took a house on Maple Drive in Beverly Hills. Only a short lease, said Alice cheerfully, because we'll go back to New York in a few months when the contract is up. Alice is still here, as you well know, and I don't think there's a chance in the world of her getting away for years and years.

The happiest day in Alice's life occurred during the winter of 1935 when she bought her first and only mink coat. Ever since she was a little kid [*Continued on page* 66]

In a play suit or at a microphone, before a camera or singing blues in a night club, Alice is a personality aglow with youth, pep and talent.

Survey Of The Studios And Intimate Moments With The Stars At Work.

SPRING is in the air, all right, but there's winter in my heart after I call the different studios to find what's shooting. Production seems to be at its peak and I know I'm in for a long hard day when I start out to visit the studios.

"Come out for breakfast," Gene O'Brien invites me. Gene is the gent who now hauls me around——

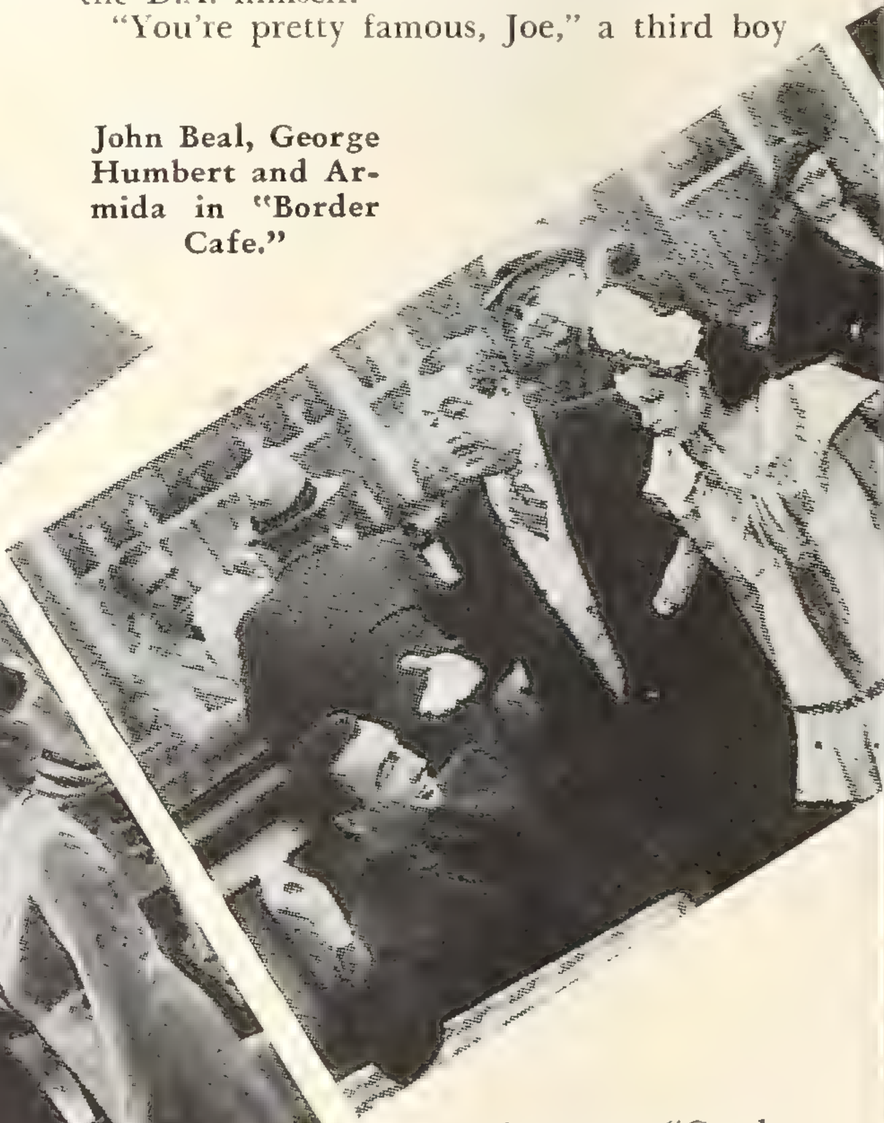
Warner Bros.

"HAVE a piece of pie with that coffee," he suggests as we straddle a stool (apiece) in the commissary.

"You have me confused with Robert Montgomery," I inform him blandly. "*He's* the one who goes in for these New England breakfasts."

"All right, then don't have a piece of pie," Gene comes back affably. "Have some hot cakes and sausage or even some fried chicken and biscuits if you want to be a professional Southerner."

So I have fried chicken and biscuits but they're not like my old black mammy used to make or even like I can make myself if I'm urged. But they answer the purpose.



John Beal, George Humbert and Armida in "Border Cafe."

Marion Davies, Robert Montgomery and Louise Fazenda in "Ever Since Eve."

John Boles and Barbara Stanwyck in "Stella Dallas."

And then we start out on the grand tour. As I glance at the production schedule, my heart sinks as far as it can, which isn't very far because it's spring and there's quite a bit of chicken for it to get past on the way down. There's "In the Deep South," Marion Davies in "Ever Since Eve," Bette Davis and Ian Hunter in "That Certain Woman" and Kay Francis in "Confession," to say nothing of Paul Muni in "The Story of Emile Zola." Big pictures—all of them. There are also "Lady Luck" with Barton MacLane and "Devil's Saddle Legion" with Dick Foran and Ann Nagle, the latter two being on location. And there's "The Singing Marine," of which I've already told you. So we get on with the new ones.

"In the Deep South" is Mervyn LeRoy's second offering as a producer. It is adapted from "Death in the Deep South" but they don't like the word "Death" in titles so they've dropped it. Not since Mervyn made "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang" has Hollywood offered such a powerfully daring drama as this uncompromising indictment of the legal and social system which can railroad an innocent man to death solely on the strength of circumstantial evidence. Edward Norris (a young Northern man) and his wife (Gloria Dickson) come to a small Southern city to settle. He is employed as a teacher.

One of the pupils (Lana Turner) is murdered. Almost everybody in the town is suspected. Her boy friend, Elisha Cook, Jr., is taken to headquarters for grilling. He is scared witless but immediately he is released he goes to the pool hall and pulls the great "I Am" stuff. All the town boys are clustered around him trying to find out what happened at headquarters.

He seats himself on the pool table and begins: "The minute I'm in there they start tryin' to push me around, but that don't go far—with Joey Turner. Not by a long shot. I tell this dick—look here, you're not gonna spring nothin' on me—and I ain't sayin' a thing, either—except to the D.A."

"Weren't you scared?" one of the boys asks with obvious admiration in his voice.

"Scared o' what?" Cookie comes back scornfully. "What did I have to be scared about? I didn't have nothin' to hide."

"What happened then?" another boy wants to know.

"Well," Cookie continues, "me and the D.A. got to talkin'—pretty nice guy, the D.A. is—when you get to know him—an' I told him what I knew about the case—"

"What'd you tell him, Joe?" the first boy persists.

"Sorry, guys," Cookie returns patronizingly, "but that's strictly between me and the D.A. himself."

"You're pretty famous, Joe," a third boy pipes up. "Gotcha pitcher in the paper an' everything."

"Well, you gotta remember I'm a key witness," Cookie retorts importantly.

"Give us the lowdown, Joe," the first boy begins again. "Didja really have a date with Mary?"

"Say," says Cookie, "I had a date with Mary *every* day. She was nuts about me, she was."

He suddenly stops talking and looks towards the entrance. His voice cracks as they all turn in that direction.

"Was she?" Trevor Bardette asks softly. He is one of the most villainous looking heavies ever I saw. It's no wonder Cookie is scared all over again. All his bravado is lost in a jiffy.

"Hello, Shack," he says weakly.

"Was she?" Bardette insists with the same intensity.

Cookie looks at him a moment, tries to talk, then his emotion becomes too great. He bursts into tears. Piteously he turns to Bardette. "I loved her, Shack. Honest I did! When I heard she—it was— like——"

"I believe you, Joe," Bardette concedes slowly.

"Thanks, Shack. Thanks," Cookie murmurs gratefully.

"In the papers," Bardette continues, "I read that you said you'd get the guy who did it—whoever it was."

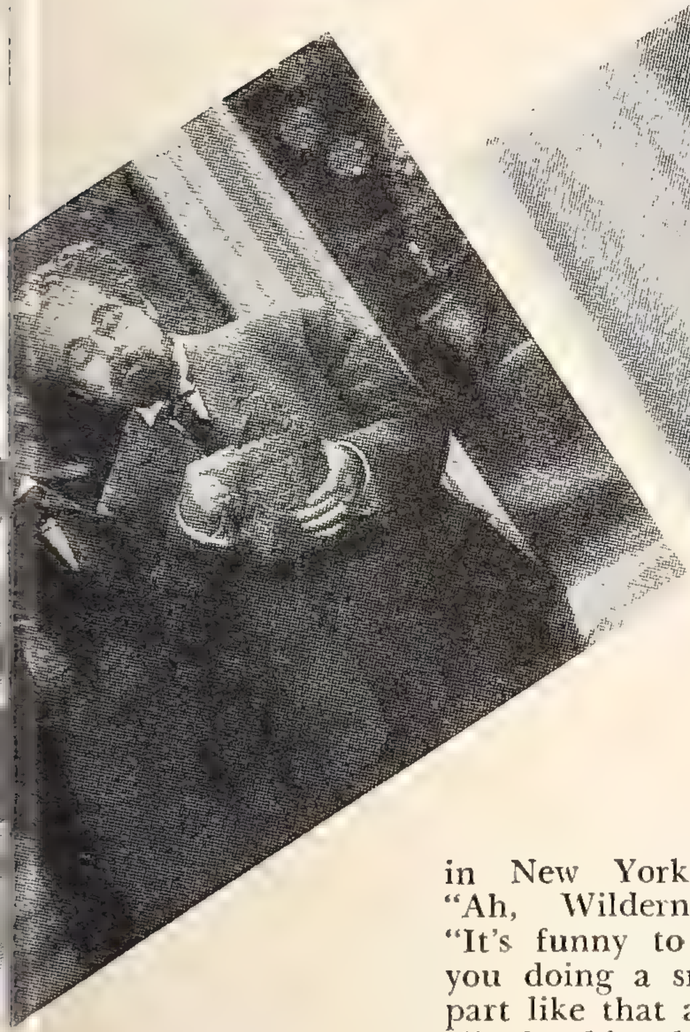
"Yeah," Cookie admits. "I said it."

"When the time comes," Bardette cautions him, "remember that."

"I'll remember it," Cookie promises.

I say to Cookie, who made a terrific hit

Ben Welden and Paul Muni in "The Life of Emile Zola." (Right) Kay Francis and Basil Rathbone in "Confession."



in New York in "Ah, Wilderness." "It's funny to see you doing a small part like that after all the big things you've done in New York."

"I'm a type," he answers simply. "And, anyhow, it's nice out here and the money *is* nice, too. Gimme your phone number. I live down at Newport Beach and when I'm on a picture I have to stay in town and there's never anywhere to go."

I give him my phone and address rather apprehensively remembering the time he and Sue Carol barged into my apartment at five o'clock in the morning, demanding breakfast. They'd been out making whoopee all night and couldn't see any reason why I shouldn't be as wide awake as they were. Me, that goes to bed with the birds.

"Come on," says Gene O'Brien. "We can't spend the day here."

———

So we drag it over to the set of "Ever Since Eve" starring Marian Davies and Robert Montgomery.

"Marion never looked lovelier," I begin mockingly as we enter the stage.

"You're all wrong," Gene laughs.

And when I see her I gasp. She has on a very badly fitted tweed suit, a most unbecoming bob and spectacles.

Marion is a secretary and she gets plenty fed up on the unwelcome advances made by her employers. Because she insists on being a good girl she just can't hold a job—and it serves her jolly well right, *I* think. She goes to Louise Fazenda, who publishes the books of Author Robert Montgomery. Montgomery's weakness is blondes, blondes and brunettes—but particularly blondes.

Louisa decides if he had an unattractive secretary he might work more. I think she has something there. So she takes Marion to Bob's penthouse.

Louise gives the doorbell a vicious jab and turns to Marion. "Freddie Matthews is a clever boy—good writer," she announces tersely, "but he needs someone to keep him in order—make him work. That's your job."

"Sounds ticklish, Miss Belldon," Marion ventures. "Suppose he fires me?"

"He can't," Louise snaps. "I hired you."

And then the butler opens the door. "Ah, good morning, Miss Belldon," he beams.

"Good morning, Alonzo," she snaps, "and if Mr. Matthews told you to tell me he wasn't in (I should be running a school of English for Warner Brothers writers. It should be *"isn't"* in), don't bother."

"Oh, no, Miss," Alonzo is quite shocked. "He's in, but he's concentrating. Please enter."

"Concentrating," jeers Louise as they push through the door. "Well, *that's* something new."

And when they get into the living room, what do you suppose Bob is concentrating on? He's throwing darts!

"Concentrating!" Louise sniffs sarcastically.

"Darn you, Abbie," Bob explodes, "you spoiled my aim."

"Freddie," says Louise severely, "this is your new secretary. Miss Winton, Mr. Matthews."

Marion recognizes Bob as the man she saw at a cocktail bar before she put on her glasses and ill-fitting clothes.

"Oh," she breathes involuntarily. "Why—it's you're—!"

"Oh!" Louise ejaculates. "Do you two know each other?"

"I don't think I've had the—pleasure," Bob gets out, swallowing hard.

Well, that's all there is to the scene. I congratulate Bob on his performance in "Night Must Fall"—and if you want to see a stark melodrama, high-lighted by the most uniformly splendid acting of the year, don't miss it—and start to leave. Marion never remembers me from one meeting to the next so there's no use saying "hello" to her. We may laugh and sneer at the reviews of her pictures beginning "Marion never looked lovelier" but when she gets a director who won't let her put on boys' clothes or put on blackface or do imitations, she's one of the most deft comediennes in the business. In addition to which she is one of the grandest people in Hollywood. And I don't work for any syndicates, either.

This set is something you should look at and remember. The living room is a combination of colonial and modernistic stuff. Bob Haas, the art director, has done himself proud. As I told you, it's a penthouse. For the skyline, they have what is called a "cyclorama." It is pictures of neighboring buildings painted on a back-drop. Actually, it is pictures of the real sky-line enlarged 792 times! The cyclorama measures 22 x 140 feet!

"Come on," says the relentless O'Brien, before I can even be introduced to Marion again, and I've been introduced to her twice a year for eight years—up until now.

A scene from "That Certain Woman." Bette Davis is at the desk and Ian Hunter at right.

This year it will only be once because I missed this time.

———

"We'll go see your darling Kay Francis," Gene offers—and he isn't kidding. Kay *is* my darling—most of the time.

The picture is called "Confession" (formerly "One Hour of Romance"). The set is a very elegant cabaret (Gosh! How long it's been since I've heard *that* word. Everything nowadays is "Night Club—*Intime.*" I think I'll sponsor *Cabaret's* comeback!) Kay is sitting at a table with Lane Chandler and Laura Hope Crewes and some other people I don't know.

All of a sudden the master of ceremonies announces a mazurka and everybody at the table but Kay, Lane and Miss Crewes get up and leave. Suddenly there is Basil Rathbone standing at Kay's elbow.

"Michael Michailow!" she breathes ecstatically.

"Ah, well," says Laura resignedly, "into each party some rain must fall."

"You left me after one mazurka," Basil begins flamboyantly. "We meet again to the tune of another."

"Whew!" says Kay. "A man who says things like that can't possibly have any talent. Who writes your music for you?"

"What *I* want to know," the pessimistic Laura cuts in, "is who writes his dialogue?"

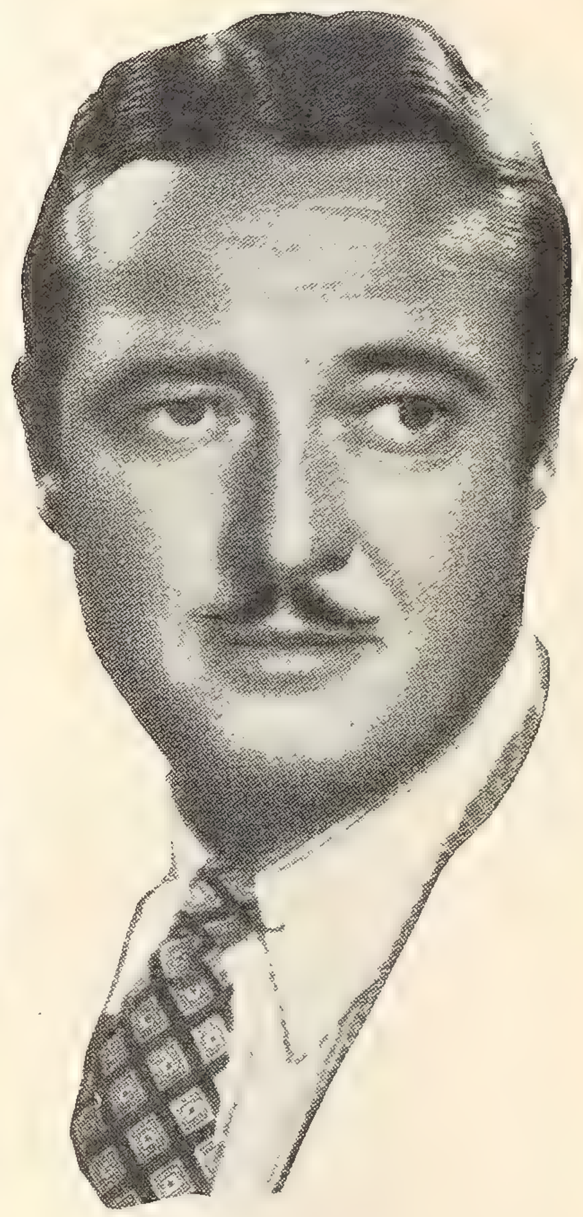
And *that* is why I say Miss Crewes is mis-cast in this picture. There isn't an ounce of pessimism in her whole hundred and sixty pounds. She just drips sweetness and light.

Take after take is made. Kay is up on a balcony where I can't get to her and she doesn't even know I'm on the set so she

[*Continued on page* 75]

COUPLET CONTEST

Write A Clever Couplet About A Player And Win A Prize. The Name Of A Star Must Be In The Couplet.



The world ain't funny and we've got no dough,
What does it matter, we've got Edmund Lowe.

She is the dream of every boy,
Cute and charming Myrna Loy.

Some wear mink and some wear sable,
I'm wearing my heart out for Clark Gable.

ANYONE can make a rhyme, but poets are so temperamental! Clever couplets are more than just rhymes. Show your knowledge of the players and enter this contest. The best couplets will win the prize. There are no restrictions. You can use the name of any player.

History has been kind to couplets. In fact, some seem destined to live forever. For example:—

"Tom Tom the piper's son
Stole a pig and away he run."

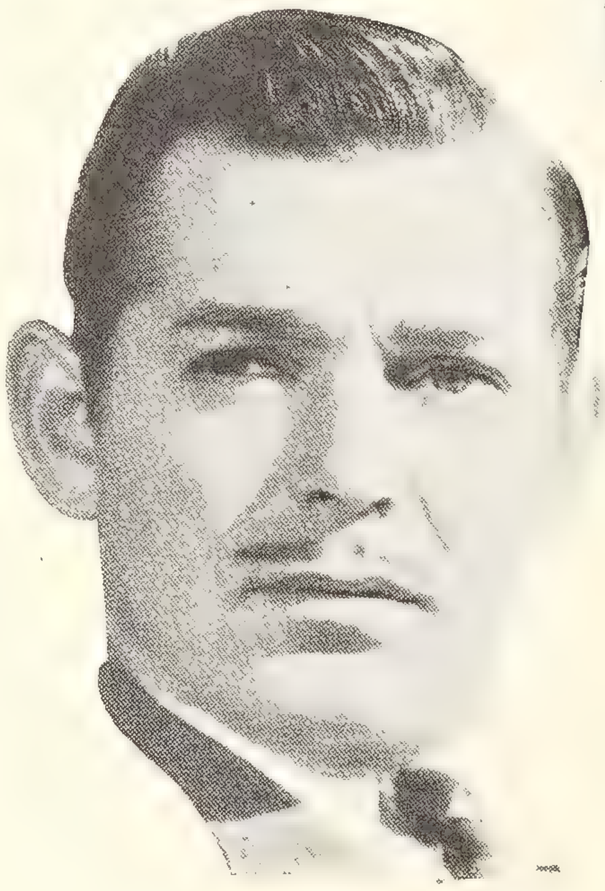
(Slightly ungrammatical but Mother Goose did as she pleased)

Every fan knows many things about the players and nothing could be better for your couplet than your opinion of an actor or actress, told in jingle, to take the sting out. Supposing you think that Franchot Tone ought to have "top billing," then you could write:

"He can carry a film alone
Make a star of Franchot Tone."

But how much better that would be if it were funny! The coupon is provided for your convenience. Be careful in filling it out, and remember neatness counts in the awarding. You can send as many coupons and couplets as you wish.

The decision of the judges is final and the prizes will be sent to the authors of the winning couplets as soon as possible after the contest closes.



Which player inspires you? Write a Prize Jingle.

Write a couplet, name a star;
Show them what a poet you are.

CONDITIONS

1. **Use the coupon and write plainly.**
2. **Neatness will be considered in awarding prizes.**
3. **Contest closes midnight July 12, 1937.**
4. **In the event of ties, the prize tied for will go to each tying contestant.**
5. **No correspondence concerning this contest will be entered into nor any titles returned.**

THE couplets on this page are just to show what is meant, but, of course, you can do better couplets than these samples. It is amusing to write jingles and if you develop your talents in this direction perhaps your verses will be in demand. The "Spotless Town" verses made one man famous.

Make jingles about the stars. Kid them along. Let your sense of humor triumph.

USE THIS COUPON TO SEND IN YOUR COUPLETS

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

Submitted by . . . . . .

Street . . . . . City . . . . . State . . . . . .

Send to Couplet Contest Editor
% Silver Screen, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

PRIZES TO BE AWARDED FOR COUPLETS

First Prize
$10.00

Second Prize
$5.00

(35) Third Prizes
$1.00 each

ove) Adolphe jou and Gregory off in "Sing, Baby, ." (Center) In fe Metropole," latest, with rles Winninger. ght) a still from old picture, ont Page." (Be- left) Menjou and ley Temple in tle Miss Marker." enter) The well- embered "Fare- to Arms," with y Cooper and en Hayes. (Right) olphe with Verree sdale, his wife, on vacation.

WE POINT WITH PRIDE

ADOLPHE MENJOU

The Star Who Caught His "Second Wind."

MANY a runner, spent and breathless, sees others finish in front. No longer are the eyes of the grandstand upon him. No one cares for failures.

As a matter of fact, it was not Menjou's fault that the public once lost interest. He was cast in bad pictures and disaster was inevitable. The days of starring had passed for Adolphe. He had been a big shot, but soon was almost forgotten.

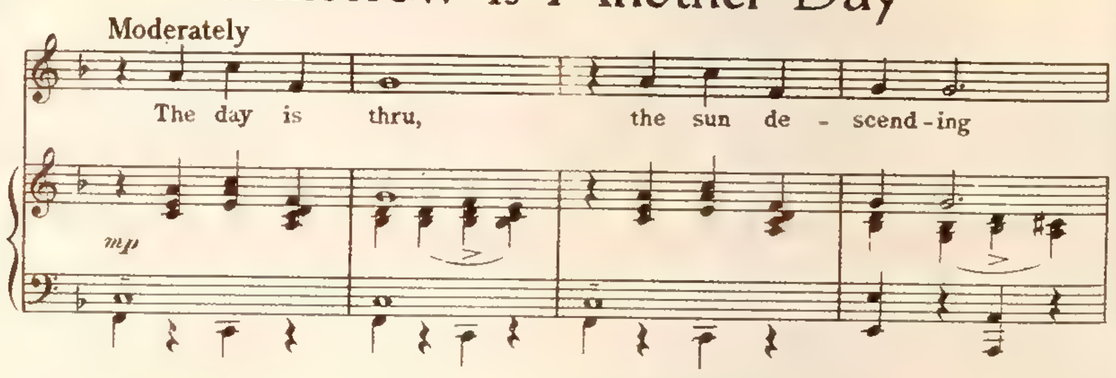
Then, one day, because one producer believed in his talent, he was offered an entirely different type of part in "Front Page" and he made such a success at that time, and since then, that this page is a tribute to his many fine performances. Adolphe Menjou wins our admiration, and deserves it.

Even The Wind Is Whistling The New Songs

The Musical Pictures Keep The Whole World In Tune.

The voice of Allan Jones brings you a new and popular number in "A Day at the Races."

Tomorrow Is Another Day



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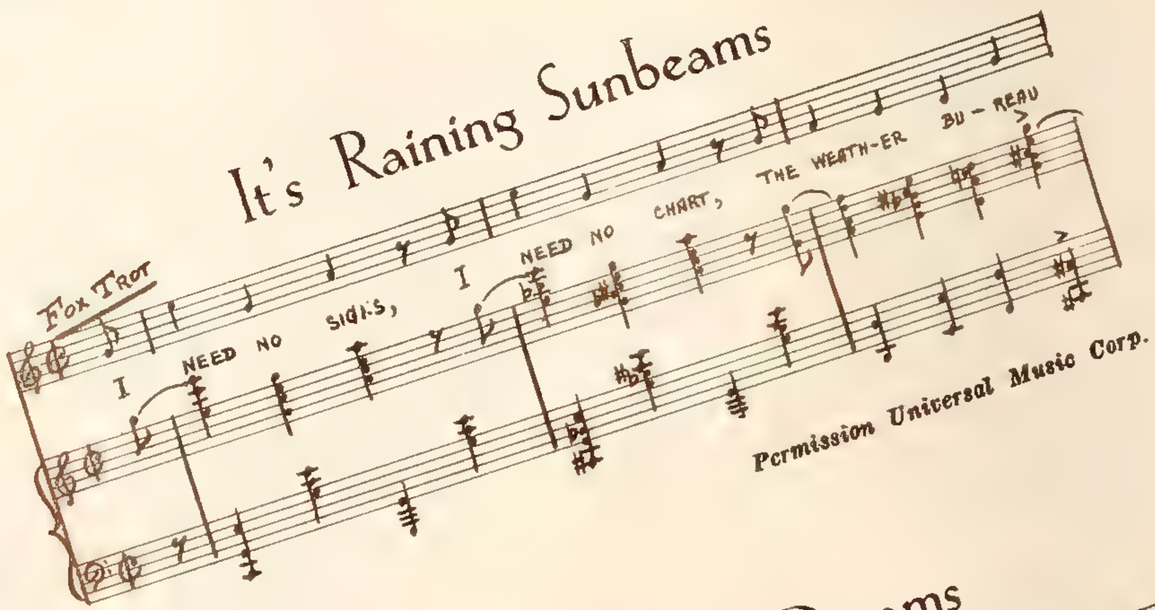
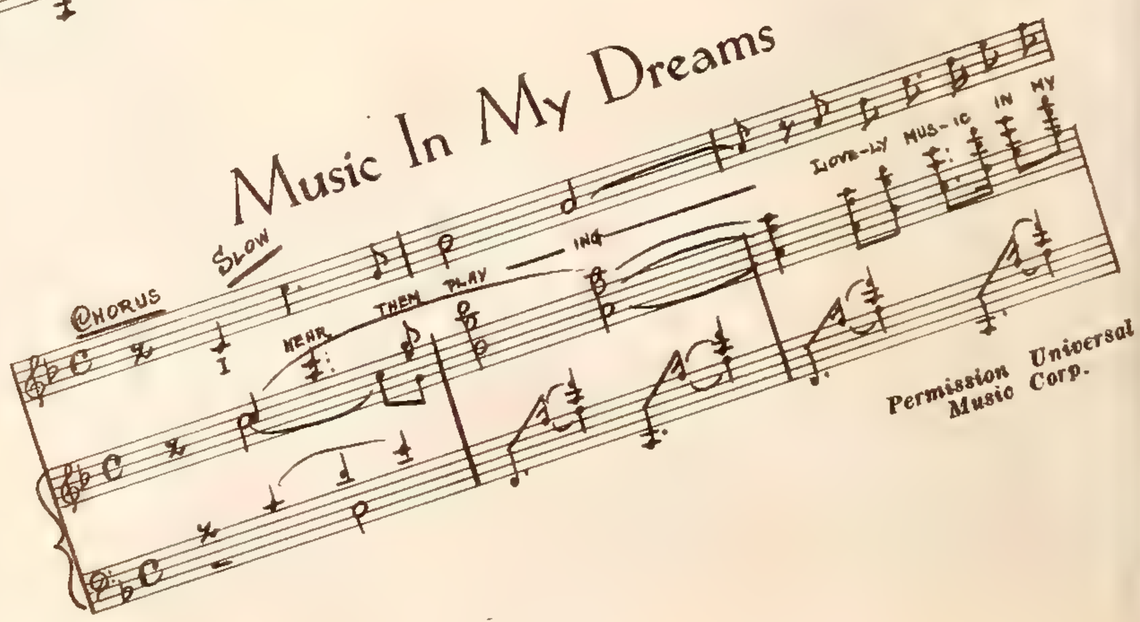
Deanna Durbin in "100 Men and A Girl" sings these catchy songs first, then everybody joins in.

It's Raining Sunbeams



Permission Universal Music Corp.

Music In My Dreams



Permission Universal Music Corp.

Joan Davis, Dixie Dunbar, Anthony Martin, Leah Ray and Allan Lane doing their gloom chasing in "Sing and Be Happy."

Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire invite you to exercise your rhythm in "Shall We Dance."

Shall We Dance

Refrain (brightly and rhythmically)

Shall we dance, Or keep on

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Sing And Be Happy

CROON A TUNE OR TWO A DAY— YOU'LL CHASE OLD MAN GLOOM A- WAY—

LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, SING AND BE HAP- PY

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Your Broadway And My Broadway

Moderately

It's your Broad-way— and it's my Broad-way—

mf

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Night Over Shanghai

REFRAIN (Dreamily)

Night over Shang-hai,

p-f (Dreamily)

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(Left) Judy Garland and Sophie Tucker singing in "Broadway Melody of 1937." (Right) Dick Powell in "The Singing Marine."

The Proudest Ships Must Seek The Safe Harbor Of The Box Office.

THE

Rosalind Russell

Carole Lombard

Madeleine Carroll

HOLLYWOOD REGATTA

YACHTS are always "shes" and the girls of picture-land carry out the idea. They are beautiful and sea-worthy and they add an attractive quality to any picture or ocean. But let them glitter in the sunlight and gracefully bow before the wind as they may—they still must make good at the box office or their voyages will soon be over.

riam Hopkins Ann Sothern Doris Nolan Madge Evans Simone Simon Anita Louise

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND

'ROUND and 'round it goes with flags aflutter and calliope blaring, while the players strive to catch a role in a good picture, which, like a brass ring, will win them another chance. Soon the whirl of events, the publicity, the easy money and the flash of fame are over. The music ends, the excitement dies away, and forgotten are the players for whom Luck withheld her smile.

The established players below are no longer thrilled by the Hollywood whirligig nor do they fear the bitterness of failure.

Don Ameche Henry Fonda Wyn Cahoon Jane Wyman Wayne Morris Burns and Allen

Charles Boyer

Merle Oberon

Cary Grant

The World Watches And Envies
The Excitement Of Studio Life.

chael Whalen

Patric Knowles

Gail Patrick

Virginia Bruce

Ronald Colman

Joan Crawford

Warner Baxter

THAR'S GOLD IN THEM THAR HILLS

THE "Forty-niners" grew rich from the fecund mountainside of California and now, nearly a hundred years later, in the shadow of the High Sierras a new generation has staked its claims. *Talent* is the priceless quantity today, and, compared with the fortunes the moving picture producers expect, the pioneers of last century were only pikers.

In California There Are Actors And Actresses Who, Like Gold Mine

PICTURES OF PROMISE

Gloria Stuart and Michael Whalen in "Escape from Love."

William Powell and Luise Rainer in "The Emperor's Candlesticks."

Diana Gibson and Lee Tracy in "Tomorrow's Headlines."

Charles Ruggles, a model, and Marjorie Gateson in "Turn Off the Moon."

Terry Walker in "Mountain Music." Bob Burns and Martha Raye are co-starred.

Jed Prouty, Joyce Compton and Stuart Erwin in "Small Town Boy."

For July Screens

Sally Blane, Jane Withers and Robert Kent in "Angel's Holiday."

E. Allen Warren and Claude Rains in "In The Deep South."

Irene Hervey and Robert Armstrong in "The Girl Said No."

Kay Francis in "Confession." Ian Hunter plays opposite her.

Buddy Ebsen, Eleanor Powell and George Murphy in "Broadway Melody of 1937."

Ruth Coleman and Harvey Stephens in "A Night of Mystery."

Whether Under The Sun . . .
Or Under The Moon . . . The
Stars Of Hollywood Radiate
Equal Magnetism.

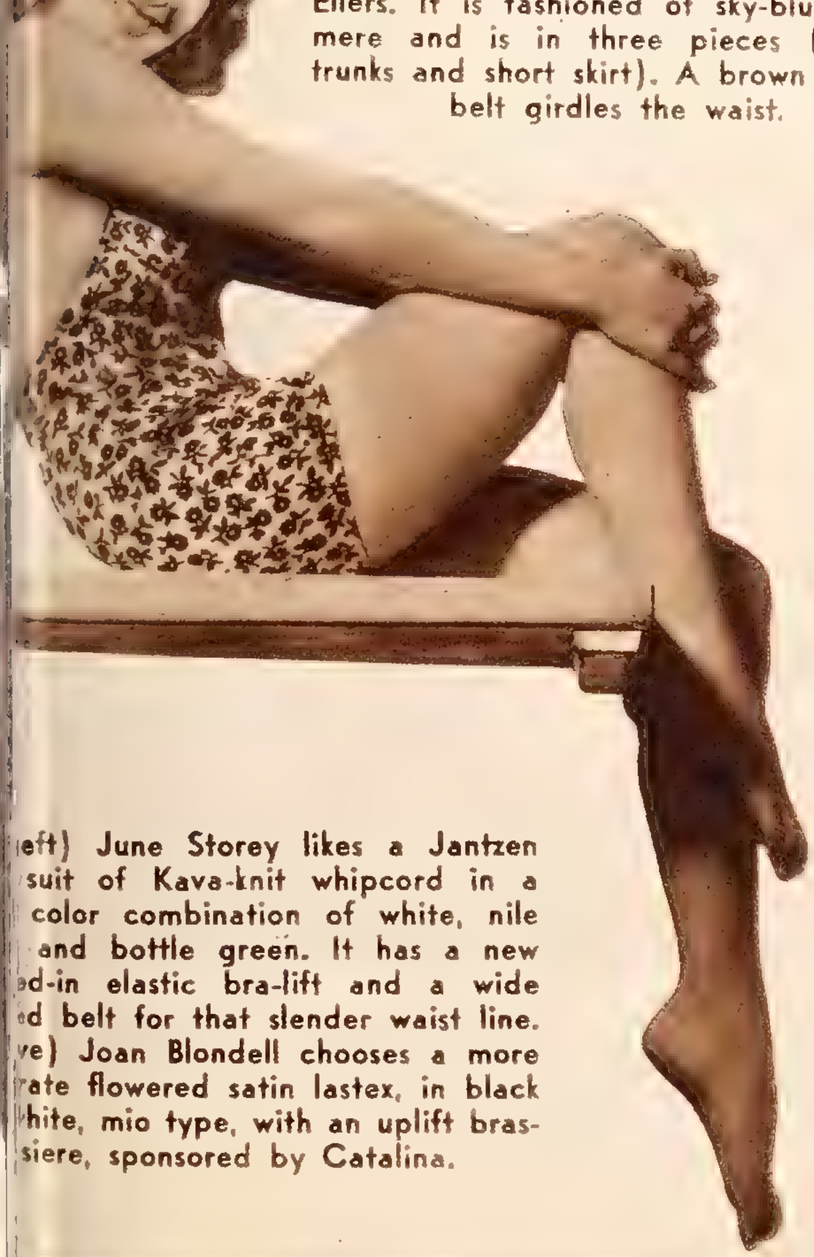
Gloria Stuart prefers strictly tailored sports clothes. Above she wears a heavy white linen crash slack suit, hand stitched in dark blue, with a beautifully cut Eton jacket. A crownless navy straw hat and navy gloves and purse go with this outfit. (Next) Marsha Hunt goes to town in a navy crepe splashed with yellow flowers in order to keep that exciting "luncheon date." A blue straw hat with gossamer veil, blue gloves and blue open-work sandals make this an ideal costume for city streets.

NINE SMART SUMMER GIRLS!

Black and white is always a striking combination. But this summer afternoon frock of Bette Davis' is made doubly so by reason of the crisp white organdy overdress worn over form-fitting black and white printed crepe. High puffed sleeves and corded lacings on the bodice lend a medieval touch. A large white straw picture hat and white linen pumps embroidered in black complete this distinctive ensemble.

'hitney is ir-
n this quaint
slin dinner
ered with black cotton lace,
a slip of rustling white
ight) More formal is Doris
velte pleated frock with its
ding of diagonal blue-grey
orgette with white.

(At right—above) Margaret Lindsay relaxes on the beach in a practical play suit of flaming red jersey with collar and cuffs of navy blue and white. (Below) One of the most effective play suit models of the year is worn by Sally Eilers. It is fashioned of sky-blue cashmere and is in three pieces (blouse, trunks and short skirt). A brown leather belt girdles the waist.



eft) June Storey likes a Jantzen
suit of Kava-knit whipcord in a
color combination of white, nile
and bottle green. It has a new
ed-in elastic bra-lift and a wide
ed belt for that slender waist line.
ve) Joan Blondell chooses a more
rate flowered satin lastex, in black
hite, mio type, with an uplift brassiere, sponsored by Catalina.

THIS is the season of the year that should prove a boon to girls with small incomes. If you plan to spend much time at the seashore or in the country, you will practically live in play suits or swim suits, whichever you prefer, and all the shops have an endless variety of them to suit all purses, large and small. But, no matter how lovely a girl may look in her play togs, nor how comfortable she may feel, she will be glad to shed them in mid-afternoon and put on something delectably feminine and delectably cool in the way of an afternoon frock.

As for evenings, dancing under a summer moon, it should be joy indeed to become a mystery to man once again by covering up those sun-bronzed limbs with layers of chiffons, laces and other alluring fabrics.

RELAXED!

Players Off-Stage With No Script To Guide Them.

The movie camera takes 960 pictures a minute. One more doesn't matter to Janet Beecher or the hairdresser.

Ernst Lubitsch, Marlene Dietrich and Herbert Marshall a looking over some portraits. And are they disgusted!

Robert Montgomery holds the jewels and Rosalind Russell the warrant signed by King George V, making May Whitty Dame Commander of the Order of the British Empire, a title which outranks masculine knighthoods.

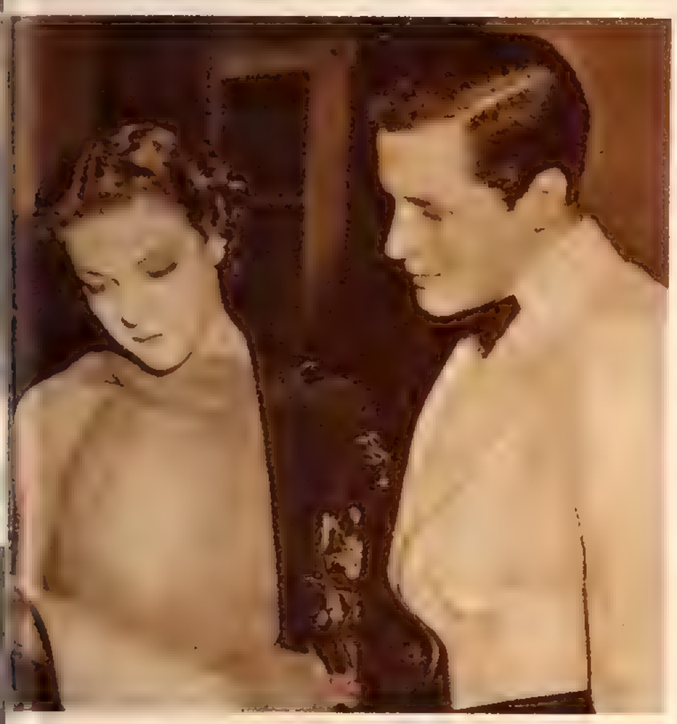
Madge Evans and her real brother, Tom Evans, visiting on the set of her next picture, "The Thirteenth Chair.'

Freddie Bartholomew, now a photographer, posed his Aunt Myllicent. Perhaps he intends to put her in the movies. She certainly was good to Freddie.

Mary Maguire and Jane Bryan, who are in the cast of Francis' new picture. Mary should borrow Garbo's b glasses.

Laura Hope Crews puts on the finishing touches to her make-up before appearing in a scene for "Confession."

Spencer Tracy's little autograph collector is in luck.



issa Landi and Thomas Beck discuss e next scene, but so respectfully!

Between scenes on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot. Don Ameche and Loretta Young—just strolling.

"WHY CAN'T I MAKE ANY TIME WITH BILL?"

I KNOW BILL LIKED ME DOWN AT THE BEACH. SINCE WE'VE BEEN HOME – HE'S CHANGED

I THINK I KNOW WHY – WOULD YOU MIND IF I SAY SOMETHING PERSONAL?

I'M GLAD SALLY GAVE ME THAT HINT ABOUT PERSPIRATION ODOR FROM UNDERTHINGS. ME FOR LUX! IT TAKES AWAY ODOR, SAVES COLORS, SALLY SAID

NOW BILL'S DEVOTED

GOSH, DOT, CAN'T YOU BREAK IT? A DAY'S TOO LONG IF I DON'T SEE YOU!

LUX

Won't shrink woolens won't fade colors if it's safe in water it's safe in LUX

For all fine

Avoid Offending . . . —for undies

SOME GIRLS are always losing out on friendships—especially with men. Though attractive generally, they offend others in that one unforgivable way—through perspiration odor in underthings.

Popular girls never risk offending. Luxing underthings after each wearing whisks away every trace of perspiration odor.

Lux has none of the harmful alkali found in many ordinary soaps that may fade colors—wear things out. With Lux there's no injurious cake-soap rubbing. Anything safe in water alone is safe in gentle Lux.

VACATION

A canoe makes rela ation perfect. An o stage shot of Mar and John Beal.

Giving The Movie Cameras A Rest.

(Left) Betty Grable emerges from the pool, as beautiful as a goddess. (Above) James Stewart, nimble as a tax collector. (Right) Sally Eilers golfing at Pebble Beach Lodge, Del Monte, Calif. (Below, left) The gate swings open for Jane Wyman who enjoys the exhilaration of riding. The movie girl's horse seems a bit camera shy. (Below, right) the beautiful proportioned chassis of Carole Lombard basks in the health-giving rays of California's very special sun.

In Private Life He Is Interesting, Happily Married And Absent-minded.

A Short-Short Visit With Donald Woods

(Complete On This Page)

By Jack Holland

THE rain beat a steady tattoo on the sloping roof. The chimes of the clock striking quarter of four woke me abruptly. Here I was in lounging robe and bedroom slippers, and I was to be at Donald Woods' home in Beverly Hills at four for an interview. A quick change followed, and then I jumped into the car, hoping it would ford the miniature lakes that were once streets and curbs.

Don greeted me in his usual gracious manner, even though I was fifteen minutes late, for he is one of those naturally gifted hosts. He has a genial way of making even the remotest stranger feel as if he had been a life-long friend of the family. Once inside the warm house, I pulled out a cigarette and began to chat idly. It was a few minutes later when I noticed Don looking at my feet, smiling mischievously. At first, I thought he was noticing how drenched I was, but then I began to wonder. I looked down at my shoes, and to my consternation I discovered I had my bedroom slippers on. So that was what I had forgotten!

"That just proves my point," Don said, chuckling.

"What point?"

"About absent-mindedness. As a matter of fact, I'm a firm believer in it. After all, the ability to concentrate is not to be sneezed at. The faculty of shutting off the mind to outside noises or movements has definite advantages. And the habit of forgetting little things here and there, in my family at least, causes much more merriment than grief. I have many bad marks of my own."

It was miraculous how quickly Don put me at ease. I began to feel that my stupid carelessness was nothing short of a supreme exhibition of the highest form of psychology—or something.

"Well," I said, laughing, "this wasn't exactly the way I intended to start this interview, but since you have stated your case—and I might also add 'my case'—so aptly, it looks as though we'll really get someplace this afternoon."

Don looked exceptionally domestic and comfortable in his sporty polo shirt and sport trousers. I thought how well he fitted into his cozy and unpretentious little home. But enough of this casual observing! I had better strike while the iron is hot!

"I've heard rumors that you're accused of being absent-minded. Is that true or is it just over zealous publicity?"

"Well, Jo (Mrs. Woods) often wonders what I use for a head, but I defend myself by telling her I concentrate too intently. But in the literal sense of the term, I guess I am absent-minded—a little anyway. But, after all, aren't we all?"

Don grinned frankly. I knew what he meant. Those bedroom slippers!

"Show me the man or woman who has work to do," continued Don, "who doesn't forget little things now and then, and I'll show you a modern phenomena.

"If I am studying or reading an interesting book, play, or script," Don went on, his legs propped over the edge of the chair, "an earthquake or flood is almost necessary to drag my attention away from my reading. Results of that practise have sometimes been disastrous."

Just then Jo entered, looking her usual gay and charming self. She had been on a unique shopping expedition and seemed to be in very happy spirits.

"Don and I are having a most interesting chat on absent-mindedness," I said.

"Well, I can tell you plenty about Don on that score. You know, one day I asked him to buy me a new gas range. He went shopping. A few hours later, he returned—without the range. What do you suppose he had brought home with him instead?"

"You've got me there," I answered.

"A fur coat." She smiled at Don.

"But," quickly put in Don, "I remembered the range, but I thought the fur coat would look better on you."

Mr. and Mrs. "Thin Man" in private life!

"And another time, Don went down town to buy some tires and came home with a new car. It's a good thing he doesn't buy a car every time he needs new tires."

"And, of course," continued Jo, "he's always forgetting shoes and ties for his wardrobe for each new picture. I always sit home by the telephone the first day he takes his clothes to the studio for a new film. And every time, he will call up and say, 'Jo, will you look and see if my grey shoes are there? And is my new blue tie there too?' They always are."

"But," said Don, on the defense, "getting a wardrobe together for a picture is no easy job. You're bound to forget things."

Anyone in pictures will bear Don out in that statement. It is practically a human impossibility to remember every item. But Don and I both knew that Jo was having a fine time giving away his little secrets.

"Did you ever happen to start for a party and find that you had forgotten your trousers?" I asked, more as a joke than anything else.

"Yes, believe it or not, I did. I was reading a script all day, forgetting about the time and forgetting that we were going out that night. As the time for our departure grew nearer and nearer, Jo kept prompting me to get dressed. I kept mumbling an indifferent, 'OK.' Finally, I started to dress, and when I came out, ready to go, I felt a cool breeze whip itself around my legs. Jo gave me one look. I knew and felt something was wrong. As trite as this may sound, I actually happened to have forgotten my trousers!"

The romance of Jo and Don is one of the sweetest stories in Hollywood. Their honeymoon was marked by good fun and by complete joy in the other's companionship. And that state still exists in their home. They are completely and exultantly happy. Yet absent-mindedness even played its part in their honeymoon. But, in this case, Jo was as guilty as Don.

Don was playing "Chico" in a Long Beach stock production of "Seventh Heaven." After one of the performances, the two ran off to Tia Juana and were married. The next evening, they were drinking a champagne toast to each other. Suddenly, out of clear sky, Jo said, "Don, you're really a very remarkable fellow." Then came the flash! "Ye Gods!" exclaimed Don, "Seventh Heaven!" Both of them had forgotten that he had a performance in Long Beach that night. It was seven-twenty and here they were in San Diego. A mad dash up the coast landed him on the stage exactly twenty minutes to nine, just in time for his entrance.

But after all, who cares if you're a "tie-forgetter" or a "pants-forgetter!" As Don says, to be absent-minded proves you are a concentrator.

Donald Woods' *right name is Ralph Zink. He is 28 years old, married and has one son. He has appeared in stock companies and on the New York stage. Now under contract to Warner Brothers. He played in the following pictures: "As the Earth Turns," "Merry Wives of Reno," "Fog Over Frisco," "Sweet Adeline," "The Florentine Dagger," "The Case of the Curious Bride," "Stranded," "Frisco Kid," "A Tale of Two Cities" (MGM), "Anthony Adverse," "The Story of Louis Pasteur," "Road Gang," "Isle of Fury," "White Angel" and "A Son Comes Home."*

MEDICINE

In The Thrilling Days When The Pioneer Spirit Still Inspired Men To Clear Forests And Plant The Land, Love Came Along To Keep Their Hearts In Tune.

Fictionization of "High, Wide and Handsome." Copyright by Paramount Pictures, Inc. The cast and credits will be found at the end of this story.

PENNSYLVANIA had clothed her glorious hills in the heartbreaking loveliness of spring when Peter first met Sally.

As far as the eye could see the world was a great tumbling ocean, its waves the fertile slopes, gold and green in the sunshine; purple and tender blue in the cloud shadows. There was new sap in the blotched bark of the sturdy buttonwoods; flaming new green in the willow fronds; orioles, swallows and fat, red robins along the red earth where Doc Watterson's Indian Wizard Oil troupe traveled behind a slow, fat horse.

On a soft, spring night Sally was singing and dancing on the portable stage of the medicine show when Peter first saw her.

I'm ridin' high, wide 'n' handsome
A yaller moon above.
Why am I . . . ridin' high?
'Cause I'm ridin' to my love.

The flare of pine torches picked out the graceful figure in short, swaying skirts. It made red blobs of the faces of a crowd and cast a glow upon the foliage of elms and the staring, half scandalized houses about the village square. Honest farmers of Western Pennsylvania didn't have much use for show women. The staring houses seemed to say, "This girl is a flighty piece, anybody can see!"

High, wide 'n' handsome,
I'm ridin' wide 'n' high . . .

There was a lilt about the song that got into Peter's pulses. Unconsciously his foot began to beat time against the floor of the democrat wagon. Grandma Cortlandt, sitting beside him, nodded her bonnet to the jig time.

Peter Cortlandt was no flighty yokel to be twisted around the pretty finger of a wandering show girl. There was stern stuff in his heart; his head was full of plans of his own to drill a well and extract the black rock oil that lay under those Pennsylvania hills. Peter was going to be a great man and a great benefactor some day, when he made his oil well flow. But Peter's foot tapped out the time, Peter's voice joined the other voices in the chorus. There was something about Sally Watterson singing and fluttering her abbreviated skirts, there was some magic in her song and in the spring night that made great ambitions seem unimportant—that made everything unimportant except a wandering medicine show girl and her foolish song.

Why am I . . . ridin' high?
'Cause I'm ridin' to my love.

Peter, roaring the refrain with the others, thrilled to hear Sally's golden contralto riding clear above all the voices. He was riding high . . . with Sally . . . riding to his love!

While Sally danced and Peter's foot tapped out the beat, the stove inside the caravan wagon flared up. In a few minutes the Indian Wizard Oil show was a bonfire and Sally and Doc and Mac, who played the Indian chief, were homeless.

Grandma Cortlandt took pity on the show folks. She asked them to her farm to stay until Doc Watterson got a new wagon outfit built.

The Pennsylvania hills were an enchanted land of love to a wandering show girl, for it was on a hilltop of the farm that Peter sat beside Sally every day, resting from his field work and talking to her of all his great plans, his ambitions and his hopes. For all the years that remained to her Sally would love that one hill best of all the glorious hills.

When Doc and Mac were ready to set out again with the medicine show, Sally stayed behind to become the bride of Peter Cortlandt.

Peter took his wife to that hilltop on their wedding day.

"It's going to be right over there," he said, pointing.

"What's going to be right over there, Peter?"

"The house I'm building for you."

Sally cried his name, but she could say no more. The happiness in her heart was too deep for words. Peter had planned a house for her—he had staked it out ready to show her—a house on her own hill in the heart of a world that she loved!

Before her stretched the rolling land, tender in the spring sunshine. Behind them was the staid old Cortlandt farmhouse, stone and plaster, built to stand through the ages. There they could see the wedding guests, the gay colors of women's dresses spangling the lawn like a flower garden. Around the foot of the hill Oil Creek wound, and, beyond, the fenced fields of fertile earth that would give them food for winter.

In all that world Sally saw there was just one strange note, a black exclamation point against the bright picture. Along Oil Creek rose the derrick where Peter was drilling down to find the "rock oil." Men had not thought to drill for the ugly, black stuff before. There was no other derrick like this project of Peter's. If Sally's eyes, alight with her happiness, noticed this one strange blot on a perfect world that day, it was merely to ignore it. No more than Peter Cortlandt or any man did she dream of the menacing tide bottled in the earth beneath that derrick.

That first drilled well on Oil Creek spouted its black wealth on Peter's wedding day. Men had never seen the like before, black gold shooting from the ground in a geyser of prosperity—oil, the new fuel that would light the poor man's lamp and warm his home!

The roar of the viscous fountain startled the wedding guests and brought crowds running. Men's eyes brightened with a savage light for they understood then that there was wealth hidden under the hills, more riches than the most daring had dreamed of. They had only to drill holes through the rock and the sky would rain black gold down upon them! A new era—and a wild one—had begun.

Sally saw the miracle and her heart was glad because this was Peter's work and it had succeeded. But she saw also how the black oil poured in a growing tide across the green of new grass; how the spring bloom backened and died at its touch. She saw the ugliness of the derrick and visioned the landscape transformed with a forest of derricks, all spouting this black flood, obliterating the glory of the fertile earth and choking the gentler, kindlier growths in men's hearts.

On this happiest day of her life the shadow on Sally's heart was vague and fleeting; the vision swift and incomplete, but the portent was there—a premonition of disaster.

Summer came, but the fields of the Cortlandt farm parched, neglected. The farms

Brennan (Alan Hale) an
Peter Cortlandt (Randolp
Scott) argue, while Mol
(Dorothy Lamour) watch

HOW GIRL

By Jack Bechdolt

all about were idle. There were few people left who cared to plant crops when, by drilling a hole or two, the earth could be made to spout black gold. The land swarmed with strangers racing about like ants to pick up an acre here and an acre there, wherever there was faint hope of striking oil.

Autumn came, but there was scant harvest, except the harvest of slimy, black oil.

The derricks were rising everywhere. The roads wore to chaos under the wheels of trucks carrying heavy machinery. Neglected fields swarmed with investors, engineers, laborers, all mad with the madness of gambling for oil. Alien hordes poured in and on the heels of the labor army came the camp followers, the gamblers and tin horns, the shanty boat women, the gyps and crooks and pink cuffs.

Sally Watterson (Irene Dunne) sang while her father sold the medicine, but Peter's strong arms ended her wanderings.

Sally saw it happen in a few short months, the very months that should have been the happiest of her new life. She saw all this confusion and change and boom prosperity, but she saw less and less of Peter.

Peter had half a dozen spouting wells of his own. As a pioneer and a man of character men looked to him more and more for leadership. All his neighbors who had drilled wells put their confidence in his advice. It was Peter who banded them together in an association for self-protection.

In her puzzlement and loneliness Sally thought much about this when she idled on the hilltop where she had been so happy. Men had clamored to buy that land, as they wanted everything that promised oil, but there Peter stood firm. He would not sell. That hill was Sally's—it was where her house was to be.

Her house!

It was still as much a dream as it had been on her wedding day. There were the stakes Peter had driven into the earth to mark its foundations. And for a time a crew of men had come each day, ready to begin work. But Peter had been always too busy to give them the plan and now the men came no more.

"Y' got to be patient, Sally," said Grandma Cortlandt with a sigh. "I know how it is 'cause his Grandpa was the same. It ain't easy to be a wife to a busy husband . . . But then, it ain't easy to be a wife to a man when he's idle."

Sally's smile was wistful as she shook her head. "Sounds like it ain't . . . easy . . . to be a wife," she sighed.

In Philadelphia a group of shrewd capitalists had their eyes on the wealth Peter brought into being. Their leader was a fat man named Brennan, a man who laughed much, but never at himself and never kindly. Brennan controlled railroads, and the owners of oil wells had to depend on the railroads to get the crude oil to the refineries where it was made usable. Brennan's plan to grab it all was the simple one of raising freight rates until the producers were ruined, then taking over the wells at a bargain.

As head of the Oil Men's Association Peter was kept busier than ever, trying to reach a bargain with Brennan, who merely laughed much and predicted further rises in freight rates.

The morning of Peter's birthday Sally made him promise solemnly to be home for supper on time. Her cheeks dimpled with a mysterious smile; her eyes shone with a happy secret.

She and Grandma Cortlandt put in a busy day, preparing the food Peter liked best. Sally baked the birthday cake herself, the first she had ever tried. It was a splendid success. Grandma said so and even Sally proudly admitted it. When the candles were fixed and the decorations arranged about it, that cake was a triumph.

The supper hour passed without Peter. The evening drew on. Grandma went to bed. Sally, still dressed in her best, dozed in utter weariness. Peter had been detained at the last minute by a meeting of the Oil Men's Association making plans to fight Brennan.

When he got home at last it was to find his wife asleep at the table and the birthday cake melting in a melancholy ruin. Peter mumbled his remorseful excuses and was forgiven, but before he could taste the holiday feast he had dozed off.

Sally was sitting, his head pillowed in her arms, when she heard the startling murmur that a lawless mob makes when it is bent upon self-righteous cruelty. There was a faint pounding at the front door. She ran to answer it and Peter stumbled after her.

Self-appointed censors of public morals had raided the shanty boats and were driving the gamblers and the painted women across the county line. One of them, a girl named Molly, who sang songs for drunken patrons, had escaped her captors and ran to the farm for sanctuary.

Sally's arms welcomed the woman and Peter faced the infuriated mob.

"The girl's going to be taken into our house and nursed till she gets well . . . if it ain't too late," he declared. When Peter said a thing quietly with that hard look in his eye, men knew he meant it. He had his way and the mob left.

In the woman, Molly, Sally found a new interest. Molly was "show folks" like herself. Sally's heart warmed to her; Sally's experiences while wandering over the country gave her understanding.

When Molly's health mended Sally talked to her of better work than a shanty boat job. There was Bowers Carnival, for instance.

An unposed shot of Joan Blondell and Pat O'Brien, between the scenes of their new picture, "Angle Shooter."

and Pop Bowers treated his talent like human beings. Sally began training the less fortunate woman in some new songs and a few dance steps.

Though Peter was repentant about the birthday party, she saw him no oftener. The fight with Brennan grew steadily hotter. Peter, confronted with railroad freight rates that would ruin the well owners, hit on the idea of laying pipe lines from the wells to the refinery and pumping the oil to market. The Association began buying right of way and Brennan began buying too, in order to block the pipe line.

A man named Varesi, owner of the Hunky Dory saloon, had title to a piece of land that was the key to the success of the pipe line. Brennan made him a good offer for the land and Varesi merely smiled and shook his head. Varesi was waiting for Peter Cortlandt to come along and make an offer.

Peter came and Varesi named his price. All he wanted was that one hill on the Cortlandt farm. His engineers told him there was oil under that hill. He planned to drill wells there.

"You can't have that land," Peter gasped. "That hill means somethin' special to me. I've promised my wife we'd build our home there."

"Too bad," Varesi grunted, stretched on the couch in the office of his saloon. "Too bad for pipe line. Too bad for you farmers, lose all you got!"

"Ask for something else," Peter begged.

"Make it yes or no," Varesi yawned. "Nothing in between."

While Peter argued vainly with Varesi his own wife was in the Hunky Dory saloon, separated from him only by a thin partition.

Sally had come there with Molly, looking for Pop Bowers, the carnival owner. Bowers could give Molly a job with his show, if only they could persuade him she was worth it. Bowers agreed to hear Molly's singing and the piano player in the barroom struck up the chorus of Allegheny Al:

With a white diamond
A white diamond
A-blinkin' on his throat
An' a sunflower
A-stinkin up his coat
As a quick kisser
A slick kisser
He gets the ladies' vote
Don't you let your gal
Meet that steamboat dandy
Allegheny Al
Allegheny Al

Molly was scared. There was a quaver in her voice because getting that job meant so much to her. Sally saw her fright and joined her voice to hearten her.

The loafers at the bar looked up from their drinks. Grins spread over their faces. They began to join the chorus. Sally had climbed on a table now and was leading them, giving all her vibrant personality to make a success for her protegé.

It was thus that Peter found her, singing to the loafers in a cheap barroom, and the white rage in his face was a bad thing to see.

"You can't do things like that," Peter stormed. "You ain't in a medicine show any more. Maybe you'd like to be back runnin' wild over the country. Maybe you like that better than bein' a married woman!"

There was rage in Sally's voice, too. Peter would not accept the simple explanation of her appearance there.

"Maybe I do like it," she answered. "Come to think of it, I was enjoyin' myself. It was the best fun I've had for a long time—"

"Fun!"

"More fun than sittin' home doin' nothin'. I'm not good at that. I want to be useful to somebody—even if it's only to a lot of strangers—singin' 'em a song—tellin' 'em a joke—cheerin' people up! There's some excitement in that, anyway—"

Varesi interrupted the quarrel between husband and wife. He wanted Peter to step into his office and sign the contract for the sale of his hilltop.

"What—what hill is he talking about?" Sally gasped. "It isn't anything about *our* hill, is it?"

Peter's voice was husky. His eyes could not meet hers. "I—I got to let it go, Sally." The explanations and apologies came lamely. It was his duty. He had all those others to think of, their fortunes to save as much as his own.

Horrified, Sally saw him sign the contract to sell the hill.

"All right," she said, her voice dull with misery. "It doesn't mean anything to you! It doesn't mean anything to me then! Nothing does. Nothing matters! Nothing in the world!"

From the street outside came music of a circus band, swelling louder as the parade drew near. Bowers Carnival was on the march, moving on to the next town and after it trailed all the rag-tag, the loafers, the boys, the inevitable dogs.

Sally ran to the door to see the show pass. The familiar circus music waked a frantic hunger in her. Pop Bowers wanted her. Pop had told her so. The people who went to carnivals wanted to hear her sing. She had seen the hungry look on the faces of the bar room loafers. These were her people—this was her world—the show world!

The circus wagons passed and turned a corner. The band music grew fainter with distance. Then Sally began to run, racing after Bowers Carnival, flying from a world that offered no love, returning to the haven of her own people.

Peter Cortlandt made no outcry. He said nothing of his empty home, not even to Grandma. And Grandma, what times she saw him, said nothing to him.

Peter was busier than ever. The fight with Brennan grew hotter.

Brennan still laughed confidently. When Peter got Varesi's land and the pipe line was assured, Brennan hired an army of thugs who made surprise attacks by night, tearing out and destroying the precious line

[*Continued on page* 60]

COMING!

THE August issue of SILVER SCREEN *will bring to you articles and photographs of unusual interest and excellence.*

Did you like Dana Burnet's article on page 18 of this issue of SILVER SCREEN? *We did! So, in the next issue (August) there will appear another article by this famous writer. He will describe, from an entirely new angle, the behind-the-scenes mysterious forces that the stars fear, and concerning which we have all been wondering.*

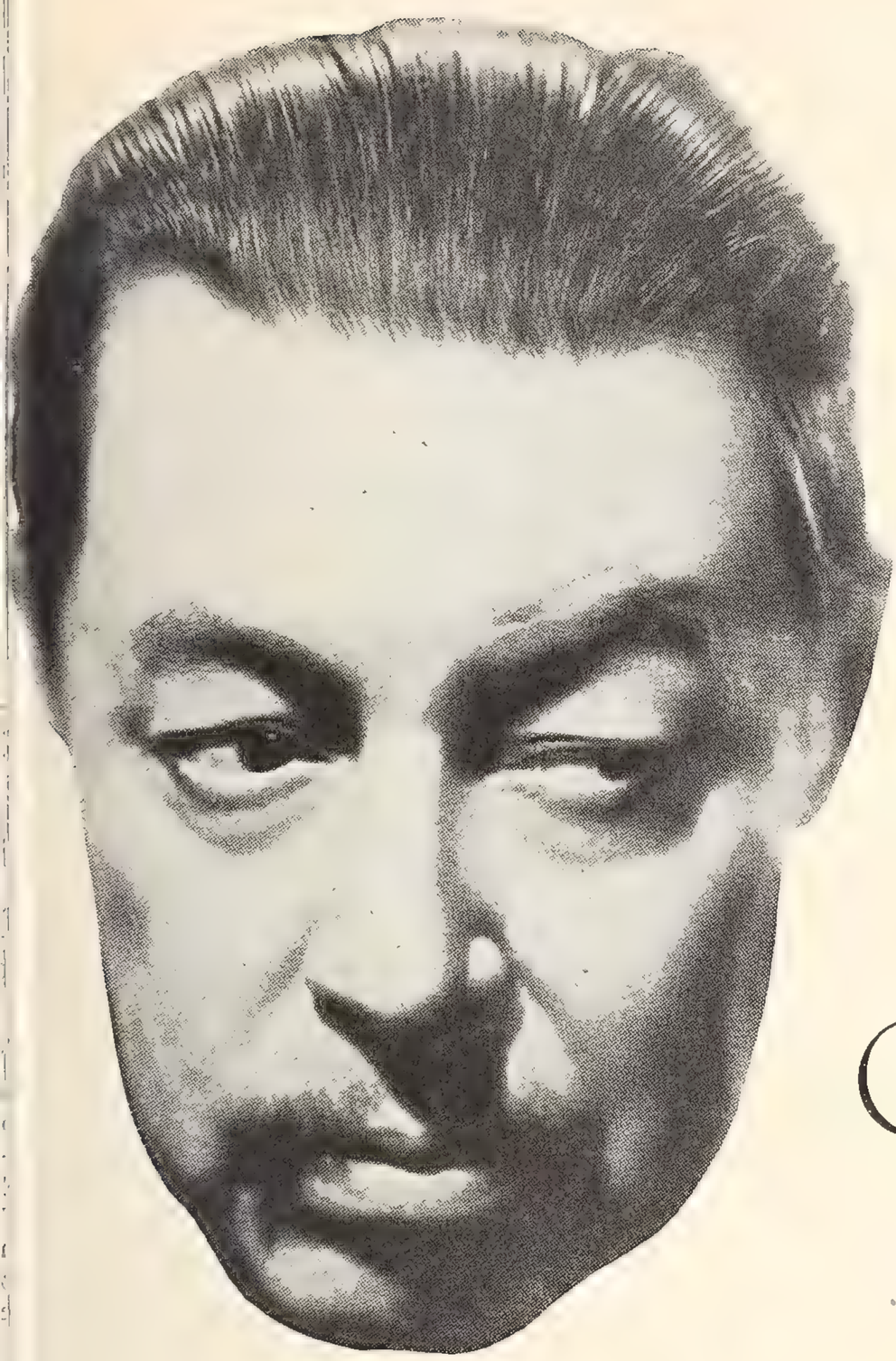
The cover girl, Joan Blondell, is the pleasant theme of the "Projections" for August, by Elizabeth Wilson.

Read "Pictures On The Fire" and learn what the future holds for the fortunate movie fans. S. R. Mook makes a monthly survey of the studios in his delightful fashion.

There are personality articles and among them an interesting Rochelle Hudson interview.

Hollywood has a new "trend!" The demand for girls and boys in their teens has never been equalled. Now youth is in style.

Read SILVER SCREEN *for August.*



Mr. and Mrs. Oland with their guide, a Chinese monk, on a visit to one of China's famous temples.

CHARLIE CHAN REVEALS

Warner Oland, The Intellectual Behind The Mask Of The Great Detective.

By Ruth Rankin

WARNER OLAND is the most authentic Hollywood enigma.

He has lived and worked in Hollywood for fifteen years, and yet almost no one knows him. There is a serene, calm, majestic dignity about him which wards off the casual approach, so popular locally. He is suspected of being an artist and an intellectual, which indeed he sincerely is, and these known facts would seem to make him formidable and mysterious to persons who have little to say beyond "Hiya, Toots, how's tricks?"

Also, he is a man of contradictions, beginning with the fact that he was born in Sweden, is married to a daughter of one of Back Bay Boston's oldest families, has an enormous ranch in Mexico, counts the year lost that he does not take a trip to the French provinces—and plays Oriental characters, notably Charlie Chan, with the utmost distinction and plausibility. He is truly international in scope. He can understand practically any language you care to spring on him, and can speak several of them.

You will never (meaning never) see him in a night-club, but he enjoys the smörgasbrod in a little Swedish restaurant, The Three Crowns, where he is the undefeated champion of seven courses. The rest of us go down to defeat after three.

Warner is a big man, tanned to a good rich leather shade, powerfully built and strong, who fills the atmosphere about him with a sense of well-being. He is fifty-six years old, but don't ever start on a stroll up the beach with him unless you're good for at least five miles.

Art galleries and bookstores in Hollywood, Santa Barbara, New York, Paris, and Cuernavaco (Mexico) know him as a familiar patron, for whose judgment they have profound respect. You never read anything of this in his publicity—in fact you seldom read any publicity at all about Warner because his own studio knows so little about him. He does not buy beautiful things in order to be exploited as a collector or an art patron; his culture is not part of a studio-created glamour.

The enjoyment of beautiful things is an essential part of his being, without which he would be incomplete. Diego Rivera is his good friend, and Warner has a collection of his works, purchased or presented to him by the artist. Alexander Archipenko is another friend, and his abstract in Mexican onyx, "The Friends"—one of the finest pieces ever created by this talented sculptor ——is the pride and joy of the Oland household. Edith Oland has studied with Archipenko, but she is best known as a painter. Warner himself paints lovely and delicate landscapes about which he is far too modest.

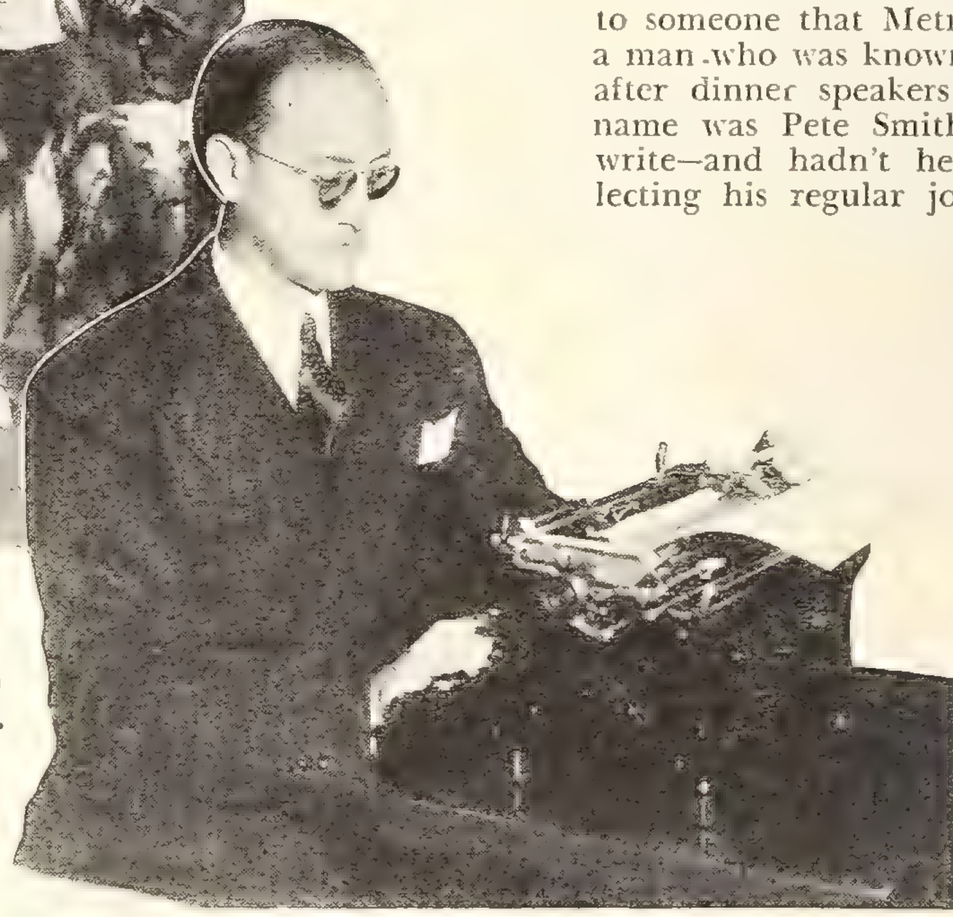
But the art in which both Edith and Warner Oland excel is the art of living. They love most the beach place near Carpinteria, although they have homes in Beverly Hills, Mexico, and Boston. The house near Boston is a little gem of early New England architecture, originally built for Governor Bradford's daughter. It is surrounded by an orchard of magnificent apple trees. I have never seen it—only Edith's paintings of the place, a-blossom in spring, nestled under the snow in winter.

As one approaches Carpinteria (about ten miles south of Santa Barbara) there curves out into the ocean a beautiful acreage of wooded land, on which a few houses are remotely visible from the highway. This is Rincon del Mar, and the three Oland cottages enclosed by a tall white fence are reached after a short drive down the lane, beneath the sycamores. Unlike most sandy beach places, one enters through a garden brilliant with flowers. Edith and Warner live in the center one of these three unpretentious and beautifully simple places.

Edith's mother, Mrs. Shearn, an exquisitely fragile and gallant little old lady, lives with her companion and servants in the first house; the third one is the studio. The "beach place" is a little isolated kingdom, an oasis where, after the pretentious exhibitionism of Hollywood, the last person one expects to find is a moving-picture actor. It is perhaps the only home of a motion-picture person where there is no shop-talk or off-stage performances. Warner does his acting in the studio. Neither is there a photograph of him anywhere in the house, nor signed photographs of other stars. This alone makes it unique.

If Warner is not at the gate to greet the guests, he will be found out front on the sun-deck, looking like a bronze Buddha in a pair of trunks, sun-glasses, and a little straw coolie-hat—his favorite costume. He will probably be holding one of the dogs—Ming or Chan or Wolf or Shags. They are Schnauzers and important members of the household. Shags, matron of the brood, has gone to Europe with them innumerable times. This breed is the most picturesque

[*Continued on page* 69]



Two studio hopeful exercise the dogs an Pete himself. (Right) The Genius of Shorts.

The Voice That Breathes O'er Eden (And A Couple Of Continents) Is Pete Smith's.

TALKING HIS WAY TO FAME

By Helen Louise Walker

THIS is a story about a Voice. A voice which is becoming increasingly important in the film industry. On the screen, this voice has no face attached to it. But it affects the rise and fall of stock markets, and it receives an astonishing amount of fan mail. The story of the Voice is a strange, an almost fantastic one.

The Voice belongs to Pete Smith, the chap who is responsible for those "short subjects" which have enjoyed such phenomenal and unexpected success during the past few years, and which are second only to the Walt Disney animated cartoons in popularity at the box-office. You all know the Voice. I want to tell you something about the man, and how he achieved popularity in an almost untried field.

When I first knew Pete Smith, he was head of the M-G-M publicity department; one of the most highly paid publicity experts in this publicity-conscious industry. Stories of Pete's exploits in his own particular field were legion. He had been, in earlier days, an associate of the late Harry Reichenbach, who added so greatly to the gaiety of American newspapers. Why, Pete had practically invented Leo, the M-G-M lion, and it was no one else but Mr. Smith who thought up the stunt of sending Leo on a good will tour round the world. (All the good will accruing, of course, to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

Pete helped to discover and to mould such players as Norma Shearer, Greta Garbo (I've always suspected him of inventing the Garbo "mystery legend" right out of his own head), Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, and goodness knows how many others.

But despite his success and the raises in salary which went with it, Pete, when I first knew him, was not a happy man. He was frustrated. He yearned to direct pictures and no one showed the slightest inclination to encourage him to do any such thing. When talking pictures brought the innovation of "trailers" and Pete found that these were to be entrusted to his department, he took them at once under his own personal wing and worked at supervising and editing them with an enthusiasm which was all out of proportion to their real importance. It wasn't *quite* like directing pictures. But it approached it.

Then, one day, a tragic thing happened. A writer named Joe Farnham had been engaged by the studio to write and be commentator for a series of short subjects which had been "sold" in advance to exhibitors. After he had made one or two and had partly finished another, Farnham became ill and died . . . suddenly. He left the series, of course, incomplete.

"He had been doing such a grand job," Pete told me. "At first everyone thought that he was irreplaceable. But the series had been promised—pledged. They tested everyone they could think of. There were plenty of actors who could talk amusingly. But they couldn't write their own lines. There were any number of writers who could invent amusing comments. But they couldn't 'read' them. They had to find someone who could do both. And he had to know something of film editing, besides."

After weeks of frantic worry, it occurred to someone that Metro had, on its own lot, a man who was known as one of the wittiest after dinner speakers in the country. (His name was Pete Smith.) He certainly could write—and hadn't he been darn well neglecting his regular job to study the art of film editing? Well!!

"The first one they gave me to do was called 'Wild and Woolly,'" Pete recalls. "It certainly was a dandy, for it had to do with a rodeo. Rodeos are difficult to handle—partly because everyone in this sort of business has *done* a rodeo picture—and partly because the action is so fast. However, I tackled it. I thought that if I could do just a fair job with a difficult subject, I might do a good job with an easier one."

He did such a good job with the difficult subject that he was signed to handle the entire series. He is still doing the same sort of thing—and his pictures are rated as among the most important on the M-G-M yearly program.

He is best known, perhaps, for his Sports Shorts (the things which lure *men* into the theaters). But he is best loved, I fancy, for the short reels he has made about animals, from the dog who was hunting for a master to the Papa Racoon who was hunting for food for his babies. He once made a fascinating picture about the home life of a pair of gold fish. And a knockout of a film about carnival acrobats. (Remember the funny horse in that one who was always about to dive into the tank of water, and who finally did?)

But it is Pete's voice—that dry, humorous voice—accompanying these goings-on which makes us enjoy them. When a man's head popped out of a snow drift in Switzerland [*Continued on page* 61]

REVIEWS OF PICTURES

Ray Milland and Wendy Barrie in "Wings Over Honolulu" find the Navy interferes with marriage.

SHALL WE DANCE?

PERFECTLY GRAND ENTERTAINMENT—*RKO*

ANOTHER of the Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers musical movies which, in retrospection, all seem just alike, and well they should as they all have the same formula. But you aren't annoyed by this depressing note while looking at "Shall We Dance" for it, like its predecessors, is gay and breezy and very entertaining, and also like its predecessors is bound to be a hit. The Brothers Gershwin wrote the music and lyrics.

Fred plays a ballet star who falls in love with a night club tap dancer (Ginger, to be sure) and follows her to America with the usual complications that precede a happy ending. The most screamingly funny scene that has been on the screen for many a year can be found in this picture, viz., when Eric Blore, a hotel manager, lands in the Susquehanna jail and tries to explain over the phone to Edward Everett Horton where he is. That is worth many times the price of admission.

Jerome Cowan and Ketti Gallian are excellent in small parts. Harriet Hoctor appears in a beautifully staged ballet number, which will thrill you if you like toe-dancing. Fred and Ginger do a routine on skates, which of course explains very satisfactorily why Ginger wanted to give a skating party.

KID GALAHAD

A "KNOCKOUT" PRIZEFIGHT STORY—*WB*

THERE hasn't been such a swell fight picture since Maxie Baer and Primo Carnero went to town in the prize ring for "The Prizefighter and the Lady"—in fact, if you will pardon the enthusiasm of a lady who loves fists, with gloves on them of course, this is decidedly the best fight picture to date.

Men will go crazy about the boxing sequences, and women will go mad about young Wayne Morris, a big blond guy with definite sex appeal, who makes his screen debut in this picture. Wayne plays a two-fisted bellhop who knocks out a bawdy drunken champion at a party and thereby wins the admiration and attention of Eddie Robinson, a prize ring manager.

Bette Davis, a night club singer and Eddie's girl friend, dubs him Galahad because he doesn't drink or smoke or play around with dames, and the name in time makes fight history, with Kid Galahad climbing right up to the title of champion. Of course the racketeers and gunmen start muscling in and a lot of trickery and hocus pocus goes on, with Humphrey Bogart playing another of his superb gangsters.

There are a whole slue of real fighters thrown in for the ring scenes, including the famous Bob Nestell. Jane Bryan plays the little convent-bred girl with whom the Kid falls madly in love, thereby breaking Bette's heart. Bette and Eddie give swell performances with just enough flash. And as for Wayne Morris—well maybe I won't be so true to Fernand Gravet after all.

WINGS OVER HONOLULU

DOMESTIC LIFE AT A NAVAL AIR BASE—*U*

WENDY BARRIE plays a Southern girl who, on her twentieth birthday, falls romantically in love with Ray Milland, a handsome naval officer, and proceeds to marry him the next day. Ray is stationed in Honolulu where he is one of the most promising of the young aviators, but the strain of matrimonial adjustment pretty nigh ruins his career. But ere all is lost Wendy discovers she can be a navy wife and be happy, too. Giving neat performances in the picture are Kent Taylor as a rich admirer, William Gargan as Ray's flying mate, and Mary Philips as a young navy wife. It's a very pleasant picture and particularly interesting to the young folks.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAIR

IF YOU LIKE MYSTERIES—SEE THIS—*M-G-M*

BAYARD VEILLER'S detective thriller which has caused men to go pale and women to shriek for nigh on to twenty years, now reappears on the screen and is promptly acclaimed the best murder mystery of the month. If you like the who-done-it sort of mystery this is your meat. The creeps and chills are delightfully blood-curdling.

Dame May Whitty, who was so elegant in "Night Must Fall," plays Madame La Grange, the elderly medium of Calcutta, India, who by means of a seance snares the murderer. The very charming English people, all friends and relatives of the Governor, who are suspected of murdering a certain young bounder, are Elissa Landi, Ralph Forbes, Henry Daniell, Janet Beecher, Heather Thatcher and Holmes Herbert.

Madge Evans is lovely as the chief suspect and the fiancee of Thomas Beck, the Governor's son. Good old Lewis Stone represents Scotland Yard so you just know the murderer will be caught.

WOMAN CHASES MAN

THIS WILL DRIVE THOSE BLUES AWAY—*WA*

IT'S DIZZY! It's daffy! It's de-nuts! Which happens to be the Goldwyn publicity on their newest farce, and happens to be the truth. A smart, semi-sophisticated comedy, with a tendency to go slap-stick in the end, it romps along at a right merry speed and everybody has an awful lot of fun—it's especially good for those days when you have Problems. The ring-leaders in this screwy bit of madness are Miriam Hopkins, who can get the most out of a comedy line, and Joel McCrea who gets better and better with every picture. They are aided and abetted in their goofiness by that charming zany, Charlie Winninger, and a new team of comics who ought to go places, Ella Logan and Broderick Crawford.

Joel plays the sane (until he drinks) son of a screwball father, who once was a millionaire. Miriam, an ambitious young architect, and Joel's daffy dad hatch up a plot whereby they can get a hundred thousand dollars out of Joel with which to promote

a housing scheme—and how they go about getting it is something to laugh uproariously about. The Hopkins girl has a rare gift for comedy; she should do one more often.

A STAR IS BORN

You'll Recommend This to Everybody You Meet—*Selznick International*

WELL, if you can't come to Hollywood this year don't fret and fume because Hollywood with all its exciting high spots is waiting for you at the nearest theatre, and in its natural color too. You can see the famous Santa Anita race-track, with the beautiful blue Sierra Mountains in the background; you can see the Academy banquet where the little gold statuettes are given for excellent performances every year, and the Central Casting Bureau, and the interior of a sound stage; you can see the famous Hollywood Bowl where movie stars listen to symphonies under the stars, and the Chinese Theatre on premiere night.

But that's nothing to what you will get out of the story—the best Hollywood story ever written. Janet Gaynor plays a little farm girl who comes to Hollywood, as thousands of little farm girls have done before, to find work in the movies. Through a chance meeting with Norman Maine, a popular star played by Fredric March, she gets an introduction to a big producer (Adolphe Menjou), is given a screen test, and gradually works her way right up to stardom.

She and Freddy fall in love and marry, but as she goes up he, temperamental, drunk, conceited, comes down, which is the unwritten law of Hollywood. When he is ready to reform it is too late. Janet, a new and worldly and glamorous Janet, has the screen role of her career. Freddy is perfect as the movie star on the way down, and hasn't been so charming in years. Grand bits are contributed by Andy Devine as an assistant director, May Robson as a determined grandmother, Lionel Stander as a spiteful press agent and Edgar Kennedy as a hotel manager. It's a picture you won't want to miss.

CAFE METROPOLE

A Gay Little Continental Comedy—*20th Century-Fox*

LORETTA YOUNG and Tyrone Power are teamed together again in this little comedy about love and intrigue and rich Americans in Paris. Adolphe Menjou gives out with another of his suave comedy roles and this time plays the manager of the Cafe Metropole with quite a penchant for gambling. In a casino he attaches a bad check written by a slightly intoxicated Princeton boy, and offers the lad the alternative of going to jail or carrying off a bit of intrigue for him.

So Tyrone becomes a phony Russian Prince Alexis, whose business it is to persuade Loretta, the rich American girl who loves celebrities, to fall in love with him. It all gets very complicated when the real Russian Prince Alexis appears (none other than Gregory Ratoff) and Tyrone develops a conscience, and Charles Winninger, Loretta's wealthy father, becomes irate. But just as you suspected everything is straightened out beautifully, and boy gets girl. The best laughs go to Helen Westley as a very smart old lady who goes in for gangster talk.

NIGHT MUST FALL

A Superb Drama—But Pass It Up If You Prefer Cream-Puff Entertainment—*M-G-M*

THE biggest excitement of the manth as far as the cinema is concerned is Robert Montgomery's break away from the whimsy-boy roles he has been playing, and becoming, of all things, a murderer! Poor Bob has been begging his bosses for years to give him a chance at a real dramatic part, and at last he's got it, and what he does with it ought to get him the Academy Award next spring.

As the baby-faced page boy (Danny) who lives in his imagination to escape the horror of reality, Bob gives a brilliant performance that will be greatly admired by those who love good acting.

Rosalind Russell and Dame May Whitty are superb in their diffiult roles and deserve almost as many raves as Montgomery. Rosalind (in spectacles!) plays with restraint the frustrated Olivia who falls a prey to Danny's peculiar fascination. And Dame May Whitty's characterization of the testy old Mrs. Bramson, destined to be Danny's second victim, drew tremendous applause from the preview audience. Kathleen Harrison and Merle Tottenham, as a couple of cockney maids, supply the few comedy moments. It's an adult picture, and not for the kiddies.

Spencer Tracy with Gladys George and Franchot Tone in "They Gave Him a Gun." (Below) Harry Carey, Wayne Morris, Edward G. Robinson and Kenneth Harlan putting the punch in "Kid Galahad."

THEY GAVE HIM A GUN

No Wonder We're Pacifists—*MGM*

A MOVING and tremendously interesting picture that shows what happens to a weakling when you give him a gun. Uncle Sam gave Franchot Tone, a timid fifteen dollar a week bank clerk, a gun back in 1917 and told him to go out and kill Germans. Franchot fainted from the horror of it. But, gradually, he discovered that a gun in the hand meant power, and at the end of the war he was given all kinds of medals for his wholesale slaughter of Germans.

But, back in New York after the Armistice, he wasn't content to be a bank clerk anymore, he wanted excitement and money and, most of all, he wanted the feeling of power that a gun in his hand gave him. So he became a gangster, and then Uncle Sam wasn't so pleased.

Playing with Franchot in this, the best part he has had to date on the screen, are Spencer Tracy and Gladys George. Spencer plays Franchot's pal in the army who makes a soldier of him and later steps aside so that Franchot is free to marry the woman they both love. Miss George, believing that Spencer is dead, promises to marry Franchot out of sympathy, and once again we have the Triangle. This should have been great drama—this exposure of what war does to the souls of men—but it isn't great. It is just interesting.

Which is too bad.

"The snapshot wouldn't let me forget her"

"I DIDN'T KNOW there was such a person as Betty in the world when I went on my vacation last year. I met her at the Inn, and she was one of the crowd that went around a good deal together during the two weeks.

"Of course some snapshots were taken — one of the fellows shot this of Betty and me on a picnic. When I got back on the job, things seemed pretty flat, somehow. Every little while I'd dig this snapshot out of my pocket — then write Betty another letter.

"The snapshot wouldn't let me forget her. Boy, am I glad right now!"

Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box—Kodak Film—which only Eastman makes.

By far the greater number of snapshots are made on Kodak Verichrome Film because people have found that "it gets the picture"—clear, true, lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome. Don't take chances, use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

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Medicine Show Girl

[*Continued from page* 54]

the oil men had laid. Two forces came to blows. In vain the oil men petitioned the governor for military protection. But they did not give up. They relaid the pipe Brennan destroyed and pushed the line on and ever on toward the distant refinery.

The oil men's contract with the refinery specified that crude oil be delivered by a certain day, or all their labor went for nothing. Now, only three days remained to finish the job and Brennan massed his forces for one final, crushing blow.

Gray with fatigue, harassed by exhausted finances, by treachery in the ranks, by the utter hopelessness of his lost love, Peter stopped at the farm for a few hours rest.

Still he said nothing concerning Sally. He was a proud man. And a stubborn one. It was Grandma who broke the silence.

"Mrs. Doctor Lippincott came back from Harrisburg today. She had news of Sally."

Peter's tired eyes flashed a look of breathless interest, but he kept the silence.

"Seems there was a show in Harrisburg called Bowers Carnival," Grandma went on. "An' Sally was singin' in it. Whole town was talkin' 'bout her. They say she's gettin' to be the most popular singer east and west of the Alleghenies."

Peter rose abruptly. "I'm goin' t' bed, Grandma."

"If I was you, Peter, I'd go after her . . . before she gets used t' doin' without you," said Grandma steadily. "That is," she added, "if you really want her back."

Peter's face twitched, but he only said stubbornly, "Goodnight, Grandma."

A hard man, Grandma thought with a sigh. Strong enough and stubborn enough to conquer the hard rock of his own land and find the wealth nature had hidden beneath. A hard man . . . like his own Grandpa!

A hard man, Sally thought while she slipped into her show dress and daubed rouge and powder on her face. Perhaps he had forgotten her . . . perhaps he never wanted her back!

She would have cried, but to cry was to ruin her makeup and the carnival show waited her appearance. She ran out to the music and the spotlight, singing her rowdy, rollicking songs to a tent packed with strangers.

One of her hearers, a man with a leonine head and extravagantly rich clothing, sought her out. He was a Mr. Barnum who owned the great museum in New York and he wanted Sally to come with him to sing there. The contract was made. She was to go at once with the great Barnum.

Mr. Barnum was waiting. There was just time to catch the train when Molly found Sally in her dressing room. Molly had just learned that Peter was in danger. Brennan was going to attack with a small army and destroy the pipe line. There would be a battle, bloodshed, violent death.

Sally heard her and thought no more about Barnum and the wonderful contract he offered her. She must help Peter!

A great hill stood between the oil men and the refinery. To lay the pipe line around it would take three days and their contract called for delivery of oil by morning. Peter had decided that pipe could be hoisted up the cliff and laid directly across the hill. The frantic little army was driving at it by torchlight, when Brennan's hired thugs attacked.

Brennan's men were armed with long blacksnake whips. They drove on in a compact body, the whips lashing out before them, holding off the oil men who fought with fists and wrenches. The whips were winning the battle and Brennan, watching the fray from his carriage, laughed with increasing gusto at the humor of it.

Then into the bloody fray came charging something Brennan never dreamed of seeing, Bowers Carnival show, horses, wagons, elephants and men who had learned how to fight hard in the hardest school in the world, the circus.

Sally had rallied them. Show folks had to stick together, she cried. She was show folks and her husband and happiness were at stake. After that plea Bowers Carnival rolled on to the fray shouting the classic circus fighting cry, "Hey rube!"

Into Brennan's massed thugs with the deadly whips, Bowers' elephant charged, and, rallied around the elephant, came acrobats, canvas men, teamsters, clowns, dwarfs, snake charmers, contortionists—all the strength of Bowers Carnival.

It was then that Brennan ceased to laugh. He saw his army melt before that charge. He saw its utter ruin. And he saw the oil men return to their labor of laying pipe. With the dawn he saw the pipe line pouring Oil Creek oil into the receiving tanks at the refinery.

In the early morning Bowers Carnival lined out its wagons. Whips cracked. Razorbacks and teamsters shouted. The bull man prodded his charge and the great gray beast trumpeted joyously with upflung trunk. The show was on the march again, hurrying to play a new town.

Sally stood watching it and Peter stood beside her, hungering for her, but silent because he could find no words to tell it.

Suddenly she cried at him the anguish that was in her heart. "You stand there and y' don't say whether y' want me to go or stay!"

Still Peter was dumb.

"I guess y' don't want me to stay—" she said forlornly. He was silent still.

"Peter, say something!"

Slowly Peter held out his arms to her.

"No," Sally cried, "don't try to say anything! Don't climb off your high horse, Peter. I'd stay whether you wanted me to or not!"

Peter found his voice at last.

"I want you to, honey! I want you to!"

So they stood close together in the morning, Peter's arms holding her fast while the circus folks and their wagons vanished in a rolling cloud of dust that turned to gold with the rising sun.

Fictionization of "High, Wide and Handsome." Produced by Arthur Hornblow and directed by Rouben Mamoulian. Original story and screen play by Oscar Hammerstein II. Additional dialogue by George O'Neil.

THE CAST

Sally Watterson	Irene Dunne
Peter Cortlandt	Randolph Scott
Molly	Dorothy Lamour
Doc Watterson	Raymond Walburn
Red Smith	Charles Bickford
Grandma Cortlandt	Elizabeth Patterson
Mac	William Frawley
Veresi	Akim Tamiroff
Samuel	Ben Blue
Brennan	Alan Hale
Zeke Smith	Stanley Andrews
Gabby Johnson	Frank Sully
Boy	Tommy Bupp
Mrs. Lippincott	Helen Lowell
Mr. Lippincott	Lucien Littlefield
Mr. Stark	Irving Pichel

Talking His Way To Fame

[*Continued from page* 56]

and Pete's voice said, "Hull-oa!" the audience roared. You and you and I knew that Pete wasn't in Switzerland when that head-popping-out episode occurred.

"How can you *time* those things?" I wanted to know.

"It's really quite simple. The film is shot first with a script, of sorts, and a director. Usually there are about five thousand feet and I cut them to about nine hundred. I try to select the high lights. When I have it 'down to length,' I have it run in the projection room and I watch it, with a stop watch in my hand. I never look at the film again. I sit at my desk, write my comments, read them aloud (still with the stop watch, of course). Then I make a sound track of my voice with my comments. It's simple!"

Well, if that is Pete's idea of something simple, then I'd hate to hear his notions of something complicated. But just here he threw me completely off balance.

"I never could have done it at all," he assured me, "if I hadn't learned to be a trap drummer when I was a kid at a boys' camp. That was what taught me timing. No one knows timing as well as a real trap drummer. My first 'traps,' I might add, were a couple of kettles I swiped from the camp cook. . . ."

Pete's favorite pictures (of his own) I learned, were the ones about animals. Suddenly I recalled that years ago while he was still a press agent, he lured me into a projection room at the studio to look at a picture. "The leading man is going to be one of our biggest romantic box-office attractions, I betcha," quoth Pete. "Besides," he said, pleadingly, "there are some swell shots of horses running!"

I recall that I enjoyed the shots of the horses running but that I was a trifle lukewarm about the coming, romantic box-office attraction. *His* name was Clark Gable, and that just shows you how much more Pete Smith knew about actors and the show business than I did. Clark had not begun to show the easy charm, the finesse, the poise which characterize him today. But Pete could see his possibilities.

You see, Pete spent so many years seeing the possibilities of other people and selling them to the public, that there is something ironic in his position just now. I saw a letter which he received from a girl in a convent in Switzerland.

How the stars keep in trim. Deanna Durbin, popular motion picture actress, practising Hi-Li, the current craze.

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"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into every tiny hidden crevice between your teeth . . . emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that *cause* most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—gives new brilliance to your smile!"

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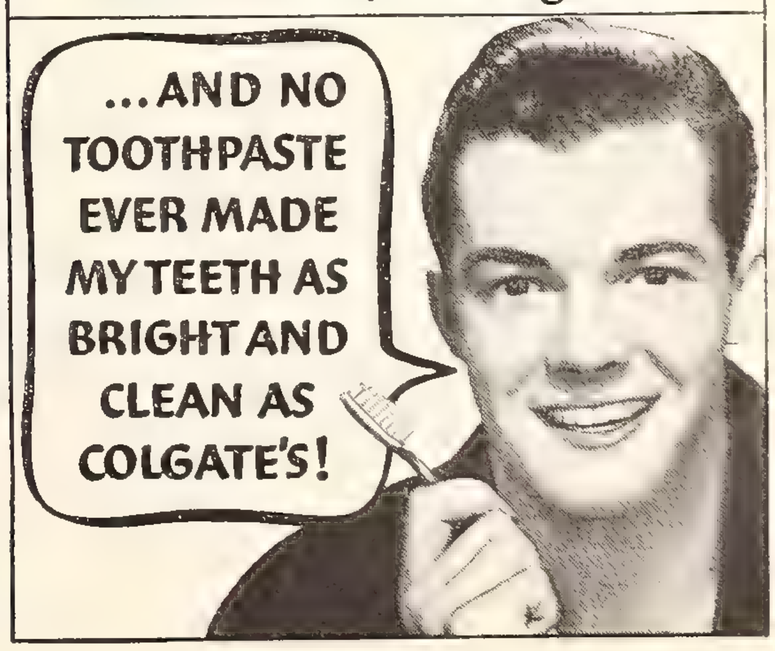

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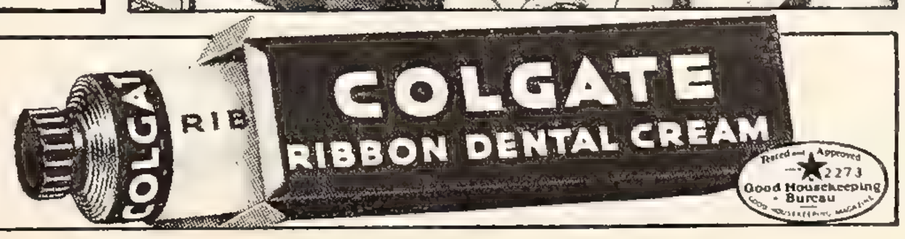

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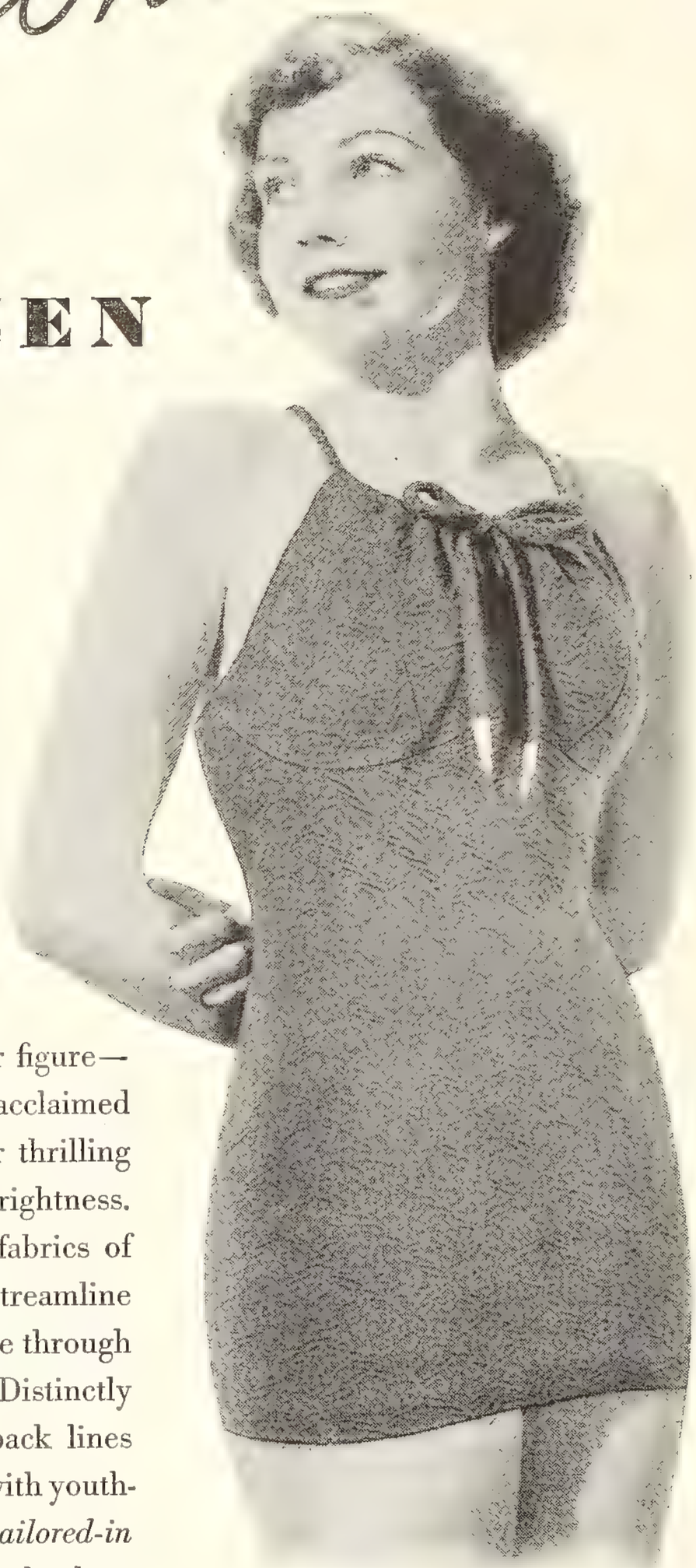
JANTZEN



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JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS, Dept. 392, Portland, Oregon . . . Send me style folder in color featuring new 1937 models.
WOMEN'S ☐ MEN'S ☐

Name
Street City

"Dear Mr. Smith:" it said. "Do help me win my wager with my schoolmates! I have said that I knew you looked just like James Cagney. . . ."

Pete sent her an autographed photograph with an apology. "So sorry you do not win your wager. . . ."

Pete doesn't look a bit like James Cagney. But he has something . . . perhaps something more important than the Cagney face. Pete has a voice which registers with no face to go with it at all—the Voice behind those pictures, and the brain to plan them. The enthusiasm which helped to "sell" Leo and numbers of potential actors to a bored Press lends him power now to make pictures of trained seals or tired baseball players seem important to us all.

For the people who insist upon knowing what Pete looks like—here goes. He looks like a slightly younger, rather smaller edition of Victor Moore. When you first meet him you think: "Here is a mild, intelligent man."

Well, you are half wrong there. Intelligent he certainly is. But—mild? That apparently colorless, soft-spoken gentleman can toss velvet, barbed darts in an after dinner speech which will make most of the customers roar and one or two of them squirm—most excruciatingly.

Aside from that, he has been happily married for a long time. He has an almost grown son who is named for Douglas Fairbanks, senior. (The reasons for that go back into film history. But, so does Pete.) He likes golf and can generally give Old Man Par a licking, even in contests which include our local luminaries, Dick Arlen and Bing Crosby. Pete has a trophy room in his house with lots of trophies in it.

But—his tastes in private life are simple. His selections of his subjects for motion pictures are simple, as is his treatment of them. Maybe that is why we all like them—and perhaps it is why he is phenomenally successful with them, where other men have failed!

Head Man of the Air Waves

[*Continued from page 23*]

unless you can call almost perfect diction a dialect.

No, Jack relies on nothing but his matter-of-fact, conversational tone of delivery to get his laughs. *That* and a marvelous sense of timing. The definition of "timing" is a subject that has been discussed and argued pro and con probably more than any other one point of comedy technique. However, all definitions boil down to the same thing. It is the manner of delivery by which a master of "timing" can produce a belly-laugh instead of a mild chuckle out of a very ordinary gag. That about sums it up. Naturally, all comedians who are worth their salt must have a certain sense of timing, but only one in a hundred possess it to such a finely marked degree as Jack Benny. That's why Jack can take the most mediocre line and make it sound excruciatingly funny. It's like the timing of a boxer's punch, only instead of hitting you on the jaw-bone, Senor Benny smites you on your funny-bone.

Take the matter of Jack's voice, his stock in trade, one might say. Where so many comedians have to resort to synthetic foreign dialects or some other form of vocal affectation (especially those who kill themselves with their own gags), Jack's chief charm lies in the quiet, unruffled manner in which he puts over his best punch lines. He seldom, if ever, raises his voice. And it comes as a very definite relief after hearing the laugh-getting tactics employed by some

of our very best (?) gagsters. You've heard them, those priceless wits who have a violent case of hysterics before, during, and after the telling of their own jokes.

And so, in a nutshell, that has been the rise of Jack Benny, Public Comedian Number One. His has been no sudden overnight rise to fame and popularity but rather a long, gradual climb which, after all, is the surest way to achieve anything worth while.

He lives quietly in Beverly Hills with his wife, Mary Livingston, who, by the way, is a comedienne of no mean ability herself, and between pictures makes sporadic forays on New York for a few radio programs. He shuns all forms of violent exercise like the plague, his favorite sport being to watch the nags run themselves into a lather out at Santa Anita, where his unerring ability to judge horseflesh sometimes nets him the staggering sum of four or five dollars clear profit. He staunchly denies being superstitious but always whips out his own cigar lighter when anyone offers him the third light from a match. "You know how those things are," he says, "why take foolhardy risks?"

And if you should happen to want to find Jack Benny and he's in New York at the time, you can most likely find him at the Friars Club placidly devouring a large plate of cold asparagus. Or, if he's in Hollywood, first take a peek into the studio cafeteria where, in all probability, you can also find him placidly devouring a large plate of cold asparagus.

Footlight Secrets

[*Continued from page 27*]

"Mugging" is a legitimate device of expression that has been turned to illegitimate use. It is the act of screwing-up the features into an expression, usually comical, to draw a laugh. Wallace Beery, Joe E. Brown, Edward G. Robinson, Bert Lahr, Groucho Marx, Jimmy Durante, Ned Sparks—all of these are legitimate "muggers," and so also is Ed Wynn. But when a Simone Simon, in reel after reel, turns up with a pout, then "mugging" has been compromised, and the performer injured by it. Eleanor Powell's recent habit of dancing with her mouth open, while not "mugging," is a facial liability that movie fans are commenting upon, more and more unfavorably. If she were in vaudeville, the unfavorable reaction would be carried backstage to her immediately. As it is, she probably is not even conscious that she's doing anything wrong, from the standpoint of performance.

"Over-playing" is purely in the eye of the beholder. Personally, I think that Luise Rainer overacts, almost to the point of "hamminess," but audiences approve of it. Paul Muni, to me, frequently is guilty of over-playing; Dick Powell, at times, to me is sickeningly "cute"—but if the audiences approve, what is one still negative in the wilderness of approval?

This article, in which I've gotten a lot of things off my chest which have been congesting there for some years, is a study of vaudeville, from the two-a-day of the Palace to the four-and-five-a-day of its successors. It will perhaps clarify in your mind some of the things which you have read but not completely understood. Certainly it should give you a much broader knowledge of performers and the things they do, and it should add to your appreciation of pictures and players. The next time you see the heroine twist her leading man out of position, so that you see only his back and her face staring directly into the camera, you'll understand that in her own sweet, feminine way she is an old Virginia "ham," and if you'll ransack her professional background, it's 10 to 1 that she learned it in

In spite of her daily bath she's an UNDERARM VICTIM!

EVERY day she makes the same mistake. She expects the bath she takes at 8 o'clock in the morning to protect her from underarm perspiration odor at 3 o'clock in the afternoon!

It can't be done. All a bath can do is to wash away the traces of *past* perspiration. It cannot prevent perspiration odor from cropping out later in the day. A bath works backwards; never forwards.

You cannot count on your daily bath to keep your underarms fresh, free from odor longer than an hour or two.

It takes more than soap and water to do that; it takes *special* care.

You can give your underarms this special care in just half a minute. With Mum!

Mum takes care of you all day. Smooth a quick fingertipful of Mum under each arm and you're safe for *that* day, no matter how long and strenuous it is.

No trouble to use Mum. You waste no time in using Mum. And when it's on, you're through. No fuss of waiting and rinsing off.

Harmless to clothing. Mum has been awarded the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics. So don't worry — if you forget to use it before you dress, just use it afterwards.

Soothing to sensitive skin. Mum is so cooling and soothing you can use it right after shaving the underarms. How women appreciate this!

Does not prevent natural perspiration. Mum does just what you want it to do—prevents the ugly odor of perspiration and not the perspiration itself.

Don't be an *underarm victim!* Depend upon the daily Mum habit as the quick, easy, sure way to avoid repellent underarm odor. Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York City.

USE MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO. Mum daily gives to countless women comforting assurance that they cannot offend.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

two-a-day vaudeville, where the smell of uncured ham never left the premises.

Vaudeville today, I think, is brisker and faster and just as satisfying. Certainly it is capable of serving as a talent index for Hollywood producers, because, as I've said over and over again, an act that clicks in vaudeville in the sock manner will click in pictures. The Marx brothers, testing out the jokes they will use in their next picture by touring in vaudeville to get an immediate judgment, will reap rich dividends. In the first place, there is no clinic like vaudeville in which to get the true "timing" of a joke or a bit of business. There are lots of ways in which to tell a joke, but unless the punch-line of the joke is "timed" right, the joke loses effect. In picture-making, the "timing" of a gag is of terrific importance because they have to guess at the extent of the laughter in the audience. If they guess wrong, and the laugh is bigger than they expected, it will obscure the following lines of dialogue.

There was only one way in which to find out: the Marx brothers, graduates of vaudeville, went back for 140 performances in six cities to try out the jokes for "A Day At the Races." Things that they thought were funny didn't even get a snicker from vaudeville patrons; jokes which seemed average were responsible for yells of laughter. In at least ten jokes, they learned that the substitution of one word for another did the trick. And before they had concluded the vaudeville experiment, they knew exactly what to expect from every joke and every situation. The "timing" had been reduced to almost a mathematical certainty.

So I say to the rest of Hollywood: go thou and do likewise, because the verdict of vaudeville outweighs any other verdict, and you can go to sleep on it, once it has been rendered.

That Passion for Things

[*Continued from page* 21]

of them—dictionaries, thesauruses, and volumes of wit and humor.

Jean Harlow and Eleanor Powell collect old phonograph records as a hobby. Jean, also, goes in strong for botany and her knowledge of flowers and the like is pretty thorough. Her collection of cacti is complete.

Robert Taylor has just begun collecting cacti, too. In his garden he has planted more than a score-and-ten of species he himself gathered on a recent trip to the desert.

Madge Evans is busily collecting elephants! But do not be alarmed—they are only toy ones. She has more than 200 to date, ranging from "baby" size to "he-man" proportions.

Porter Hall collects old Spanish furniture, while Clyde Cook collects old shoes worn by different stars in different productions. Doris Lloyd is another "elephant fan," but she collects only ivory ones with the trunk up because, according to an old Chinese superstition, they bring good luck. Fay Holden confesses that she is probably the only feminine player in Hollywood who collects models of ships.

All three of the Marx Brothers collect scripts of the pictures they star in. Why? Well, here's what they say, anyway:

Groucho: "I always like to read the script carefully afterwards, just to see what the plot was!"

Chico: "I have to prove to my wife where I was every day for the past six weeks!"

And Harpo: "Some day if I ever have any little kiddies, I want to have something so I can prove to them that their dear old

Daddy appeared in a lot of pictures without ever having said a word!"

May Robson is an ardent collector of poetry. Also of wild flowers, and she has nearly every variety growing in her garden.

Charles Grapewin collects wood! He has a room in his home inlaid in wood by himself as a hobby. It contains 20,000 pieces, and 105 different kinds of wood!

But Chester Morris's collection is about as odd as they come—he collects finger-prints! He already has prints of most of his friends and acquaintances in Hollywood, which will be used to start a unique frieze around the wall of his playroom.

Then, of course, there are the stamp collectors! Possibly the least publicized, yet most prevalent hobby among Hollywood's stars is that of philately. Almost all of screendom's great collect, for themselves, for their children, or for friends, stamps from the envelopes on the fan mail which they receive from all over the world.

Glamorous Marlene Dietrich is one of the most avid of the collectors. She is saving the stamps in an extensive collection for her daughter, Maria.

Bing Crosby and his two brothers, Everett and Larry, who work in his Paramount studio office, all collect stamps for their respective offspring. Bing's mail, which scales around 500 letters daily, comes from every port of the world. In a single day's collection were letters from England, Ireland, China, Australia, New Zealand, Malta, Straights Settlements, Spain, Argentina, Brazil, Chile, France, Italy, Hungary and a dozen other foreign countries.

George Burns and Gracie Allen have just started a collection for their little adopted daughter, Sandra Jean. Both are astonished at the foreign mail they receive, which indicates that Gracie's insane chatter is as popular abroad as it is in this country.

Toby Wing boasts an extensive collection of South American stamps of various denominations from the numerous countries there. Toby is rated one of the screen's most popular players in the southern republics, the fans of which are continually addressing impassioned letters to her.

Sylvia Sidney specializes in Oriental stamps. She is Japan's favorite star, and receives innumerable letters from Japan, China, Siam and other Asiatic countries.

All the stars receive requests from various fans of theirs for foreign stamps, but usually they have so many requests from studio workers that they are unable to fill the "orders."

But Jack Oakie probably has the most romantic collection of all—he collects valentines from old sweethearts, friends and palsie-walsies!

Coronation of Movie Majesties

[*Continued from page* 17]

hand when she wears it. It is rumored that when he gave it to her he also added, "I trust it is vulgar enough." And it is also rumored that several days later Carole Lombard (the ex-Mrs. William Powell) announced that she was selling out her star sapphire collection as star sapphires were becoming passe.

But on with the Bests.—"The Best Mixer" goes definitely to Clark Gable, who is a swell person and without any of those *chichi* affectations that cinema idols invariably acquire with popularity. Clark is considered a good sport by the newspaper fraternity, who are always on his side when any controversy arises. He is just as popular with the publicity people in his studio (most actors think it smart to snub the publicity department as soon as they've had

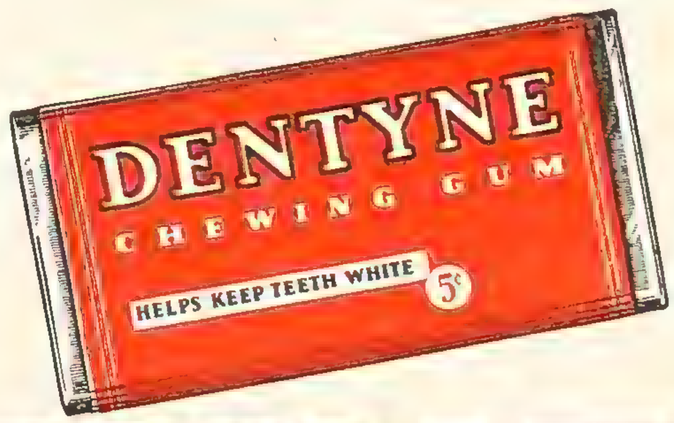
That south sea island smile

Island belle with the famed beauty of the South Seas—how much of her charm lies in the gleaming perfection of her smile! Her teeth are kept beautifully sound and white by healthful exercise on rough, primitive fare.

The foods of civilization are softer, more refined—they furnish teeth and gums with too little exercise.

WE CIVILIZED FOLK NEED DENTYNE! It works in Nature's own way to help keep teeth sound and white. Dentyne's specially firm consistency invites vigorous, healthful chewing-exercise. It stimulates circulation in gums and mouth-tissues — polishes — cleanses. Helps keep your mouth healthy — teeth white.

ITS FLAVOR'S A TREAT! Spicy yet smooth — taste it and you'll know at once why it's so popular! Notice the fashionably flat shape of the package (exclusive Dentyne feature)—just right to carry in pocket or handbag.



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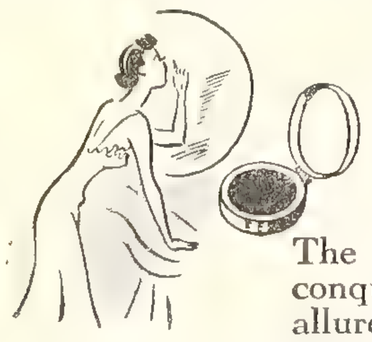
Don't be a Wash-out!

SAYS Jane Heath

Never again should you come out of the surf looking less than lovely! (LASHTINT LIQUID MASCARA is the secret of summer sirens!) There'll be no more streaky cheeks or pale, sun-bleached lashes —*this* mascara is *really water-proof!* It never cracks or flakes, and looks completely soft and natural. Comes in black, brown, blue or green. $1.



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Please send me, free, your booklet on eye beauty, and a personal coloring plan for my complexion.

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a salary raise), and is fairly worshipped by the grips, juicers, prop boys and the "little people" who work with him.

When he goes on one of his dangerous mountain lion hunts, or fishing trips, it is usually one of the technicians he takes with him. On the other hand, you can well imagine that he is the Dream Boy of every Hollywood hostess who will go to any lengths to snare him for a party. He is just as much at home in white tie and tails at the Trocadero, with the "society set" in Hollywood, as he is with his feet up on the table in the back room of a newspaper office.

If you wish to get more technical about that term "the best mixer" I have awards for both W. C. Fields and William Powell. Both those boys can throw into a cocktail shaker everything but the kitchen sink and produce a form of nectar and ambrosia that would have driven the gods on Mount Olympus green with envy.

"The Best Allure" I suppose will have to go to Marlene Dietrich as it seems to be sort of a consensus of opinion that she can't act, but, heavens, how she can look! The Dietrich legs are famous the world over, and Marlene was never one to hide them in an emergency. And, of course, you know that "allure" (which is a polite way of saying sex) is the highest paid commodity in Hollywood. Bette Davis can act rings around Marlene any day (can you imagine Marlene playing Mildred in "Of Human Bondage"?) but when pay day comes it is Marlene, and not Bette, who cashes in on the big dough. Despite all the fine talk about Tyrone Power and Robert Taylor it is still Mr. Gable who seems to have the best sex appeal.

Bing Crosby should step right up and get the award for having the best radio personality. As casual as an old piece of calico Bing goes on week after week and people never seem to get the least bit bored with him or his programs. Of course Jack Benny's time rates higher according to to Crosley, or whatever that thing is that radio people are always fussing over, but even though Jack has made a few pictures he is still considered one of the radio gang and not one of the movie folks—so Bing gets it.

The Best Art Collection goes to those rowdy G-Men (ex-gangsters), the Messieurs Eddie Robinson and Jimmy Cagney who have the tender souls of artists even though they have the fists of bold bad he-men. Eddie and Jimmy go for art in a big way—they even buy it.

The prettiest of the Hollywood stars I should say is Olivia de Havilland, who has such lovely even features that it is a pleasure to look at her. Hers is the beauty of youth, freshness, and perfect lines. But it is (and this may knock you out of your seats) Luise Rainer who gets the award for being the most beautiful star in Hollywood. Luise, with straggly hair, and wild young eyes, no make-up and certainly no false lashes. Luise has a peculiar quality in her face (surely you noticed this in "The Good Earth") which reflects a fine mind. There is nothing mobile about the Rainer mind, and she definitely shows it in her face. Now, of course, we could spend hours quibbling over beauty awards, and I have other things to do, such as catching a train, so lets just call Luise Rainer the best "mental beauty" in Hollywood and let it go at that. Now can I go home?

Projections—Alice Faye

[*Continued from page* 31]

dancing away for twenty-five dollars a week in a night club, Alice had wanted a mink coat. The prima donna of the show always wore a mink coat and to Alice that was a sign of success—just to swish about in a mink coat, ah, that was indeed heaven. So a few flop pictures and Alice bought her mink coat (you'd be surprised how many movie stars buy their own mink coats) and left for New York as quickly as possible to show it off to Broadway.

The most embarrassing day of her life was the day she fell flat on her face right in front of Darryl Zanuck. Mr. Zanuck is Alice's boss and Alice was all for making a good impression when she saw him and a party of his friends come on to the set where she was doing a dance number for "The King of Burlesque." But of course her slipper would come unlaced just at that critical moment, and she stepped on the

Wide World

Clark Gable, Myrna Loy and Jean Harlow watch Lionel Barrymore cut the cake celebrating his fifty-ninth birthday.

lace and went into a complete sprawl. Zanuck has been on Alice's sets four times since she came to Twentieth Century, and Alice has taken four beautiful falls since she came to Twentieth Century, which strangely enough coincided with Mr. Zanuck's visits. Maybe, with all her pride and I-don't-careness she has a definite boss-complex. "After the fourth time," said Alice, "he stopped coming. I guess he was afraid I'd break my leg."

The Faye-Zanuck feud of a year ago was quite exciting while it lasted. Alice asked for a vacation, and Mr. Zanuck through a mouth-piece said No. So Alice got her dander up and wrote Mr. Zanuck a letter in which she told him just what she thought of him and of his pictures and who did he think he was anyway. A week later she met him at a party and he smiled sweetly. "Didn't you get my letter?" snapped Alice still feeling very Irish and belligerent. "Yes," said Mr. Zanuck, "I made a short out of it." Well, that broke Alice up, she burst out laughing and has been laughing ever since. Months and months afterwards she received a letter from Mr. Zanuck. It was after the preview of "On the Avenue" and he wanted to tell her how good he thought she was.

Alice changed her name to Faye when she first started dancing in the night clubs of New York. Frank Faye was making quite a name for himself then at the Palace and Alice thought Faye would be a lucky name for her. It certainly was. She has never had a voice lesson in her life. She can't even read music but she's got rhythm and whatever it takes to put a song over. The song-writers at the studio describe her voice as a "natural, low contralto voice," and adore working with her because she isn't the least bit fussy, and can always put more into a song than they realized was there.

When she first came to Hollywood she dodged newspaper reporters and fan writers because all they ever asked her was about her "love life" with Rudy Vallee. When she said it was only friendship, they said Bah, and so she just wouldn't see the Press. (P.S. It seems it was only friendship after all.) Alice likes young men, lots of them, and has been seen at the Trocadero with nearly every eligible young actor in Hollywood, including Tyrone Power, Mike Whalen and Tony Martin. "When I was fifteen," said Alice, "I didn't want to go to bed at night because I was afraid I would miss something. But now, I'm only too glad to go to bed at ten o'clock, just like everybody else who works in pictures."

Now that she feels that Hollywood likes her, and the public wants her, Alice has decided on a Career. She is improving herself by watching the performances of other stars. Instead of going to the Troc every night she now goes to a neighborhood playhouse, and sees both features; she is probably the only person in Hollywood who approves of the double bill. She doesn't mind if you criticise her, but you must do it privately. She can't stand being bawled out in front of people. She either cries or pouts for hours. When she gets very mad she throws things—as a certain director can testify. But unless she is being "nagged at" she is the gayest person on the set. She is the pride and joy of the Ritz Brothers, and probably the only actress, except Carole Lombard, who can hold her own with them. She has a charming mother who never mixes in Alice's studio life—in fact Mrs. Faye is the most self-effacing of the Hollywood mothers, but you have a feeling just the same that she is keeping check on Alice. Mrs. Power, Tyrone's mother, is one of Alice's best friends in Hollywood, and when asked for a short description of Alice Faye she said, "Alice is so definitely what she is." Which is one of the greatest compliments you can pay a Hollywood celebrity.

Janet Gaynor as she appears in "A Star is Born"

"It Could Happen to YOU!"

THE very heart and soul of Hollywood is spoken in those few words . . . words that have brought a thousand Cinderellas to Hollywood and made stars of them.

Elizabeth Arden has used her Screen and Stage Make-Up in David O. Selznick's revealing story of "A Star is Born" to dramatize truly the transformation of grey Esther Blodgett (Janet Gaynor) into glamorous Vicki Lester (Janet Gaynor).

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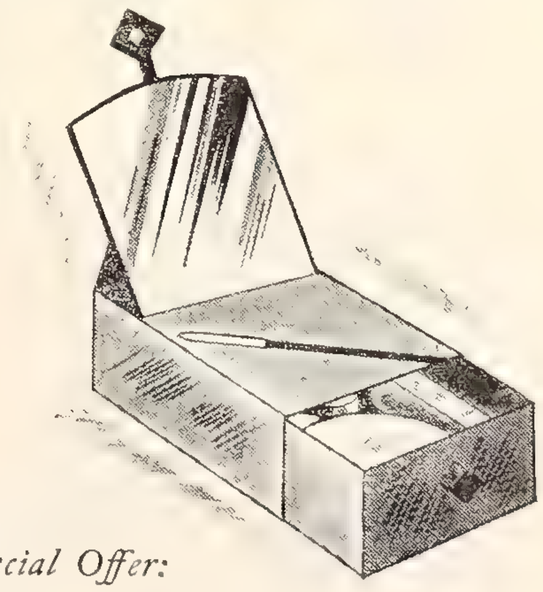
So successful have the stars found the new Elizabeth Arden Technicolor make-up for the screen that they have taken it up in private life, creating a vogue for the subtle coloring offered only by Elizabeth Arden.



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Buyers of any $5 combination of Elizabeth Arden Screen and Stage Make-Up preparations will receive free one handsome, mirrored make-up kit as illustrated above, and similar to those used by Hollywood stars.

Every star . . . every movie fan . . . *every woman* who ever dreamed to possess glamour, may share in the discovery of Screen and Stage Make-Up by Elizabeth Arden . . . that they may find, thrill and believe in their own beauty, and like the people of stage and screen, live the days and nights of their private lives in rich fulfillment.

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by

Elizabeth Arden

Starlike

Yes, Catalinas are "starlike," for each one is styled and named for an outstanding Hollywood star.

This sparkling zephyr wool seersucker was designed and named for Warner Bros.' foremost dramatic actress, Kay Francis.

Be like the stars! Swim in a Catalina!

Style 4610. At better stores everywhere, or write, giving weight and choice of color. Retail price $6.00

Or send for illustrated booklet of latest CATALINA Styles . . . from $5.00

PACIFIC KNITTING MILLS
443 SO. SAN PEDRO ST., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Acme

At the premiere of "A Star Is Born," the director, William Wellman, and the producer, David O. Selznick, escorted Janet Gaynor, a very happy girl.

Razzing Hollywood Bunk

[*Continued from page* 19]

ardently on the screen and the audience will laugh? Why? Because too much emphasis on love makes it ridiculous; a fact which modern movie-goers recognize instantly and automatically.

How much more ridiculous, then, are the sugary reports originating in Hollywood and published all over the country, that Mr. Star and Miss Starlet have been seen holding hands and splitting a bottle of Worchester sauce in the Brown Derby, the Vendome or at Levy's Tavern? The report may run from a paragraph to a couple of sticks of type in length, but it always ends approximately as follows:—(Quote)

"'Miss Starlet, is the report true that you are planning to elope to Yuma with Mr. Star in the near future?'

"'Oh, no! Mr. Star and I are very much interested in each other, but we are just good friends, that's all,' laughingly replied Miss Starlet." (End quote.)

I don't know. I guess it's the laughing reply that gets me down and makes me want to crawl into a deep, dark cave. I like Southern California, even though its climate doesn't always live up to its advance notices, and I am genuinely interested in the picture business; but there are some things about Hollywood that lay me low. The "laughing reply," combined with the "just good friends" gag, tacked onto an account of the gastronomical intercourse of a couple of astronomical movie innocents is one of those things; and I'll bet money (but not much) that there are millions of other readers of the movie columns who feel as I do.

We asked earlier in this paper who was to blame for the type of buncombe turned out under the heading of picture publicity? Your first guess, if you attempted to answer that question, probably would be: "The publicity directors of the Hollywood studios." But you would be wrong. I happen to know a number of the ladies and gentlemen who direct the publicity for the major studios, and a more honest, intelligent and bunk-less lot of individuals I never have met anywhere. Your second guess would be: "The newspaper reporters who print the items about Hollywood celebrities." Again you would be wrong. The hard-working men and women of the press are not to blame for the deluge of drivel that pours out of this City of The Angels. Then who is at fault in this national outburst of inanity?

I am, my friends. And you are. We who read the papers and the magazines, we who form the audiences that crowd the movie theatres of the world, we, who are most interested in the Hollywood product and in Hollywood personalities, are the ones who are most to blame for the absurdities and the downright falsehoods that are handed to us daily *because the Hollywood authorities think that such absurdities and falsehoods are what we want.*

The moment, the instant that the great American movie-going public rises up and says to Hollywood:—"Stop this childish drivel and give us the truth about the stars we have made rich and successful and famous!"—that instant, Hollywood will do what America asks, do it gladly and with a sigh of relief that the day of hokum is over. I suggest to the readers of this magazine that they be the first to protest directly against the saccharine tripe that is now handed to them as motion picture publicity. I know that the Editor of SILVER SCREEN would welcome such a protest. That's one reason I am writing articles for him; because he has invited me to speak my mind about the particular kind of bunk that exists in Hollywood, as distinguished from the bunk that exists everywhere.

Frequently in the past I have been asked by friends who never have visited the Movie Capital: "Aren't those picture stars a sort of queer bunch of people?" My answer has been that they are no queerer, generally speaking, than bankers, artists, iron-workers, house-painters or flagpole-sitters. Still, I am aware that this impression of Hollywood "queerness" persists. Why does it? Isn't it due partly, at least, to the type of reading matter that is offered to the public as intimate data about the stars?

If groups of stone masons or motor-car executives were similarly reported in the press they, too, would be thought queer. Suppose that you, the reader, picked up your morning paper and saw listed on the society page items informing you that the President of your Bank had been observed romantically buying a hamburger for the President of your Women's Club at the Chamber of Commerce Picnic; that the Manager of your local Insurance Company was sending a daily corsage of petunias to his favorite Girl Scout; that the head of your leading Department Store loved to lounge around his office (when there were no ladies present) with his pants off; that the Secretary of the Junior League had decided to let her eyebrows grow out and was learning to play "Home, Sweet Home" on

a musical saw; that your grocer was sending a daily bunch of carrots to the blond waitress in the Busy Bee Lunch Room; that the Chief of your Fire Department was wearing a rose in his buttonhole to match his helmet; that your butcher was a secret vegetarian; that your plumber gave his wife a silver monkey-wrench for her birthday and that Mrs. Smith-Jones, President of the Garden Club, had laughingly stated that her interest in the iceman was not love, but admiration for his art.

You would conclude that your community had gone mildly mad, and doubtless you would begin to question your own sanity. Yet if you will turn to the movie-gossip column in your own home paper you will find items just as silly and just as unintentionally laughable as those I have paraphrased above.

The stars of Hollywood, with a few inevitable exceptions, are neither fools nor angels. I am thinking, as I write this, of the actors and actresses whom I see frequently or occasionally on the courts and in the lounge of the tennis club of which I happen to be a member.

These representative picture players include Freddie March, Michael Bartlett, Errol Flynn, Lily Damita, Virginia Bruce, Claudette Colbert, Wendy Barrie, Cesar Romero Simone Simon, Marian Marsh, George Murphy, Edmund Lowe, Roland Gilbert, Melvyn Douglas, Heather Angel, Inez Courtney, Johnny Weissmuller, Frank Morgan, Nigel Bruce, Alexander D'Arcy, Weldon Hayburn, Frank Shields, Paulette Goddard, Constance Bennett and others who are at the top or approaching the top of the road to movie success. Some of these men and women I know well, some I know only slightly, some I know not at all; but I have had an opportunity to observe them all. I don't pretend that to watch a person playing tennis, or to play tennis with or against that person, is a profound method of approach to his or her character. But I will say that I have yet to notice any difference, in human quality, between these Hollywood celebrities and any other group of people observed under like circumstances; except that the former are handsomer, and on the whole seem healthier and happier than most of their contemporaries.

None of them wears a halo (at least when playing tennis) and none of them deserves to wear a foolscap. Why, then, should they be subjected to the sort of advertising that praises them as divinities and then proceeds to make dunces out of them?

Maybe I'm wrong, but I believe that America is tired of this abortive glorification of its screen entertainers, which results actually in their belittlement. I think the time has come to put an end to the bunk that comes to us disguised as news from Hollywood.

What do you think, ladies and gentlemen?

Charlie Chan Reveals

[*Continued from page* 55]

and devoted of animals, as I can testify personally, having been presented with two of Shags' children. We take them up with us and the whole family has a delirious romp on the beach as a prelude to luncheon. Warner throws stones far out in the water, and they dash out in full cry after them. Edith can throw a stone further and straighter than any woman you ever saw. Both the Olands have their dip every morning, no matter what the weather.

On Sundays, we listen to the broadcast of the New York Philharmonic orchestra. The household, including Matilda, the Swedish cook; Milton, the amiable chauf-

New Non-Greasy Cream Vanishes Instantly and Checks Perspiration!

NOW, at last, there is a cream deodorant that is absolutely non-greasy. And checks perspiration immediately!

Just apply Odorono Ice with your finger tips, night or morning. In no time, it is *completely absorbed*, leaving no grease to make your underarm or your clothes messy.

A single application keeps your underarm odorless and perfectly *dry* for 1 to 3 days! And Odorono Ice leaves no odor of its own to betray you to other people. Its own clean, fresh odor of pure alcohol disappears at once.

Odorono Ice is made on a totally new principle. Its light, melting texture is entirely different—refreshing and cooling on your skin. And unlike ordinary creams, it frees you not only from odor, but from all dampness.

This means you need never again worry about ruining your lovely frocks. You'll save on both clothes and cleaner's bills.

Odorono Ice is so easy and pleasant to use, so dainty and so wonderfully effective that 80 per cent of the women who have tried it prefer it to any other deodorant they have ever used! Buy a jar tomorrow. 35¢ at all Toilet-Goods Departments.

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

* ODO-RO-NO ICE
NON-GREASY

SEND 10¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY JAR

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 7-S-7*, 191 Hudson St., New York City
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I enclose 10¢ (15¢ in Canada) to cover cost of postage and packing for generous introductory jar of Odorono Ice.

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Address_____

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The DAILY BEAUTY RULE of Smart Women

SECRET OF A LOVELY BODY

1—CLEANSE...lather gently but thoroughly.
2—STIMULATE... with soft-textured towel.
3—SOFTEN and PROTECT... with generous powdering of MAVIS, the beauty talcum.

NEW BEAUTY IN 10 DAYS

Do this every day for ten days. You will be thrilled with the difference in your skin! MAVIS keeps skin soft, youthful, alluring.

FINER THAN MOST FACE POWDERS

MAVIS spreads evenly—clings for hours—leaves a bewitching fragrance that *lasts!* Keeps you free from perspiration odor. Safeguards *feminine daintiness*. Protects fine underthings. Cools, soothes, refreshes.

FREE Generous size trial package of MAVIS TALCUM. Write to Vivaudou, Dept. 90, Long Island City, N. Y. This offer not good after July 25, 1937. Get your FREE MAVIS now!

feur; Belle, the Scotch maid; Miss Ryan, the secretary, and the two Mexican gardeners, are all devoted to music, and it is not unusual for the Olands to take the group, en masse, to a concert in town.

If the orchestra happens to play any of Warner's favorite Bach, he is in a transport of delight. He loves the majestic swell of the music mingled with the crash and thunder of the waves on the beach. If he is wakeful at night, he plays symphonic records for hours. He has solved the midnight-lunch problem neatly, too. It is an early-to-bed household, and not wishing to rouse anyone during his late forages, Warner cleared out a shelf in his wardrobe, stocked it with tins of Swedish delicacies—and there you are: the moon high over the ocean, a Bach fugue on the phonograph, and Warner out on the deck in his pyjamas with a tin of Swedish sardines in hand—perfect bliss.

The detachment which characterizes Warner on first impression, the feeling that he is far away surveying the world, gradually diminishes and then is obliterated by his genuine sweetness and warmth. He is a very simple man, with a wealth of inner resources and reserve which makes pointless activity unnecessary. He does not scatter himself over a multitude of quick, fleeting friendships, but prefers a few, a very few good companions—and always his best companion, Edith. After thirty years of marriage, they still prefer each other.

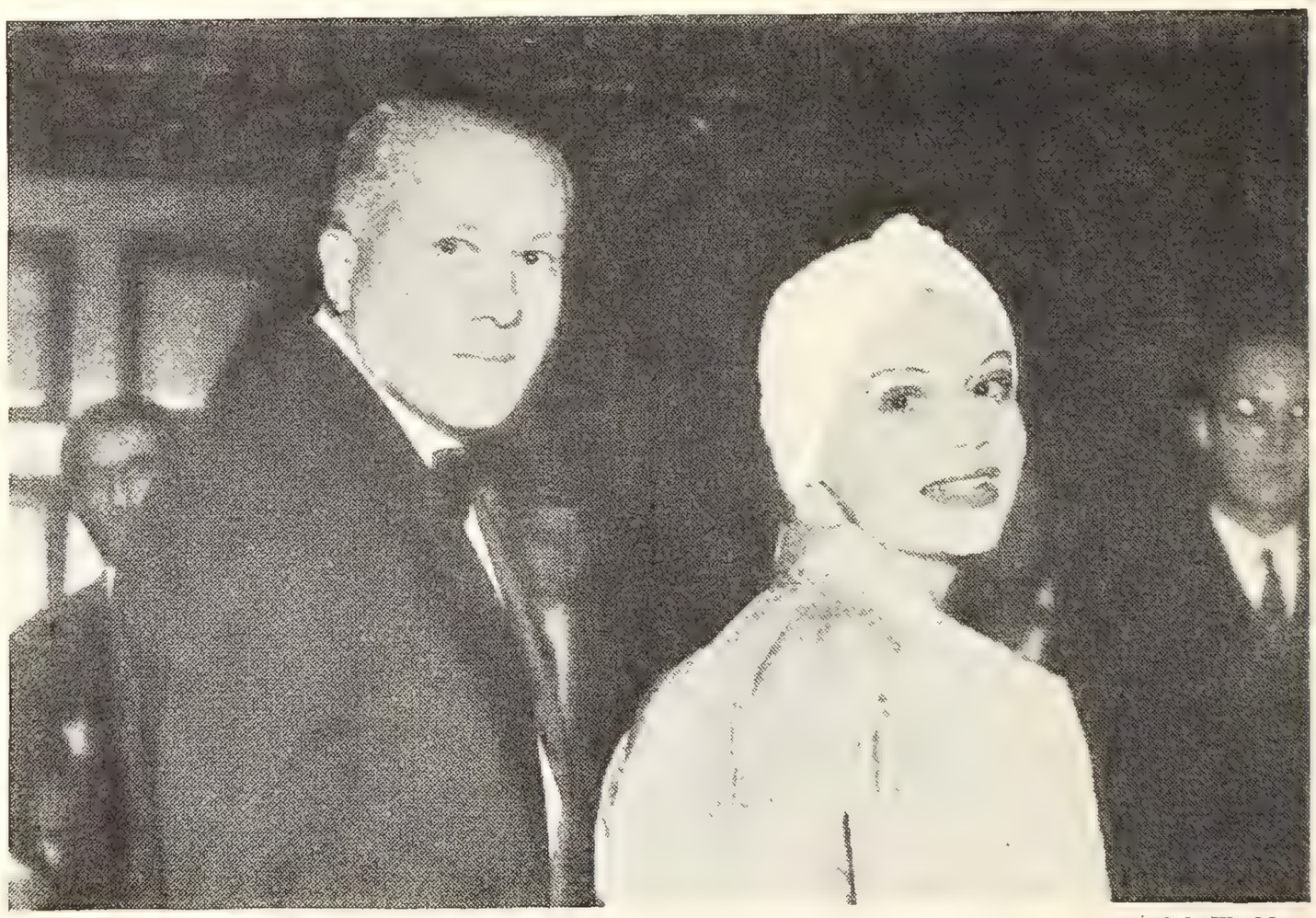
Edith is the most vital and alive personality who over maintained an individual point of view after brushing up with another as dominant as Warner's for so many years. She is a tiny, graceful little woman, all electricity and sparkle, a fine blend of warm emotion and keen intellect. She was built to be a clinging vine, but her dynamic mind won't let her. She is terrific. You would have to explore many libraries to find something she hasn't read, some philosophy she has not studied, some subject on which she is not well informed. Intellectual ability appears to run in her family; her brother is Clarence J. Shearn, formerly chief justice of the New York Supreme Court, now president of the New York State Bar Association. But Edith's chief interests are in art and music and travel, and of these she likes best to talk, fluently and charmingly, her opinions based on solid knowledge. She doesn't play bridge and she doesn't know a word of the latest Hollywood gossip. (Neither do I, so we're even there at least.)

The Olands are unpublicized friends to many an impoverished young artist; and if I told you any more about that, they wouldn't like it one bit.

Warner's first name is Johann, and Edith calls him "Jack." When they first met, Edith was a young art student, fresh from the studios and *salons* of Paris, filled with the fire of creation. Warner was playing Ibsen in a Boston theatre—a gay young blade in a straw hat with a bright band. Edith says he looked just like something out of Manet's famous *Afternoon in the Bois*. After their marriage they started right out to translate and produce the plays of Strindberg, Edith learning Swedish in order to collaborate. When they went on to New York, their studio there became the rendezvous for all the talented young artists, writers, and actors of the day—youngsters who are now Names. And this accent on youth the Olands have never lost; there is an adaptability and freshness, an enthusiasm for ideas that are young and new, which draws young people to them. Nearly always, of a Sunday afternoon, several collegians home for the weekend on the adjoining estates will drop in to call. Warner has infinite patience with even very small children, and will hunt shells endlessly on the beach with our six-year-old daughter, and also sing to her the Chinese lullaby, "Princess Ming Toy," which he sang in one of the Chan pictures. Or dress up in a ceremonial robe and do a samurai dance, chanting in a sing-song voice, flashing tablespoons for swords.

Children accept Warner as a contemporary—a compliment which he appreciates. While "Charlie Chan at the Race Track" was being filmed, the company was on location and had several scenes to shoot without Warner, who promptly disappeared. Presently an intermittent popping and cracking somewhere in the distance began ruining sound-tracks—and the sound-engineer's temper. Investigation disclosed Warner and Keye Luke, with a collection of children mysteriously assembled, out in back of the grandstand shooting off firecrackers. They had raided the laundry-truck full of fireworks, which you will remember in the picture, and were giving the kids—and themselves—a swell Fourth of July even if the date was wrong.

Warner has been typed as an Oriental in



Wide World

Marie Wilson, fully recovered from her accident, makes her first appearance in public accompanied by Nick Grinde. Their engagement is rumored.

recent years—unfortunate in a way, since the man is so versatile. A few seasons ago his friend Hamilton MacFadden, the director, was casting a picture with a part in it which Warner tingled to play. He finally talked the studio into it—and gave the most exquisite performance of a philosophical and sophisticated and thoroughly delightful French boulevardier. He was so good, in fact, that no one recognized him or made comparisons with Charlie Chan, or realized what a transition had been made. He would enjoy playing more varied roles, but Chan keeps him pretty busy. It is remarkable that he can give each performance of this character a new freshness, as if he had never played him before, which is a tribute to his genuine artistry.

Warner loves to speak in epigrams—there is in fact an epigrammatical flavor to all he says. This habit of expression is natural to his mind, but it more than anything else identifies Warner Oland with Charlie Chan. Warner has read his Confucius well—as he has the Bible, the Koran, Yogi philosophy, Theosophy, Buddhism, Spinoza, Nietzsche—all of which associate comfortably in the bookcase by his bed, and are pleasantly mingled in his rich mind. One of his favorite quotations is: "Life is a circle that looks like a straight line."

Charlie Chan, the great detective, does not play the part off-screen, however, even though he always looks exactly the same since he uses no make-up, and many a person will tell you pos-i-tive-ly he was born in China! As a matter of fact his first trip to the Orient was made last spring—and he was given a rousing and ceremonious welcome not only by the Chinese, but by the Japanese as well. His account of the pilgrimage—for it amounted to that—is certainly the most absorbing travelogue ever heard; Burton Holmes has nothing on Warner. Between himself and Edith, there couldn't have been anything worth having left in the shops over there, and their friends were deluged with cigarette cases, jade rings, fans, and kimonos.

But it was Charlie Chan, the man, who interested the people of the Orient. Warner has conveyed so flawless an impression of the appearance, philosophy, humor, and unhurried deliberation of the true Oriental that the Mayor of Shanghai, with whom Warner was having ceremonial high tea, confessed he was utterly baffled. How, he asked, could any Occidental possibly understand the Chinese character as Warner does? And all of the Chinese they met, Edith tells me, almost dissected him (in a nice polite way) trying to arrive at the foundation of his complete oneness with them.

The great-detective angle remains in the studio, too, and there are moments when life's little perplexities defeat Chan's creator as the deepest mystery would never baffle Chan. When the ship docked in Honolulu on the voyage to China, all the Hawaiian dignitaries were assembled at the dock to greet the distinguished visitor. Edith left the stateroom first and went up on deck and time marched on and no Warner appeared. The pause became embarrassing. Edith ran down to the stateroom to find out what on earth was delaying him.

The place was in a splendid upheaval. Warner stood unhappily in the midst of the wreck.

"They're waiting!" Edith cried. "Come up!"

"How can I come up?" Warner wailed despairingly. "I can't find my suspenders!"

Of course he couldn't. They were hanging down his back.

WELFORD BEATON of Hollywood says that the aspirant for the Academy Award of this year will have to beat Bob Montgomery's characterization in "Night Must Fall."

WHAT AN AMAZING *Improvement* *Maybelline* DOES MAKE!

BOTH the same person — you'd hardly believe it, would you? A few simple brush-strokes of Maybelline Mascara make all the difference in the beauty-world. Pale, scanty, unattractive lashes—or the long, dark, luxuriant fringe that invites romance—let your mirror help you choose.

No longer need you risk the bold, artificial look of lumpy, gummy mascaras, when you can so easily have the *natural* appearance of beautiful dark lashes with Maybelline Mascara. Either the popular Cream-form or famous Solid-form lasts all day—and through the romantic hours of evening. Tear-proof, non-smarting, harmless. Obtainable at your favorite cosmetic counter. Try Maybelline — and see why 11,000,000 beauty-wise women prefer it.

Try Maybelline's exquisite, creamy Eye Shadow. Blend a delicate harmonizing shade on your lids — to accent the color and sparkle of your eyes.

Form your brows into swift curving lines of beauty—with Maybelline's smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil.

Generous introductory sizes of the world's largest selling eye beauty aids are obtainable at all 10c stores. Introduce yourself to thrilling new loveliness — insist on Maybelline!

Maybelline creamy Eye Shadow. Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green or Violet.

Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Black, Brown or Blue.

Maybelline Cream Mascara—Black, Brown or Blue, in dainty zipper bag. Easily applied without water. 75c.

Maybelline's world-famous economical Solid-form Mascara, in beautiful gold metal vanity. Black, Brown or Blue. 75c. Refills 35c.

Maybelline

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Rinse Off Unwanted Hair

avoid bristly re-growth

Why spoil your summer fun with ugly hair on arms and legs? Bathing suits and shorts demand the utmost feminine daintiness. Forget shaving—discover the NEET way—easy, sure, dependable!

NEET is like a cold cream in texture. Simply spread it on unwanted hair; rinse off with water. Then feel how petal-soft and smooth it leaves the skin.

That's because NEET removes the hair closer to the skin surface than is possible with a razor. Regrowth is thus delayed and when it does appear there are no sharp-edged bristles. Millions of women depend on NEET. Get it in drug and department stores; trial size at 10¢ stores.

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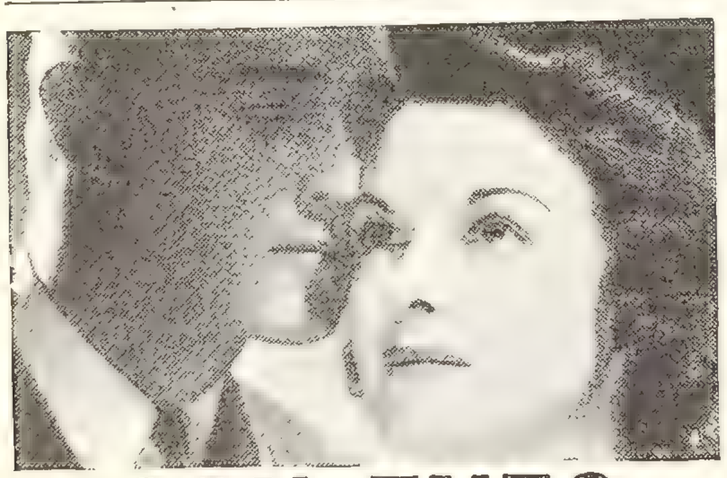

CAN EYES HYPNOTIZE?

Every clever girl knows the power of lovely, sparkling eyes. Keep them that way—eloquent, fascinating! Use *Ibath* to soothe away redness...to bring back youthful, magnetic, starry luster! A physician's formula—*Ibath* is *safe*. At good drug stores, 50¢.

McKesson & Robbins **ibath**

How It's Done

[*Continued from page* 25]

ces, you must know, was a girl who tells you quite frankly that she has always had to work for a living, even doing many odd chores to make her high school education possible), she ushered in a motion picture theatre at night, and served as a waitress in a restaurant early in the morning before her classes began.

It sounds like a pretty long day, doesn't it? But in between times Frances also found time to model for fashion shows, to write a few radio skits for advertising firms, and to compete in a newspaper essay contest that offered as prize—a trip to Moscow, no less!

And, by gum, her essay won the prize and off she went to Moscow. It was this trip that opened up the way for Frances' screen career. For it was on the ship, during her return journey to America, that she met a man to whom she enthusiastically confided her great joy while attending performances at the Moscow Art Theatre. This man happened to be well connected at Paramount, and, thinking she was a good screen bet, he arranged with Oscar Serlin to have a screen test made of her. Result . . . the officials were so pleased with it that Frances, hardly three months after she had won the essay prize contest, was entraining for Hollywood with a film contract tucked lovingly away in her pocketbook.

Quite of a different order was Eleanor's debut in acting. Following her completion of high school, she and her mother entrained for New York and there awaited fame.

Not idly awaited, however, was her chance to make good on the stage. Daily, Eleanor would rehearse her dancing, and usually as many as eight or nine hours were spent in working out new and novel tap steps, with her mother constantly watching and offering helpful suggestions.

During those months of waiting to be "discovered" Eleanor and her mother found their bank account growing slimmer and slimmer. Her agent turned down many a small role in plays, warning her that what she needed was instant recognition or she would find herself buried in small parts which might keep her inconspicuous for years.

However, the wolf had to be kept from the door some way and Eleanor eventually found herself dancing in the stage revue of the Capitol Theatre (as a solo dancer, however, never in the chorus) and she toured around with vaudeville acts such as Ed Sullivan's when the opportunity presented itself. In between these vaudeville engagements, Eleanor and her mother found dozens of short cuts to economy. They walked long distances to save carfare, did their own laundry, and brought their food supplies cautiously and sparingly.

Patience, however, finally was rewarded . . . and with what a prize. Eleanor was awarded the leading role in "Follow Thru!"

"Follow Thru" ran for a year and a half, and Eleanor's fame increased through the months. When it closed she had a dozen offers to choose from, and next appeared in "Fine and Dandy"; then, Ziegfeld's "Hot Cha," "The Varieties," "George White's Scandals," and in the road show of "Crazy Quilt."

While she was on tour, George White went to Hollywood to produce his "Scandals" for Fox, and he wired his former dancing star a job. Even though the part was small, she accepted, and turned her eyes and steps Hollywoodward.

Those who recall this picture will undoubtedly remember Eleanor's dancing. She was the hit of the show. Despite this, however, she was on the point of returning to New York—Hollywood seemed to hold nothing for her talents—when Louis B. Mayer saw a test of her while attempting to cast the leading feminine role in "Broadway Melody of 1936," and instantly gave her the coveted spot.

So, our three little girls finally are gathered in Hollywood, at three different studios.

And, in type, utterly dissimilar.

Olivia is the gentle maiden whose loveliness pinnacles her to heights of rare effect.

Frances is deeply dramatic, at her ease in parts of heavy import.

Eleanor is the gay, vital, engaging soul whose freshness appeals to every picture-goer.

But, a bond shared in common, all are beautiful and talented.

Of the three, Frances has benefited most in opportunity to prove her worth emo-

International

Ann Harding returns from England and introduces to Hollywood her new husband, Composer Werner Janssen.

Silhouette

Girls into goddesses . . every graceful curve enhanced and controlled, in the Swim Suits of B. V. D.

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Square Back

Flattery repeats itself—in square neck and low-cut back. And for gay contrast, two-color adjustable straps tie in twin bows. Alluring new "Crosstide" stitch. $6.95.

BE BEAUTIFUL...be glamorous... be lovely! Sculpture your figure in these Swim Suits by B.V.D.—designed to mould you, hold you, reveal the most glamorous "you"! There's sorcery in their "evening gown" backs, contour witchery in their seamless-side maillots, magic in their jeweled colors. *Be beautiful*—in a Swim Suit by B.V.D.! The B.V.D. Corporation, Empire State Bldg., N. Y. C.

B.V.D. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. *Swim Suits*

FOR THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

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tionally. Her part in "Come and Get It" proved conclusively that she was one of our finest dramatic actresses, and likewise served to determine her versatility. She already had given some inkling of her ability in "Rhythm on the Range," but the latter appearance demonstrated even more strongly the depth of her talents.

"A Midsummer Night's Dream" displayed Olivia to excellent advantage, and so did "Captain Blood" and "Anthony Adverse." More briefly, but certainly no less effectively, her work in "Call It a Day" was an adroit characterization worthy of a veteran. She has yet to be cast in a role which will do as much for her as "Come and Get It" accomplished for Frances. But, when the time comes, she will be ready.

While more limited dramatically, perhaps, Eleanor's scope is wider. She is a true entertainer and with equal facility sings, dances and projects her personality pleasingly in roles which catch the popular imagination. "Broadway Melody of 1936" skyrocketed her to a secure niche in the public consciousness and "Born to Dance" definitely established her as an entertainer of rare parts.

Summing up the talents of the three girls, Frances probably is the most deeply emotional artist, but Olivia runs her a close second. Eleanor lays no pretense to absorbing dramatic ability. She concentrates more upon gaiety and laughter and the spontaneity of youthful exuberance.

Intensity casts a potential shadow upon Frances' future. While it is destined to be brilliant, it may be of shorter duration than that of either Olivia or Eleanor. By no means a flash in the pan—as the saying goes—the public may tire more easily of her style of acting than watching Olivia's beauty combined with her lighter form of characterization, and Eleanor's freshness accompanying her singing and dancing. Problematical, of course, this prediction . . . but personalities and their fates repeat themselves the same as history.

As in all lines of progress, competition breeds improvement and perfection, and pictures are little different. It is the life of art and in this constant and tireless competition great actresses are born. That is one reason—a very important and vital reason—why Olivia de Havilland, Frances Farmer and Eleanor Powell are fated to ascend such great heights.

Secretaries of the Stars

[*Continued from page* 29]

great, and would overwhelm nine out of every ten women. Everything in a Bennett home must be just so, and Joan lives like a queen. Frankly, the deep, soft rugs, the heaps of chaised silver in the dining-room, the silver vases and articles in the other rooms, the uniformed nurses (the lovely Joan, as you know, is the mother of two children) and the quiet, hushed atmosphere of this luxurious residence made me a little uncomfortable, and I am not exactly a diffident reporter.

"I met Mrs. Markey when she first came out here," Dorothy said. She always calls Joan Bennett Mrs. Markey. "I was working as an extra, and we got acquainted on the set. She was new out here, and so young. I started as a companion, and, as she grew up in pictures, worked into a full time secretarial position. My hours are from 8:30 to 5, I have Saturday afternoons off, and I don't work on Sundays, unless she gives a big party or something exceptional comes up requiring my attention." Like medicine and journalism, this business of being secretary to a movie star is really a 24 hours a day job. Dorothy is the wife of a young engineer, has a four year old boy, and no

Sculpture

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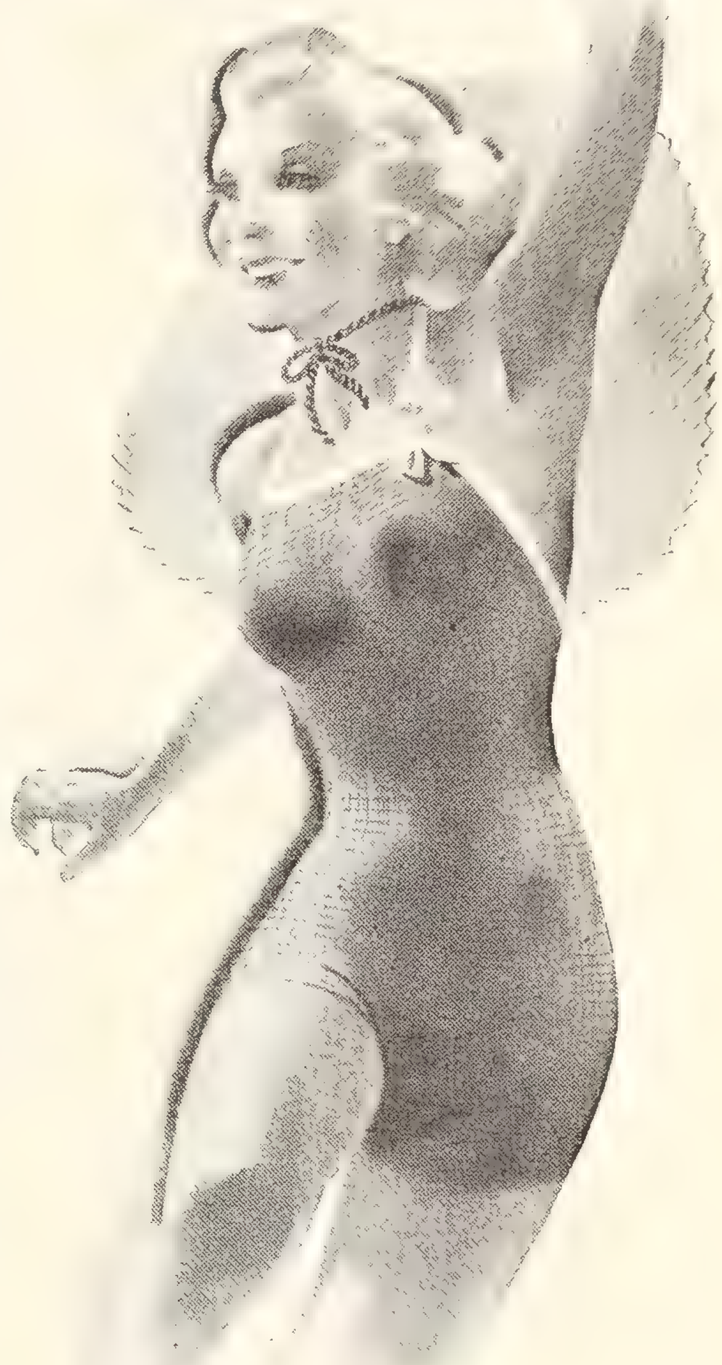

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Accent on beauty lines! White pique braid outlines the square neck and ties in an adjustable shoulder bow. And the knit? Superlative "Sea Tweed"! Maillot, $3.95. Skirted, $4.95.

A LOVELY line to reveal, lady—a dangerous curve to control? Then capture and hold a glamorous sea-going silhouette in a Swim Suit by B.V.D. Their flattering "evening gown" backs—their seamless perfection—their jeweled colors to complement sun-tanned skins—are the way to the *figure glamorous*, the body beautiful. The B.V.D. Corporation, Empire State Building, N. Y. C.

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GIRLS INTO GODDESSES

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ALL *Set* TO GO PLACES

If you find it difficult to keep your hair just as you want it, use Superset -- the easily applied fast-drying wave lotion fastidious women prefer. Nestle Superset sets your hair so you can go places ...keeps it soft and alluring—holds it in place in a lovely, natural way.

10c for the large bottle with comb-dip neck at all 10-cent stores.

Superset is made by Nestle, who originated the permanent wave. It is non-greasy, does not become "tacky," and will not streak. It leaves no flaky deposit. The yellow-and-black Nestle label is your guarantee of hair loveliness.

Two formulas-regular (green) and the new No. 2 (transparent and fast-drying).

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• Make your eyelashes a natural-looking fringe of dark, long, silky beauty with this extra-creamy mascara. Smudgeproof. Permanent. Non-smarting. Apply with or without water. Black, brown, blue, green.

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For that extra touch

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THE HOUSE OF PINAUD PARIS NEW YORK

movie ambitions whatsoever.

"The salaries secretaries to movie stars get is nothing to brag about, but there are other compensations," remarked Dorothy. "Mrs. Markey gave me the car I am using, she gave me this lovely star sapphire ring. She always remembers birthdays, and is one of those people who like to give, rather than receive." Before Dorothy's baby was born, she went on many interesting trips with Joan. "Stenographic experience is not as important as the ability to understand the person you are working for, her likes and dislikes, idiosyncrasies and point of view. Mrs. Markey knows that her problems are my problems. I have no social ambitions, and try to keep our relationship strictly on a business basis.

Bing Crosby, Inc. Ltd. reads the sign on an office door at Paramount. The secretarial duties of this corporation and of its crooning president are performed by Miss Pat Clarke, a slender brown-haired, brown-eyed girl, coolly efficient, but a little shy. She is an expert stenographer, takes dictation entirely by stenotype. She is quite a pianist too, and went to the University of Oregon for a year.

"I came to Hollywood two years ago," she said. "I have been working for Mr. Crosby for the past ten months. I was with Fanchon & Marco before that. I have more social work to do, but otherwise my duties are very much the same as those of a business secretary. I come in at 9 o'clock in the morning and leave at 5:30." She thinks getting a job like hers is largely a matter of luck. Of course, one must have the technical qualifications. "A girl friend of mine who worked at Paramount told me Mr. Crosby was looking for a secretary. I applied for it, and here I am. Mr. Crosby isn't hard to meet and hard to talk to. He is a regular fellow, with a great sense of humor. And very considerate."

Mrs. Beatrice Halstead is private secretary to Robert Montgomery. You'll always find her in his dressing-room, for that's where her office is. And if the Metro moguls loan him out to another studio, she and her office go with him. She is tall, dark, brown-eyed, wears glasses, and is the mother of a 7 year old boy. She studied languages and literature in the University of Minnesota and at U. C. L. A., but didn't graduate. After finishing high school and before entering college she took a secretarial course.

I wanted to know how she got her job. She laughed. "That's what everybody asks me! I was working for an automobile concern in Hollywood when I learned through a friend that Mr. Montgomery needed a secretary. He was just getting started in pictures. He had bought a car from us and we had his name and address in our files. So I knew where he lived. Having lived in Hollywood long enough, I knew that the best time to find him at home would be about 11 o'clock Sunday morning. So one Sunday morning at that hour I went to his house and offered him my candidacy for the position he had open, and next Tuesday I started working.

"In my work every day is different. It's not like being secretary to a business executive. I have no rigid rules to follow, no definite set of duties, not even regular hours, although usually I go to the studio at 10 o'clock in the morning and leave at 4. I try to make myself generally useful. He may ask me to go to his house and do something for Mrs. Montgomery. I make his appointments and see to it that he doesn't forget them. Every year I have at least three months' vacation with pay. What more could a secretary ask? Of course, when he goes to his farm in the East or takes a trip to Europe, as he did recently, I still have a few things to do.

"I meet a lot of interesting people. Everybody of any consequence in Hollywood eventually goes through his dressing-room. Stars, directors, producers, writers, prominent visitors. These are valuable contacts, but I don't believe in mixing business with pleasure, and never follow them up. But I suppose if I were to lose my job these contacts would be very useful for getting another.

"In my opinion, the most important qualification for success in this kind of work, far more important than mere stenographic competence, is the ability to get along with people—which means that a star's secretary has to be a student of human psychology in general, and of its Hollywood varieties in particular."

All of you who have been dreaming of being secretaries to movie stars will find the answers to most of your questions in this article, which is the result of considerable intimate knowledge and reportorial digging. I have tried to give you the real lowdown on the secretarial situation in Hollywood by telling you of a few representative cases, without any exaggeration or romantic ballyhoo. I know you want facts. And I have given you nothing but facts.

Acme

On his arrival in Pasadena, Errol Flynn is welcomed by a squad of autograph hunters.

Pictures on the Fire

[*Continued from page 33*]

can't get to me, so there's no use staying any longer.

We leave and proceed to the set of "The Story of Emile Zola." Here is Mr. Muni. He used to be one of my favorite actors but he's gone so completely arty he's nuts.

Giving the devil his dues, however, his make-up in this is marvelous. His sloppy clothes, his bushy hair, his walk. All are different than I've ever seen him. And he seems heavier. It's all make-up. Lon Chaney used to be considered the master of make-up but I think Muni is better. Chaney's were all freak make-ups but Muni's are legitimate.

He plays Zola, the French novelist. Poverty stricken originally, he meets a woman of the streets and marries her. She tells him her story and it inspires a great novel—"Nana." He becomes the most famous and most successful author in France. But he grows away from his old friends in his success. In an effort to find himself he invites his old friend, Cezanne (Ben Welden) to dinner.

"It's nice to be together again, Paul. Just like old times," Muni beams after a sumptuous dinner.

"Old times, eh?" Welden mocks, lifting an eye at the over-decorated table.

Then Muni calls the butler to close the window. "A draught," he explains. "I have to be careful. My chest, you know——"

"Your chest is as strong as a barrel," Welden informs him bluntly, "and always was."

They pass through several rooms on their way to the living room, Muni stopping Welden in each of them to show him some new art treasure. He is desperately anxious to regain their old footing. But it's no use.

"I must go," says Welden. "It's goodbye. I'm going south—back to Provence."

"You can't do that, man," Muni expostulates in swift protest. "Why, Paris is the very centre——"

"Paris isn't for me any longer," Welden rejoins roughly. "I—I see those I knew in my youth grow rich and famous; and sometimes I'm tempted to give in and paint——" He shakes his head decisively. "No! An artist should remain poor. Otherwise his talent, like his stomach," his glance brushes Muni's midriff, "gets fat and stuffy. Of course," hastily, "I don't mean——"

"Me?" Muni queries. "Come, Paul. We're old friends. Out with it! What's the matter?"

"We've grown apart, Emile," Welden answers frankly. "Or perhaps I should say—you've outgrown me! These carpets! Servants! Your carved and sculptured writing desk. You're wealthy now—world famous—a member of the Legion of Honor. But it's done something to you. Your soul's asleep and snoring under layers of fatty complacence." There is a pause, and then, "You've come a long way from the days when we starved together in an attic and you shouted: 'Burn the books of the hypocrites! The shams! Let their lying pages warm the bones of a man of truth!' For a moment there is silence and then Welden speaks again: "I'm sorry, Emile. But I had to say it. You're my—my oldest—and dearest friend. I couldn't go without telling you this——"

"Won't you stay, Paul," Muni pleads in a low voice. "Now that my mother is gone—many old friends departed—I need someone to remind me of the old, struggling, carefree days—fighting for a foothold."

"You can never go back to it," Welden answers gently—"and I've never left it."

"What has happened to us, Dear?

Why are we Drifting Apart?"

How could he answer frankly? How could he tell her that one serious neglect — a lack of proper attention to feminine cleanliness — had made her almost repulsive to him?

If unhappy couples would consult doctors, instead of divorce-lawyers, many a wife would be surprised to learn why her husband's love had cooled. Often it is due simply to ignorance about the proper precautions to insure intimate personal daintiness.

A wholesome method of feminine hygiene is important not only for your *own* sense of personal cleanliness and comfort. It is often still more important for the sensibilities of your husband. For no man's love can long survive neglect of this obligation that marriage brings to every woman. Many doctors recommend "Lysol" disinfectant as a cleanly aid in feminine hygiene, as a means of assuring freshness and daintiness.

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4. Economy..."Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.
5. Odor...The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.
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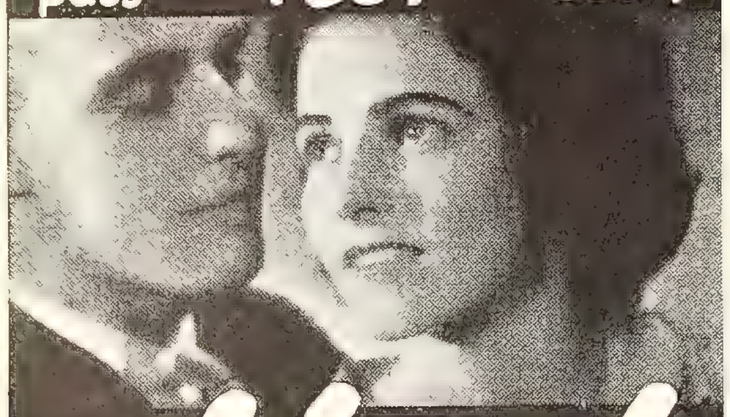

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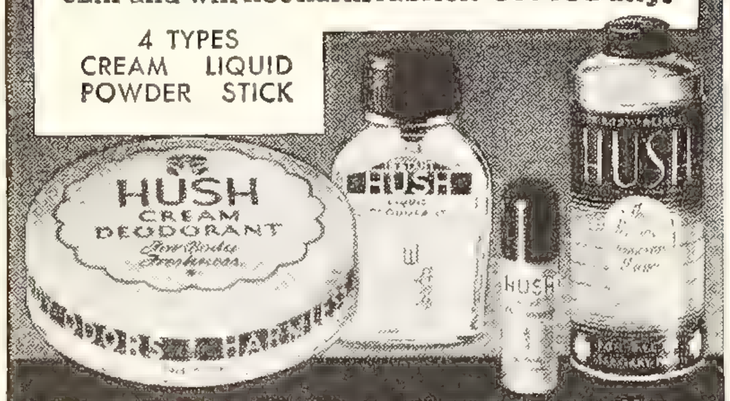

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Resinol Soap is a ready aid to Resinol Ointment because it cleanses so well, yet is gentle enough for the tenderest skin. Resinol products at all druggists. Try this treatment a week and watch your skin improve. For free sample of each, write Resinol, Dept. 6-D, Baltimore, Md.

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

Resinol
Ointment and Soap

Helen Brown, Billy Burrud, Frankie Walburn and Richard Dix in "Billy the Kid."

They walk together to the door. "You'll write——?" Muni asks.

"No," Welden shakes his head. "But I'll remember."

What a scene! There is something so simple—so touching in that "But I'll remember" that my throat is suddenly constricted and I don't need Gene to coax me from the set this time. I only wish I could say to dozens of people I knew when they first came out here, before success had brushed them with its wings, "I remember." They were so swell then.

The last set on this lot is "That Certain Woman" starring Bette Davis. *There* is one, thank God, who hasn't changed.

The picture is just starting so I can't tell you what it's about. But Bette is sitting at a desk when the door to the office opens and Ian Hunter, followed by a couple of other men enters.

"I'll meet you in the coffee room," Hunter says.

"At the club?" one of the men asks.

"At the club, my boy," Hunter promises.

"We're still in the air," the other man observes, picking up his brief case. "Does anyone know what we finally decided?"

"The very excellent Miss Donnell here has taken down everything we've said or done," Hunter exlains, gesturing towards Bette. "She will have a record on your respective desks by five. You will peruse it—sleep on it—and, in the morning, let your conscience be your guide."

"Oh, you've got one of those, too, have you?" the first man laughs, indicating a dictaphone. "You might have told us."

"I think," Hunter retorts, "when you look at Miss Donnell, you will agree that we are adequately equipped here."

"Good day," says Gene pointedly, interrupting my reverie.

"Good day," I return pleasantly, missing his sarcasm. "I gotta beat it over to Universal."

"What was that you said about running a school of English for Warner's writers?" Gene queries. *"Gotta,"* he adds scornfully.

There's no answer to that one except, later, I think I could have said, "Gotta" is a matter of diction and not English. But, by the time I think of that I'm at——

United Artists

HERE Barbara Stanwyck is working in Samuel Goldwyn's production of "Stella Dallas." I arrive just as they're going into a "take."

John Boles and his family have lost all their money so he goes to a small town (a mining town, I believe) to make a fresh start. Barbara is a cheap little dance hall girl but she's shrewd enough to know that Boles is something different from anyone else she's ever known, and she realizes he's going to get ahead. He's broken his engagement to the girl he loves (one of his own sort) because there seems little likelihood he'll ever be able to support her as she's accustomed to living. Barbara sets her cap for him and snares him. But woe is me. Hardly are they married than he realizes his dreadful mistake. Being a good sport he sets about making her over. As he begins to get ahead people begin asking them out. He has just taken Barbara to the country club for the first time. But they're home early. He opens the door of the house and stands aside for her to enter. She doesn't get the drift at first, so he stands farther aside and pushes the door farther open. And then she tumbles.

"Thank you," she says in a sweetly sarcastic tone. She goes on through the hall and into the bedroom. Boles closes the door and then the colored maid comes out of another room where she has been sitting with their baby.

"She's still 'sleep, Mr. Dallas," the maid tells him.

"Thank you, Alice," he replies. As the maid disappears through still another door he drops his forced smile and starts pacing up and down as though he was trying to figure something out.

"If you're so tired why don't you go to bed?" Barbara demands with angry contempt, as she returns without her wrap and picks up her bag. "I don't see why you went in the first place if you wanted to come home as soon as we got there." There is a pause but his silence only goads her on. "If you had *your* way we'd never go out at all—we'd just stick home."

"That might be better," Boles replies in a still sort of way.

"What have I done *this* time?" she queries, a sarcastic smile of understanding breaking over her face. "I'll take my usual lecture," pretending to learn from teacher. "Go ahead. Begin."

John stops pacing and turns to look at her. "Stella," he begins, his voice weary and pleading, "I asked you not to wear those earrings—that cheap imitation necklace. You

:ook them off. You agreed. Then after we got there you came out of the dressing room——"

Barbara has a guilty moment, then she takes refuge in aggressiveness. "Now, Stephen, I'm willing to let you tell me how to talk—an' how to act—but please—don't think you can give me pointers on how to dress. Allow me, at least, to know more about *one* thing than you do!" She gives her hair complacent little pats but there are angry glints in her eyes. "After all," she continues, "I've always been known to have stacks of style."

"Cut!" orders the director. Barbara promptly disappears.

I follow her and track her down in her dressing room. She is a sight to behold. I mean, A sight. She has dyed her hair blond —her own hair, mind you—and her dress, specially designed by Mr. Omar Kiam, has everything on it but the kitchen stove.

"You look swell, baby," I begin enthusiastically, meaning swell for the part.

Barbara smiles wryly. "You know, Dick," he says earnestly, "after almost everyone of my previews people come up and say, 'This is a good little picture, Barbara, it's going to do *all* right. And you were all right, too. You have nothing to worry about.' I wish just once they could honestly feel—and say, '*This* is terrific—one of the greatest pictures of the year—and *you* were just as good as the picture.' Oh, I hope this will be it."

"I do, too," I echo and I mean it from the bottom of my heart because if ever there was a regular girl in Hollywood it's Barbara Stanwyck.

As I come out of Barbara's dressing room, John Boles and his manager, Ira Uhr, are standing there. "Hi, Dick," they chorus, Mr. Boles remembering me again this month.

"Hi, gents," I reply and keep going.

"What's the hurry?" Ira wants to know.

"Never mind," John pipes up. "He just saw everything on *this* set he's interested in" and he looks meaningly towards Barbara's dressing room.

"Well, gee whiz," I blurt out, "can I help it if I can't help pursuing the ignis fatuus of a hopeless love?"

That stops them. Between ourselves, it stops me, too, mentally, but physically I proceed in the direction of—

Paramount

TWO pictures going here—"Mountain Music" with Bob Burns and Martha Raye and "Angel" with Dietrich and Herbert Marshall.

Mr. Marshall always seems to me to be a masculine Ruth Chatterton—very expert—and very uninteresting. And if everyone felt as I do about Miss Dietrich her pictures wouldn't bring ten cents a dozen instead of the two hundred and fifty thousand apiece he's supposed to get for them. But, apparently, nobody else feels as I do about them because they go right on making picture after picture.

Miss Dietrich, I am compelled in all honesty to state, has never looked lovelier or has she ever acted better than in this scene. But, of course, she has the one and only Ernst Lubitsch directing her and well is that he is back directing again. There are dozens of producers in Hollywood who can make good pictures but there is only one man who can direct like Lubitsch.

Miss Dietrich is asleep and her husband, Marshall comes in and wakes her. She's twoming him but she's pretty clever about it and tells him all about a dream she had.

At the end she tells him he threw a vase at her and then kissed her and carried her upstairs.

"And then?" Marshall persists eagerly.

"There was a knock at the door and I woke up."

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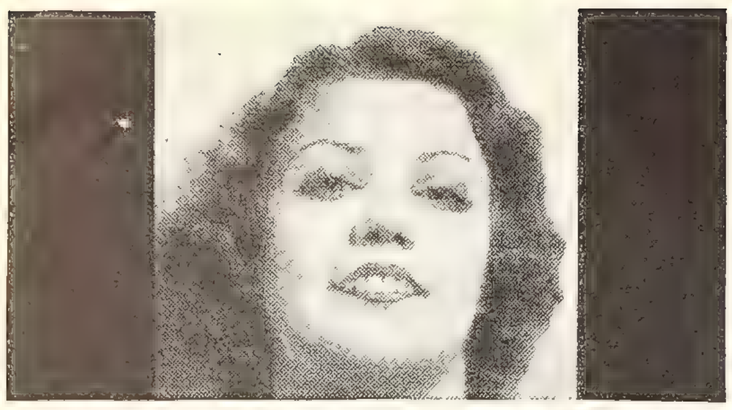

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Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you fell "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c.

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"Who knocked at the door?" he asks.

"Graham," she says uninterestedly.

"At this time of night?" he puzzles. "Why?"

"A telegram."

"Was it so very important?" he wonders.

"I didn't open it," she returns. "It was for you."

"Where is it?" he queries, suddenly very businesslike.

"There," she points unconcernedly, "on the dressing table."

I always say there's nothing like the injection of a note of business to take the fire out of a hot love scene. Here we've got ourselves all worked up, we've had the vicarious thrill of seeing Marshall and Dietrich necking and yet Mrs. Grundy and the Hays office are both satisfied. Nothing happens.

Miss Dietrich, as has been reported at least six times by Sidney Skolsky, has on a filmy silk nightgown with a pale pink maribou bed jacket over it. (Mr. Skolsky and I feel differently about Marlene) And Mr. Marshall, if you're interested in masculine styles, has on a pair of yellow silk pajamas.

Next we have "Mountain Music." This has the most implausible plot I have almost ever listened to but I'm telling you the picture should be one long, loud howl. You never expect plausibility when comedians have the leads in an opus but the situations sound riotous.

Bob Burns has two incurable afflictions: one is a desire to work, which, at times, is uncontrollable (he owns a diamond mine so I can't blame him—except I imagine they are Hot Springs diamonds) and the other is a condition of the head which causes amnesia (loss of memory) every time he bumps it.

He's supposed to marry Terry Walker (a Shepardson) to settle a feud between the Shepardsons and Burnsides (he's a Burnside) but he knows Terry is in love with John Howard so he runs out on her at the church. A Shepardson shoots at him and knocks his hat into the river.

The hat is found but Bob isn't so they arrest Howard (who comes up just then) on the charge that he murdered Bob. Then Bob bumps his head, forgets who he is and can't clear Howard. He (Bob) steals a big sedan thinking, in his amnesiatic condition, that it is his.

As he is driving along he hears Martha Raye singing. Because he isn't responsible he also thinks she is beautiful and they become engaged to be married.

I forget just how he gets into the courtroom where Howard is being tried, but there he is—not knowing who he is. Martha is trying to throw some water in his face but the Tipstaff (how d'ya like *that* for a title?) catches her and puts her out.

Presently, during the trial when all attention is focussed on the judge and attorneys, an old, old lady creeps in, clutching something to her breast. It's Martha—DISGUISED! And the "something" is the nozzle of a fire hose!

She turns it on but when the gate swings to after her it pinches the hose and shuts off the water so there is only a feeble dribble. Just then someone else comes through the gate and as soon as it is pushed open it releases the hose. Martha, naturally, looks around to see what's the matter with the hose and she isn't looking where she's aiming the nozzle. A terrific stream of water shoots out of the nozzle, wetting the judge, the attorneys, the police attendants, the jury and everyone else. But some of it finally hits Bob and he comes to.

"Arrest that woman," the judge yells furiously.

"You can't arrest her," Bob cries. "She's my fiancee."

"Who are you?" the judge demands.

"Robert Burnside," he yapps.

"You see?" Martha screams triumphantly. "He just told you who he is."

"That's my boy awright," Pappy Burnside declares. He hasn't recognized Bob before on account of his store clothes. "When he gits hit in the haid he allus fergits who he is."

"An' it takes water to bring him to," Ma Burnside amends.

"A clear case of amnesia," John Howard puts in helpfully. And well he might be helpful. Isn't he facing a murder charge?

"You keep out of this," the judge admonishes him. "You don't count."

"Don't count!" Well, I *must* say!

They rehearse the scene once and then they get ready for the take.

"Hi, pal," Martha screams at me when the scene is finee. "Why didn't you show up at my party when I was hostess at the Grove last week?"

"The girl friend," I announce, indicating Kathleen Coghlan, "walked out on me. *She* said she had to go to a Paramount preview and I couldn't bear to see you with someone else and me with no one."

"Never mind," Martha consoles me. "I'll throw another brawl."

John Howard, Bob Burns and Terry Walker in "Mountain Music." Something tells us that Martha Raye is working the hose.

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At R-K-O

I FIND four pictures in production here: Joe E. Brown in "All Is Confusion," Helen Broderick and Victor Moore in "Missus America," "There Goes My Girl" with Gene Raymond and Ann Sothern, and "Border Cafe" with John Beal, Armida and Harry Carey.

As I think of all these pictures I'm reminded of the time the owl-eyed Churchill Ross was being robbed. One burglar covered him with a gun while another went through his belongings. "I never saw a guy with so much stuff and so little of value," the first burglar complained.

"Border Cafe" concerns itself with John Beal, a rich youth who leaves home when his father (George Irving) exasperated with John for constantly getting into hot water with the police, offers him his choice between going to work and going to jail. John arrives in Verde, Texas and proceeds to enjoy himself in Gomez' cantina on the Mexican side of the international line. He's been spending like mad for several days—drunk all the time. Just now he's sitting sprawled out at his table while Armida, the chief attraction of the joint, is doing her number. As she whirls about the room in her dance she trips over his feet and falls. She picks herself up, glaring at John, and lets loose a flood of Mexican vituperation, the likes of which I have *never* heard and which I am only glad I can't understand. John just sits and grins at her. The proprietor, George Humbert, bustles up and tries to placate John.

"Everything is going to be *all* right," he assures Mr. Beal. Then he turns to Armida sternly. "Finish your dance," he orders.

"Finish my dance," she mocks wrathfully and lets go some more Mexican at John.

"Finish your dance," Humbert hisses.

"Finish my dance," she jeers again and then starts singing, the while she's glaring at John like nobody's business.

When Armida trips the yellow roses in her hair start to fall off and all the while she's yapping at John she's fixing them in the most natural way in the world.

"Stand back a little farther, Armida," Lew Landers, the director instructs her.

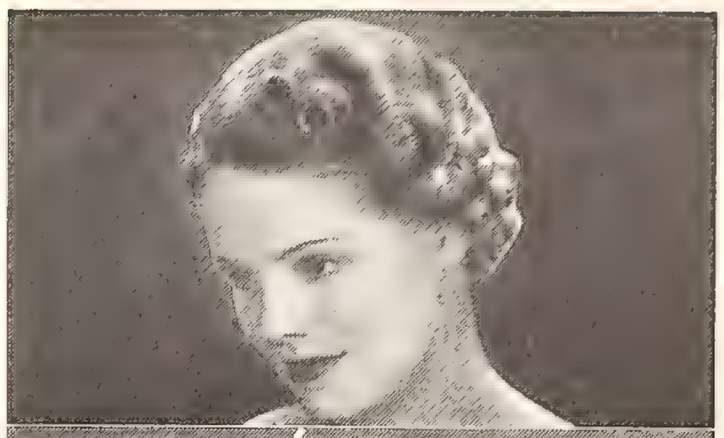
"I can't," says Armida, jerking her thumb over her shoulder towards Humbert. "His stomach is in the way."

"Come," says my guide when the laugh has subsided. "Your friend, Joe Santley, is directing 'Missus America.' We'll see what he's up to."

We arrive on the set and there are Joe, Helen Broderick, Victor Moore and Ann Sothern. Helen is all upset about an interview she had with a newspaper man. "I merely told him," Helen explains, "that I am a very dynamic, forceful sort of person. I realize I'm bossy. When Victor and I go into a restaurant together and he orders potatoes, before I realize it I'm cancelling the order and telling him he's too fat already. And then I suddenly realize that I'm only his wife on the radio and in some pictures and that what he does is none of my business. I told the newspaper man all this and he goes and writes an interview saying, 'She goes around with a gun on each hip, a knife between her teeth and heaven help the man who stands in her way.' Now, for pete's sake, I've been around long enough to know better than to say anything like that."

I do what I can to soothe Helen's feelings because there really never was a grander person than she is.

About a hundred and ten years ago when I was practically embryonic I saw Joe in a musical comedy in Chicago called "A Modern Eve." The hit song of the show was "Goodbye, Everybody." So I tell Joe



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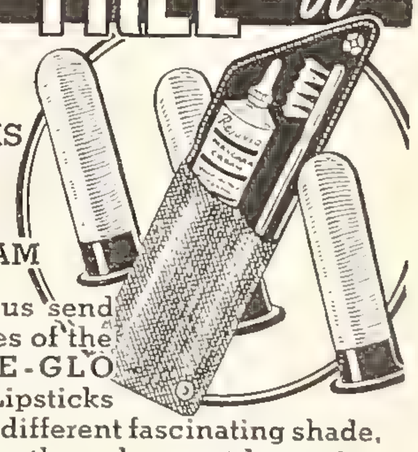

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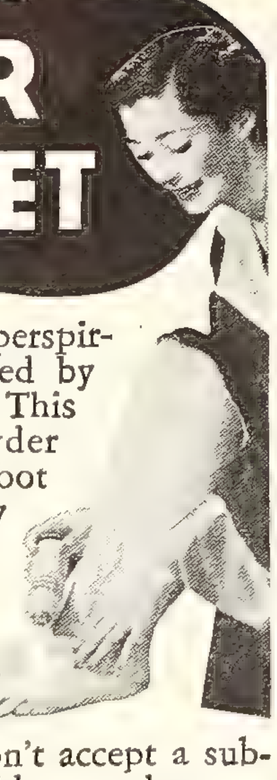

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I have a present for him and when he asks what it is I tell him it's a record of this song. "Is it one you wrote?" Ann Sothern asks innocently because in those far-gone days Ann wasn't even a gleam in her father's eyes.

"No," says Joe without batting an eyelash or even hesitating a fraction of a second, "it's a song my father sang in one of his operettas when he was a juvenile."

"Then how does Dick know?" Ann begins but Joe interrupts her.

"He's really *Dorian Gray* and not as young as he looks," this Judas whispers to her.

Ann nods vaguely. "Our set is closed so if you want to see anything over there you'd better come along with me as my guest," she remarks to me.

So I follow Ann next door. It seems she and Gene Raymond are star reporters on rival papers. They are at the altar getting married when there is a pistol shot. A man slumps to the floor and a woman flees from the place. Ann's reportorial instincts get the best of her and she runs out on Gene to follow the woman. After Gene catches up with her they go to a restaurant to talk things over.

"You had no business chasing after her in the first place," Gene informs her angrily.

"Is that so?" Ann comes back furiously. "I was *that* close to her"—indicating with her thumb and finger—"when she ran out of the hotel."

"Sure," Gene agrees ironically. "But she got away."

"Yes, and it's all your fault," Ann retorts. "If you hadn't staged that riot I'd have caught her."

"I'm glad you didn't," Gene snaps. "Now we can go back and finish the wedding."

"Get married in *that* place?" she ejaculates. "There's blood all over it. Don't you remember—a man was just murdered there."

"It was nobody we know," Gene replies, as though that made everything all right, "and you're not going to keep me standing around, dressed up like some dummy while you run down a silly murder. Pass the sugar."

"It isn't a silly murder," she protests. "It broke up my beautiful wedding. That makes it big news as far as I'm concerned."

It goes on and on like that. Ann won't yield and neither will Gene. I've heard all these domestic arguments in real life so often they no longer interest me. So I wave goodbye to Ann and Gene and trot over to the next stage.

"All Is Confusion" is next. This stars Joe E. Brown. Now, I'm not trying to be nasty but you can no more tell the plot of a Joe E. Brown picture than you can one of the Marx Brothers or Burns & Allen. You just go and laugh. All I know is Joe thinks he's following a plane in which there are perfume smugglers when, in reality, he's following a plane that's carrying a legitimate cargo of radium.

Florence Rice (Grantland Rice's daughter) is the romantic lead and a more romantic lead they couldn't have found. Only Florence isn't working today. So I sit and gab for about an hour with Joe. I think I told you once before, with the exception of Dick Arlen and George Raft there is no one in the business who goes out of his way to be as nice to visitors on the set as Joe E. Brown. But there are other studios to be covered so I finally have to say goodbye. " 'Bye," Joe yells from the cockpit of his plane. "Come back again and we'll have some laughs."

I thank Joe but in the back of my mind is the thought that I won't have to wait until I see him again for laughs. I'm going over to—

Columbia

where Fanmag Fanya will furnish some laughs—unless she's losing her grip.

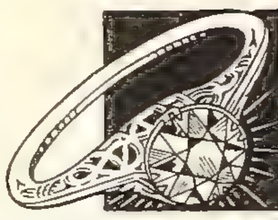
"Surprise!" says the Mad Hatter brightly as I come in. "Guess what?"

"Richard Dix is starting a new picture," I hazard, knowing I have nothing to lose.

"Oh, you're so smart," says Fanya disgustedly. "You've been reading the papers."

I thank her for assuming I can read and we start out. The picture is called "Once a Hero." In it Mr. Dix is Hollywood's biggest western star. (If only he were I wouldn't have to cover his sets. Now, mind you, I have nothing against Mr. Dix but after seeing him for about eighteen years on the screen you can hardly blame me if that same anticipatory thrill that characterized my attendance at his movies when I was in grade school is now lacking.)

Mr. Dix is making a personal appearance tour of the country. Overlooking no bets he visits a children's hospital. A nurse (Helen Brown) approaches him. "A little boy we're taking to the surgery begged so



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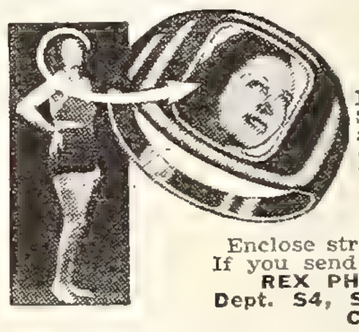

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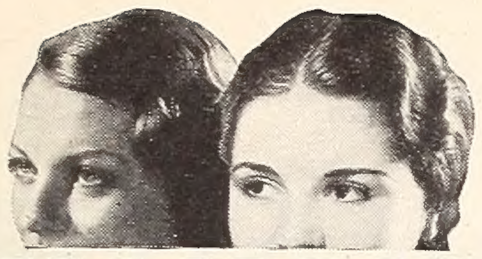

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hard to see you the doctors delayed for a moment," she explains.

"I've known folks to wait meals for me," Mr. Dix replies modestly, "but this is the first time anybody ever put me ahead of an operation."

So Helen takes him to the surgery wagon where Billy Burrud is lying. Billy looks at him in worshipful admiration.

"What's your name, sonny?" Dix asks, not caring a whit.

"B-b-billy, the kid," Billy stammers joyously.

And that about takes care of Mr. Dix for this month.

"He's building an eighteen room house in Beverly," Fanmag whispers impressively and then adds, "with no guest room."

"What do I care?" I demand scornfully. "I'd never be asked out there anyway."

"Of all the writers who ever graced and disgraced the fair name of Hollywood," Fanya explodes, "you are without any doubt the meanest, most ornery, most——"

But by that time we're on the set of "It Can't Last Forever" and the assistant director is yelling for quiet so Fanya can't finish telling me what she thinks of me.

Ralph Bellamy heads the cast of this one. Also there are Betty Furness, Robert Armstrong, Raymond Walburn, Thurston Hall and Wade Boteler. It has to do with a fake psychic (Walburn) who has a swell radio voice. Bellamy and Armstrong (two agents) discover him and put him under contract. They only stipulate he has to stay sober. Then they hire a burglar to steal the famous and valuable Sultana pearl from a safe in the Belmore home and hide it under a rug. When the police are baffled, they intend to foist Walburn upon them and he will tell them where the pearl is hidden. But when the time comes, Walburn is drunk so Bellamy dons his robes and Armstrong introduces him to the chief of police as "The Master Mind." In the presence of newspapermen Bellamy tells the chief to call the Belmore home, have someone look under a rug in the library and the pearl will be found. The chief does it, the pearl is there, and the chief and newspapermen are confounded.

Betty Furness is one of the newspapermen and you will probably be confounded, too, when I tell you that, of all things!—her *hat* is the smartest one I've seen this spring. However, this is only one scene and there's no telling what she'll break out with in other scenes.

At M-G-M

Out here, heaven help me, there are still two pictures shooting. They are "Countess Walewska" starring Garbo, and "The Emperor's Candlesticks (or Fiddlesticks)" starring William Powell and Luise Rainer.

Garbo isn't working today so they generously offer to take me on the set but what's a Garbo picture without Garbo, I esk you.

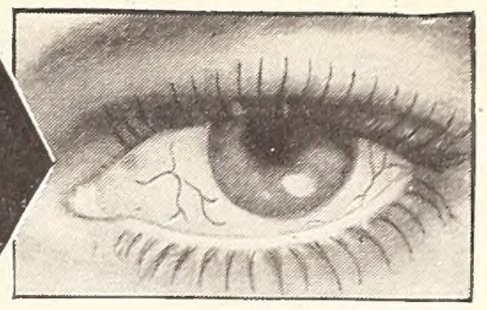
But it's getting late so I turn my weary footsteps to the last set on this lot. It's "The Emperor's Candlesticks." This is a Russian picture in the time of the Tsar. I don't know the plot. I don't care. I'm tired. All I know is that Bill Powell is in a great, heavy overcoat and in his stocking feet. He picks up Rainer, carries her softly out through a huge door, sets her down, puts on his boots, picks her up again and carries her across the street. And all without a word of dialogue.

"Don't you want to say 'hello' to Bill?" Hal Roarke asks me when the scene is finished.

"No," I answer grumpily. "I like him on the screen but we're not on chatting terms personally and I've never met Rainer."

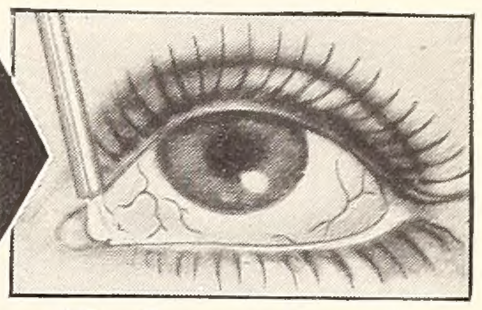
And so, until next month—if you survive this spasm—toodle-oo!

RED DULL



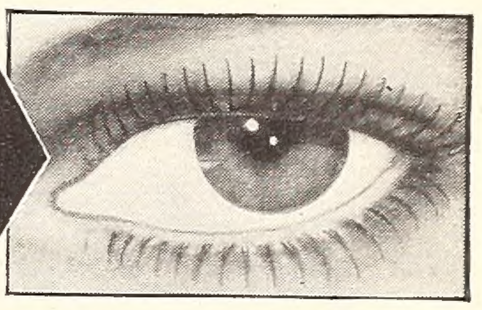
● Horrors! Your eyes are red—the veins are *so* prominent! It often happens after late hours, too much reading, exposure, etc. What shall you do? Your eye beauty is ruined . . .

FEW DROPS



● Quick! A drop of *Eye-Gene* goes into each eye. It's a new kind of lotion . . . perfected by two prominent eye specialists. It contains a special ingredient not found in any other lotion . . .

EYES CLEAR



● In just a few seconds, yes, almost instantly, your eyes look clear and white. So much more beautiful when free from prominent veins! Sparkling, too. And *so* refreshed.

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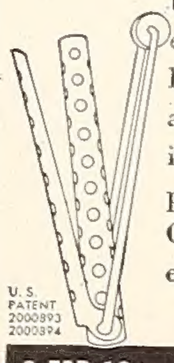
IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME..

KEEP CURLS LOVELY *with*

HOLLYWOOD *Rapid Dry* CURLERS



Summertime! Outdoor time! Play in sun and wind and water. Wonderful days . . . but cruel to curls. Lucky, isn't it, that Hollywood Curlers can repair the damage so quickly. Roll your hair for a little while on Hollywood Curlers and there you have . . . *beauty restored!* At Malibu Beach and Palm Springs, where picture people play, a "first aid" supply of Hollywood Curlers is in every dressing room. Get *your* emergency supply for summer needs NOW.

Insist on Hollywood Curlers!

3 FOR 10c—AT 5c AND 10c STORES—NOTION COUNTERS

The Final Fling

Freddie Bartholomew

ONE'S faith in the ancient tenets of Art now and then experiences a surge of fresh enthusiasm. Again we feel how wonderful is the treasure that we all have inherited from the artists of other years. It was the memory of a Turner painting that helped us realize the beauty of some of the scenes in the new picture, "Captains Courageous." It is a fine motion picture—great, unquestionably. Freddie Bartholomew lives the part of the rich boy and Spencer Tracy's performance of *Manuel* could not be equalled by any other actor. The audience on the opening night was held entranced.

But neither dramatic nor emotional moments won the sincere accolade that was so spontaneously given to the sheer beauty of one scene showing the cloud racked sky, the setting sun and the trim fishing schooner at the end of the day, alone on the restless sea. Kipling wrote the story, but Victor Fleming gave it grandeur and beauty.

* * * *

ANOTHER picture worth seeing is named "Make Way For Tomorrow." The plot does not go beyond the narrow limits of ordinary lives. Victor Moore and Beulah Bondi, who play the pitiful figures of a father and mother, grown old, are not wanted by their children. It is marvelous to see Beulah Bondi achieve an artistic triumph by giving meaning to the inflexible facts of existence. The train that carries away her old husband (Victor Moore) gathers speed. The windows of the cars rapidly pass and she is left alone on the platform. Life is empty, gray, and she is forlorn. There are no symbolic crumpled roses nor distant bells. Just an empty train shed and an unhappy woman, the tender conception of an artist, Mr. Leo McCarey in fact.

* * * *

THE movie people of Hollywood, who have plenty, could not bear the thought that any youngster should go hungry to school. Now the Children's Breakfast Club is attending to getting food for boys and girls who need it. Mrs. Jack Warner, Mrs. Joe Schildkraut, Mrs. Bill Dieterle, Mrs. Abe Lehr, Mrs. O. Ronald Button, Mrs. Edgar Rice Burroughs and others, have started the drive in the movie colony. Ten dollars will provide breakfasts for one child for a year. O. Ronald Button provides the office and clerical expense, and Jack Warner provides the printed matter. All money donated goes for food alone.

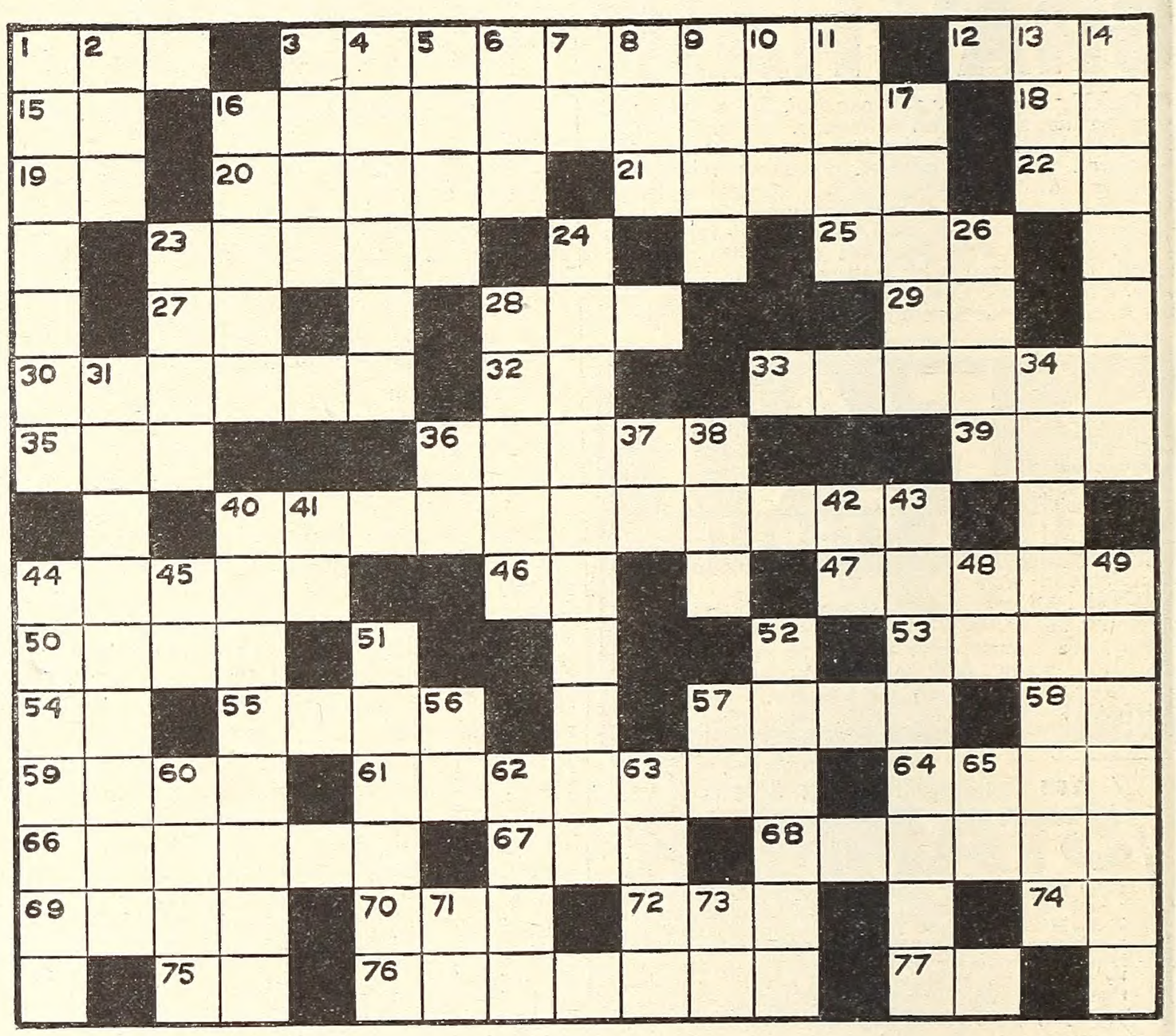
People with hearts of flint do not make pictures.

Elliott Keen

EDITOR.

A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Charlotte Herbert



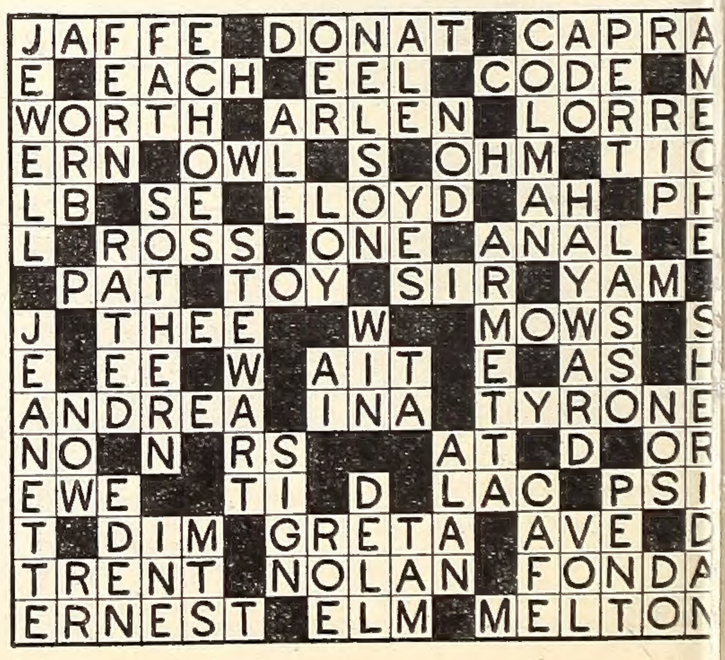
ACROSS

1 Ginger Rogers is under contract to this studio
3 The film capital
12 Affirmative
15 A character actor (initials)
16 Renowned persons of filmland
18 Week-day (abbr.)
19 Possessive pronoun
20 Marvelous as "Queen Victoria" on the New York stage
21 Paul Muni's second wife in "The Good Earth"
22 The "Maid of Salem" (initials)
23 Movies
25 East Northeast (abbr.)
27 Suffix
28 Speck
29 Either
30 To whom Clark Gable shows devotion
32 Noun suffix
33 Line from center to circumference of circle
35 Those having charge of publications (abbr.)
36 Additional
39 Ensign (abbr.)
40 The art of producing photographs
44 Star of "Good Old Soak"
46 Negative
47 Depart
50 Upon the top of
53 Toward the sea
54 Direction (abbr.)
55 Measure of weight
57 Den
58 Mode of transportation (abbr.)
59 Member of the Kaffir tribe
61 The highest goal attainable for film player
64 Final
66 Species of tropical palms
67 An alkaline solution
68 Prophet of the Old Testament
69 Will next be seen in "There Goes My Girl"
70 Period of time
72 Neither
74 The (Fr.)
75 Elder (abbr.)
76 The heiress in "Love is News"
77 "Camille" (initials)

DOWN

1 A love story
2 "Another Dawn" is her latest picture
3 Restore to health
4 Newcomer in "Souls at Sea"
5 Dregs of liquor
6 Measure of weight (abbr.)
7 Period of time (abbr.)
8 Humorist
9 American patriot
10 Lubricant
11 To take out
13 And so forth (abbr.)
14 Victory
16 Character in "Seventh Heaven"
17 An ecclesiastical council
23 Evergreen trees
24 He portrays a murderer in "Night Must Fall"
26 One of the great lakes
28 Shares dancing honors in "Ready, Willing and Able"
31 An exciting experience
34 One of the Hollywood producing companies
36 And (Fr.)
37 Railroad (abbr.)
38 Amateur Athletic Union (abbr.)
40 Sam Goldwyn is one of these
41 Masculine name (abbr.)
42 House of Lords (abbr.)
43 A young animal past its first year
44 The director of "Green Light"
45 Electric Telegraph (abbr.)
48 Comparable to
49 Made of earth
51 Pendant ornament
52 Device used to make pictures
56 Mountain (abbr.)
57 Behold
60 Eye of the camera
62 Wing-shaped
63 A slight depression
65 Jeanette MacDonald's new singing partner (initials)
71 Receiving Office (abbr.)
73 Part af the Bible (abbr.)

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle



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Joan Bennett

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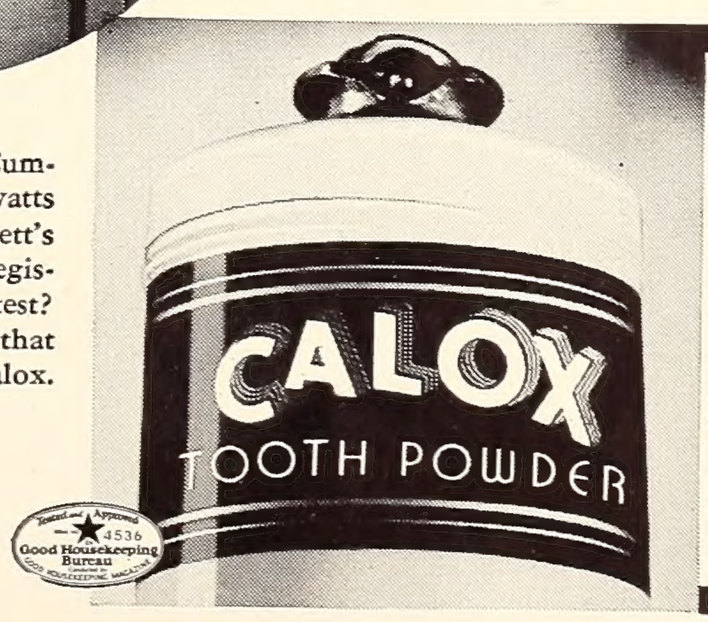

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